BRITANNIA and EVE

APRIL
1936

1/-

MONICA EWER
HANNEN SWAFFER
SEWELL STOKES
ARTHUR MILLS
C. PATRICK THOMPSON
F. MATANIA R.I.

In this Issue —
SPECIAL SPRING
MOTOR SECTION

FASHION SECTION in COLOUR

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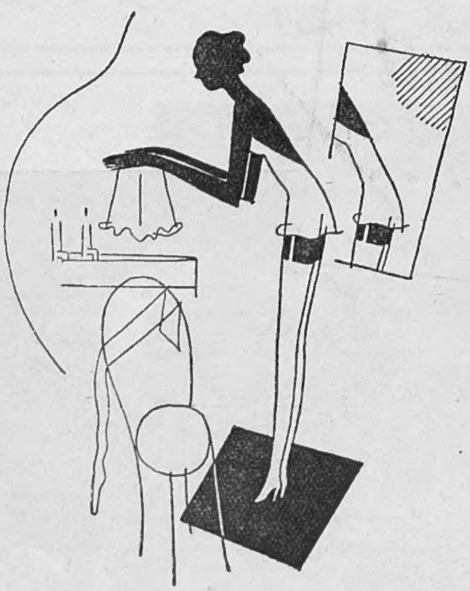

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A nightmare job for folk like me.
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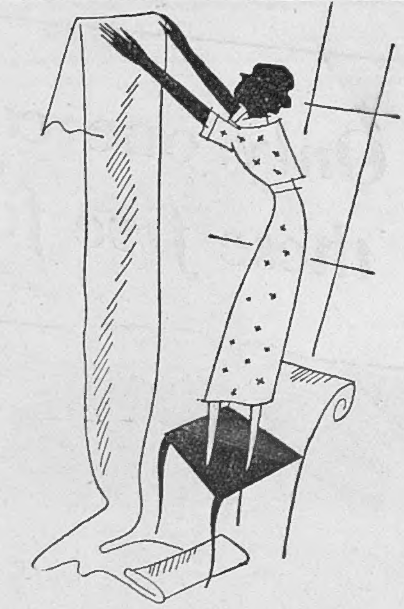
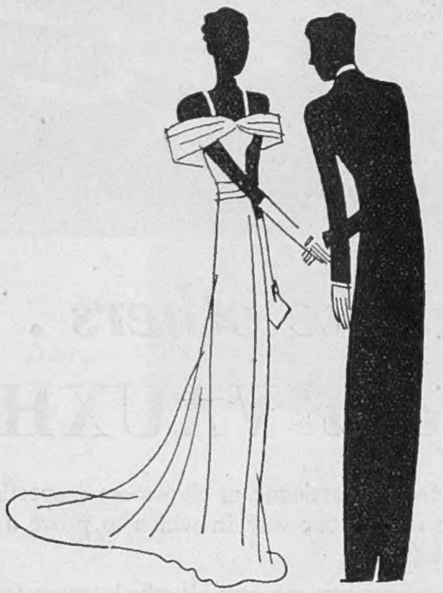
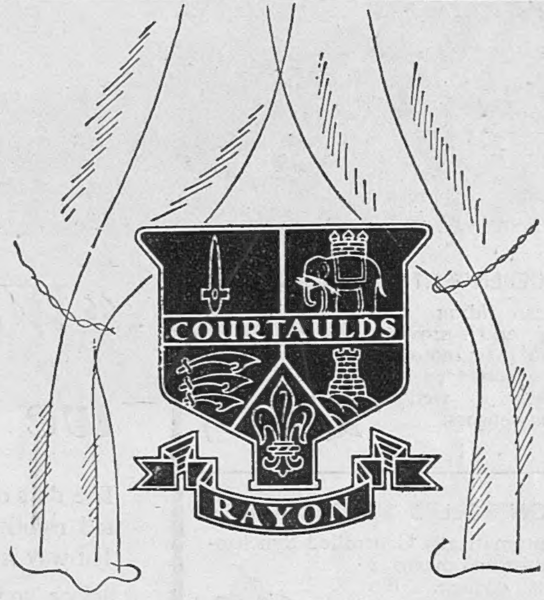


In furnishing your house anew,
One shilling does the work of two
If only you will see that you
get **RAYON**



A hostess has to have a store
Of evening dresses—by the score.
And so she buys them more and more
of **RAYON**



Discerning shoppers always aim
To see this Shield—that's how it came
To represent the greatest name
in **RAYON**

Courtaulds

When next you are selecting underwear or outerwear . . . *see it in rayon first.* And then look for the Courtaulds Shield, the sign of value, the sign of quality, the sign of Courtaulds . . . the greatest name in rayon.

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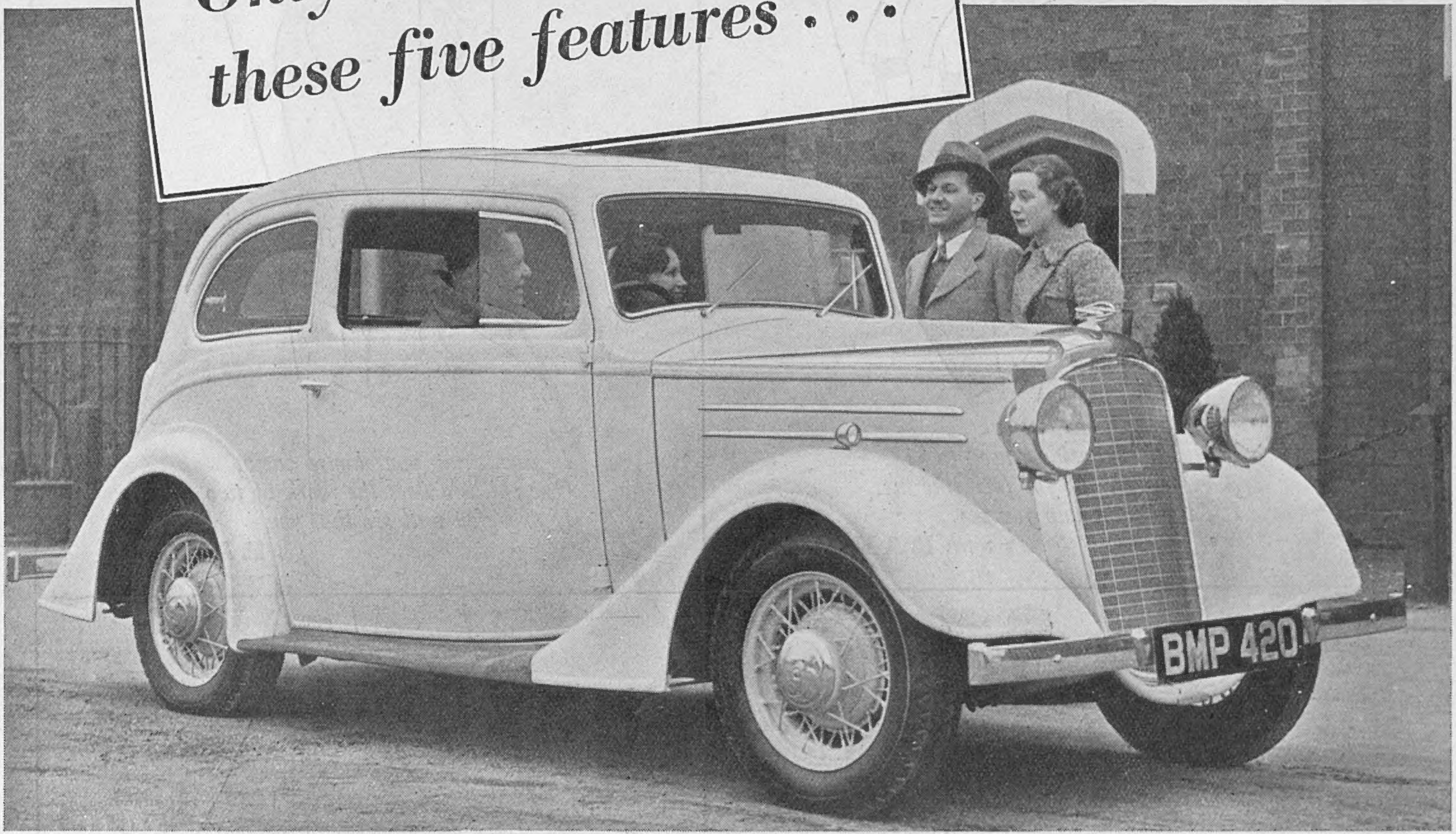
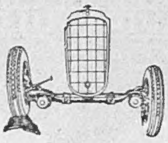


1 INDEPENDENT SPRINGING



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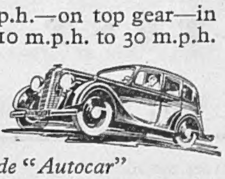

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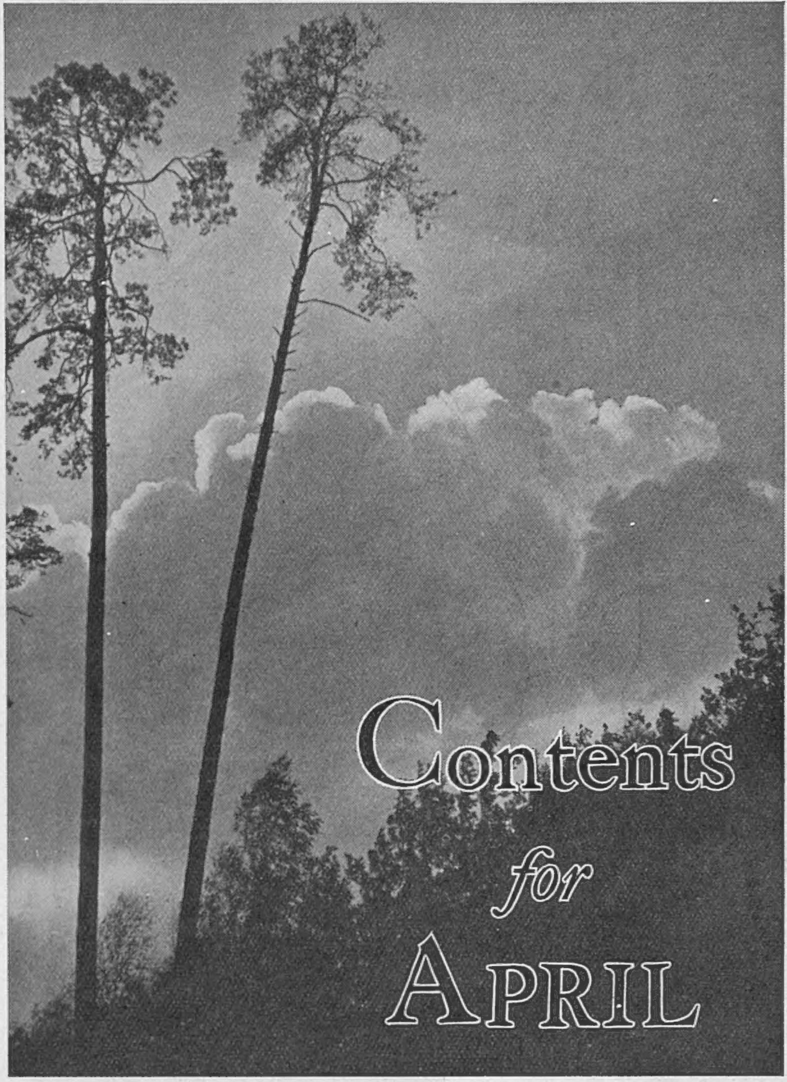
If you want a bigger car there is the Vauxhall Big Six. 20 h.p. or 27 h.p. Prices from £325 to £550.

BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 12, No. 4. APRIL, 1936



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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 166. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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The popular Swing back models in Rodex and Dexter Coats

Exclusive to
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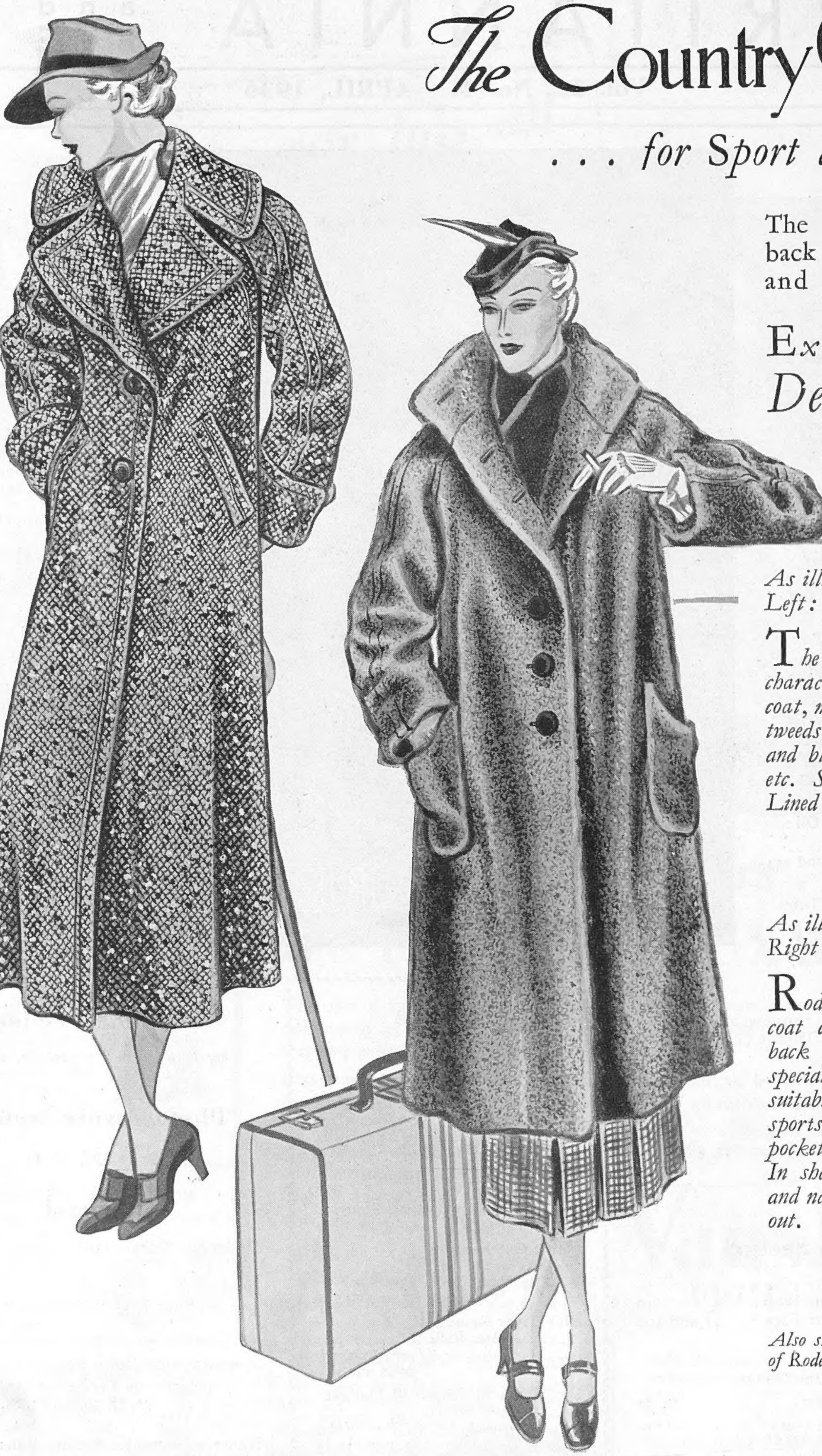

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The new full swing back characterises this Dexter coat, made in showerproof tweeds in brown/oatmeal, and black/white mixtures, etc. Stocked in three sizes. Lined throughout.

gns. $7\frac{1}{2}$

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Rodex Llamovel—curl coat cut with flat swing back and raglan sleeves, specially light in weight and suitable for travelling or sports. Finished with deep pockets and horn buttons. In shades of beige, brown and navy. Lined throughout. Three sizes.

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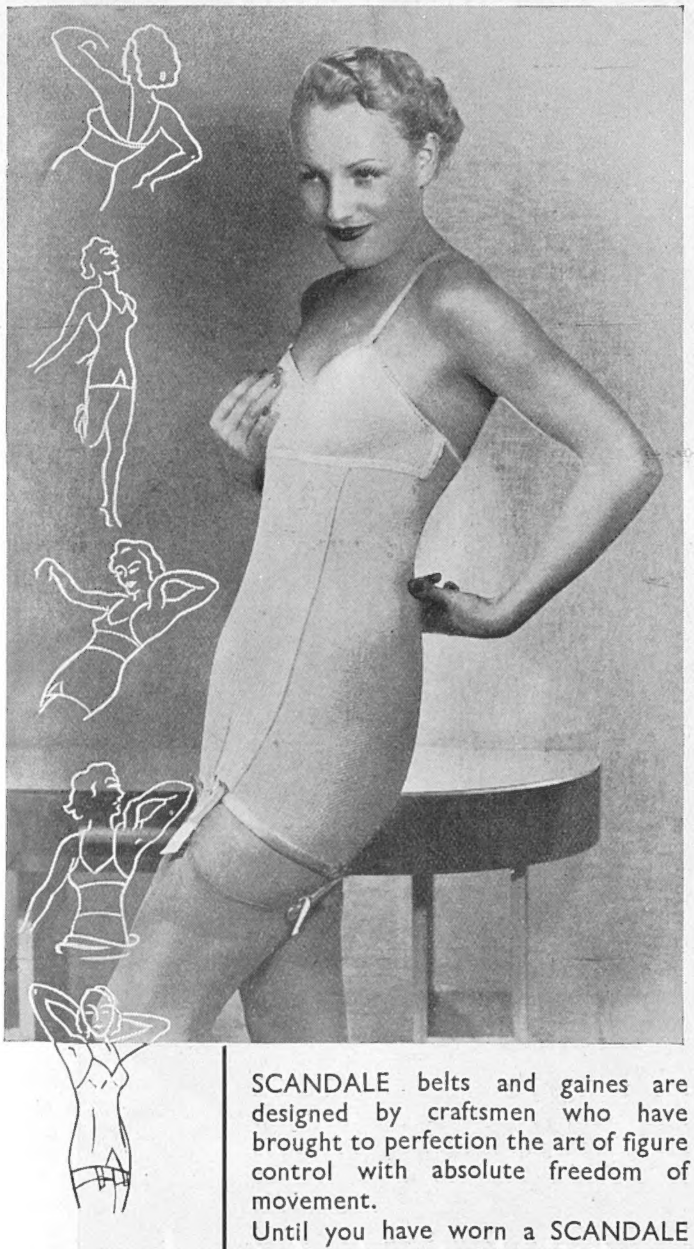
An Inspiration



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Until you have worn a SCANDALE foundation, woven in incredibly light and flexible Tullastex, you will never fully appreciate the comfort of perfect corsetry.

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have pleasure in inviting you to a special display of SCANDALE garments. A mannequin will demonstrate the latest creations of these well-known corsets in the Corset Salon—daily **—from March 30th to April 3rd inclusive.**

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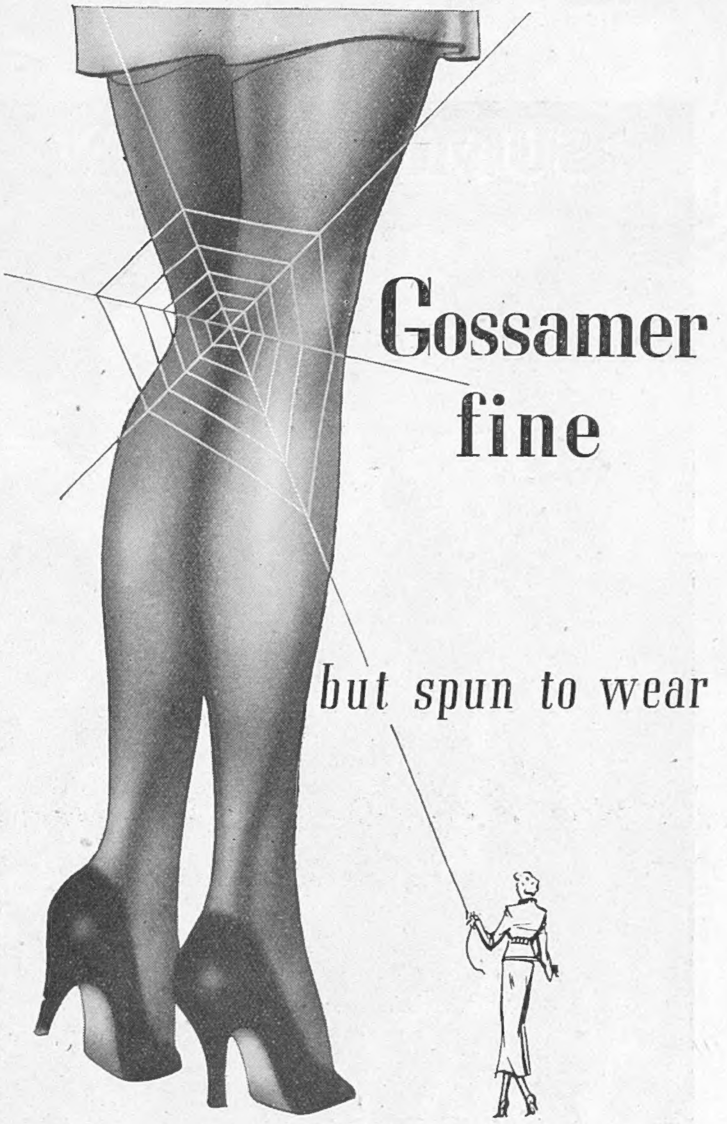

Did you ever think you couldn't afford to wear sheer stockings ? That needn't worry you now. Thanks to Wolsey's skill-with-silk here's loveliness that really lasts, at prices you can pay lightheartedly. Lastex yarn protection, too, if you live in dread of ladders. Don't say you've found your ideal stocking until you've worn Wolsey.

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KELVINATOR to guard their food please!

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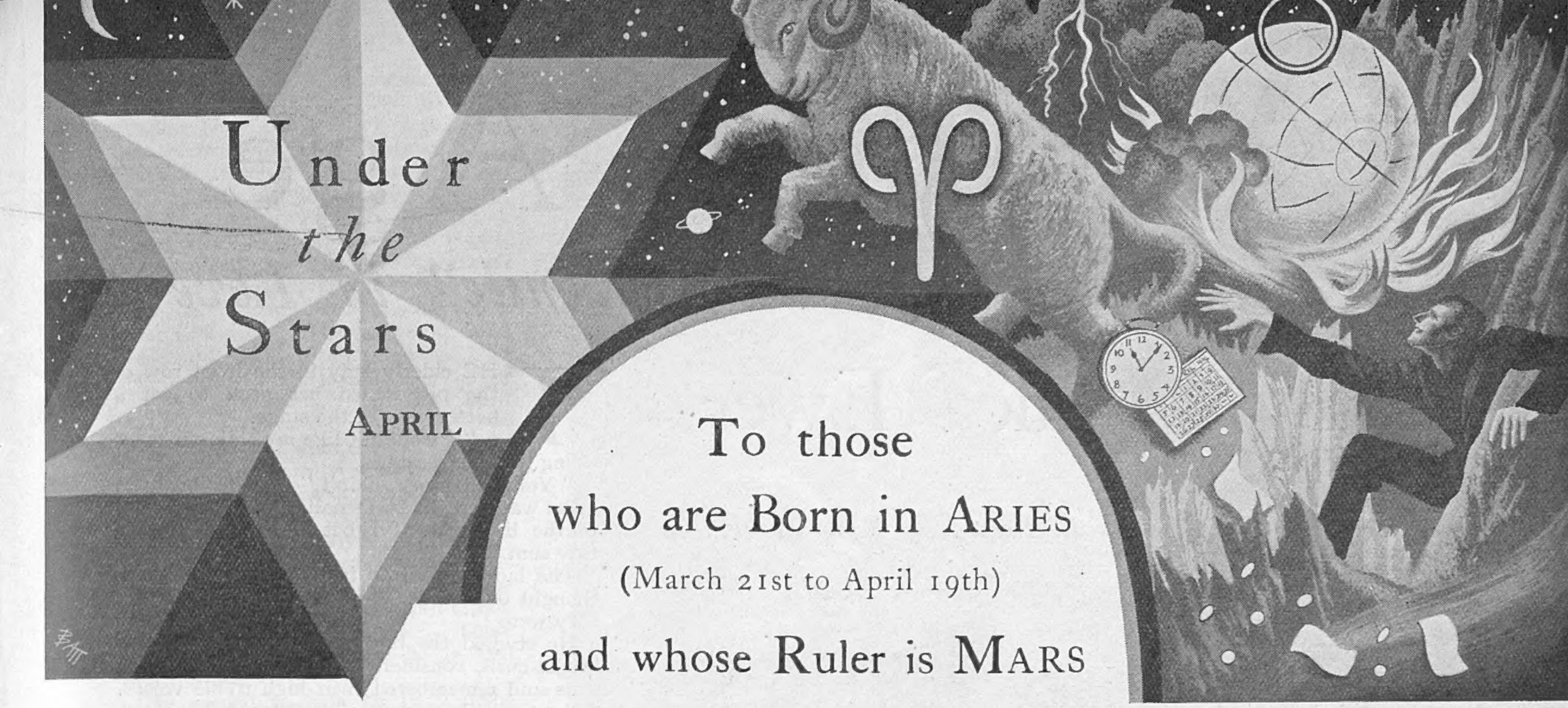


Under the Stars

APRIL

To those who are Born in ARIES

(March 21st to April 19th)

and whose Ruler is MARS

WHITE-HOT enthusiasts, venturers and "go-getters" of the race, you blaze a way through difficulties with indomitable pluck and the dynamic drive of your fiery ruler Mars.

Vision, vitality and fearlessness are yours: but you plunge too recklessly into action, preferring doing to dreaming, risk to monotony, experiment to reason. You never stop to count the cost, so instead of being our dazzling forerunners—by reason of your enterprise—you are so often our black harbingers of disaster—by reason of foolhardiness.

You tend to over-estimate your abilities, to be over-optimistic; cannot envisage failure, much less provide against it. Reverses stun you with astonishment. Consequently, however hardy your will and consuming your purpose, it will be short-lived unless quickly successful. You will turn and scorch down another trail, and Energy that was meant to light a beacon is wasted in random flickerings, in spurts and fade-outs.

Wastefulness is your chief fault. You are prodigal with time, money, effort. The destruction involved by the principle of your finest plans usually outweighs their practical value. Yet you are far-sighted to the point of being prophetic, as well as politically minded. Ever on the search for truth.

So busy seeing, tasting, seeking, you appear completely self-centred, lack knowledge of your fellow-men. Let them once arrest your attention and they will find you warm-hearted, open, generous, ready to help if asked. You strike fervent friendships, make ardent partisans. Can fight your way out of any crisis of your own, coolly. But lose your head if fighting for a friend. Fervour blinds you.

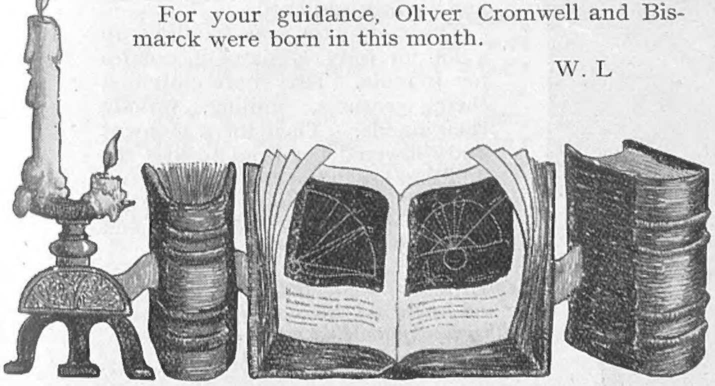
You are usually flushed with challenge, but never bear malice once a blow has been struck. Always ramming vehemently through obstacles, try to find a way round them.

Cultivate diplomacy, even though it may savour to you of subservience and compromise. Curb impatience, bad-temper, self-assertion and jealousy. Know how to persuade as well as to command.

Your true nature will then be revealed as the most aspiring and inspiring people—eager, hopeful and infectiously buoyant—star-destined to be our PIONEERS.

For your guidance, Oliver Cromwell and Bismarck were born in this month.

W. L



TUESDAY
9
21
2
1
3

LUCKY DAY: TUESDAY.

STONES: DIAMOND, CRYSTAL, RUBY.

LUCKY NUMBERS: NINE, also THREE and ONE.

Or any figures, such as 21, which added together make three, or 27, which makes nine.

HEALTH

Aries is the sign of long-lasting vigour and youth. Danger lies in over-heated conditions—sunstroke, fevers, inflammation, headaches. Keep rooms at an even temperature. Eat meat sparingly: fish, fruit and cereals are your best food.

There is some likelihood of injuries to the head, which is governed by Aries, by cuts and burns. Also through falls when climbing. The digestion needs watching between the ages of 21 and 28, kidneys between 42 and 49. And at least eight hours' sleep is required to keep you "soothed" and equable.

MARRIAGE

Men are fickle in their love-affairs, which usually have violent endings. Yet happy wedlock is essential to them to bring out the innate conjugality of this sign.

Women demand much courting.

Aries is best mated with SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 21), people who have sufficient initiative, idealism, and desire to rove, to make boon companions. LEO (July 23 to August 22) is also a good combination, for Leo brings a great heart to join Aries' head.

CAREERS

Soldiering, surgery and politics, exploring, are particularly favoured, as these pursuits call for "nerve." Blessed with manual dexterity, you also make fine draughtsmen, mechanics and engineers.

Women are clever window-dressers, confectioners, housewives. And, of course, born travellers and leaders of new movements.

Aries always brings a catapulting force to the execution of any concern. Success is enjoyed early in life; staying the course is your trouble.

CHILDREN

Are independent and show little respect for their elders. Never try to break their pride or self-belief. Teach them discipline by appealing to their reason.

Corporal punishment especially rouses their worst instincts. If they are rowdy set them some physical task to tire them out. At the same time foster handicrafts with mechanical toys.

They take instruction rapidly, avid in their desire for knowledge. Do not attempt to drive them. Judicious praise works wonders.

SPECIAL TO THIS YEAR

Portents for money-making, love, forming new interests and travel are good. How far these opportunities develop depends on your finesse. Those born between April 11 and April 19 should guard against being hasty and are liable to more than the usual number of accidents.

Act your Age

Back-Stage Story of a "Juvenile" in Love

By Monica Ewer

Illustrated by Jack M. Faulks

THE elderly lady in the front row of the pit craned her neck to get a better view of the stage.

"I wouldn't like *my* children to be doing that," she said.

"Your children couldn't," said her husband as he watched the two small forms tap-dancing in the limelight. "I bet those kids earn a tidy sum."

The lady sniffed to indicate how little she thought of money. "How old would you say they were?"

He studied the boy's bare knees, the girl's bright curls, considered their diminutive sailor suits and remembered their high treble voices. "Not more than twelve," he hazarded.

The Kelly Kids were moving very fast now. The slim bodies flashed up and down the narrow stage in front of the drop of the Houses of Parliament, behind which they were setting the big scene for the first finale. You could hear the ropes being thrown over the cleats of the flats and the soft pad of the scene-shifters' feet, and sometimes the backcloth billowed a little as the furniture was put in its place.

"Disgraceful how they exploit these precocious children," said a lady in a box.

Her husband grunted in agreement and thought with satisfaction of his own brood asleep in their hygienic nursery.

The orchestra quickened, and as the last chord crashed the Kelly Kids reached the wings. Back again, once, twice, to take their call, and then, like well-trained little animals, submitting to the hands of the dresser.

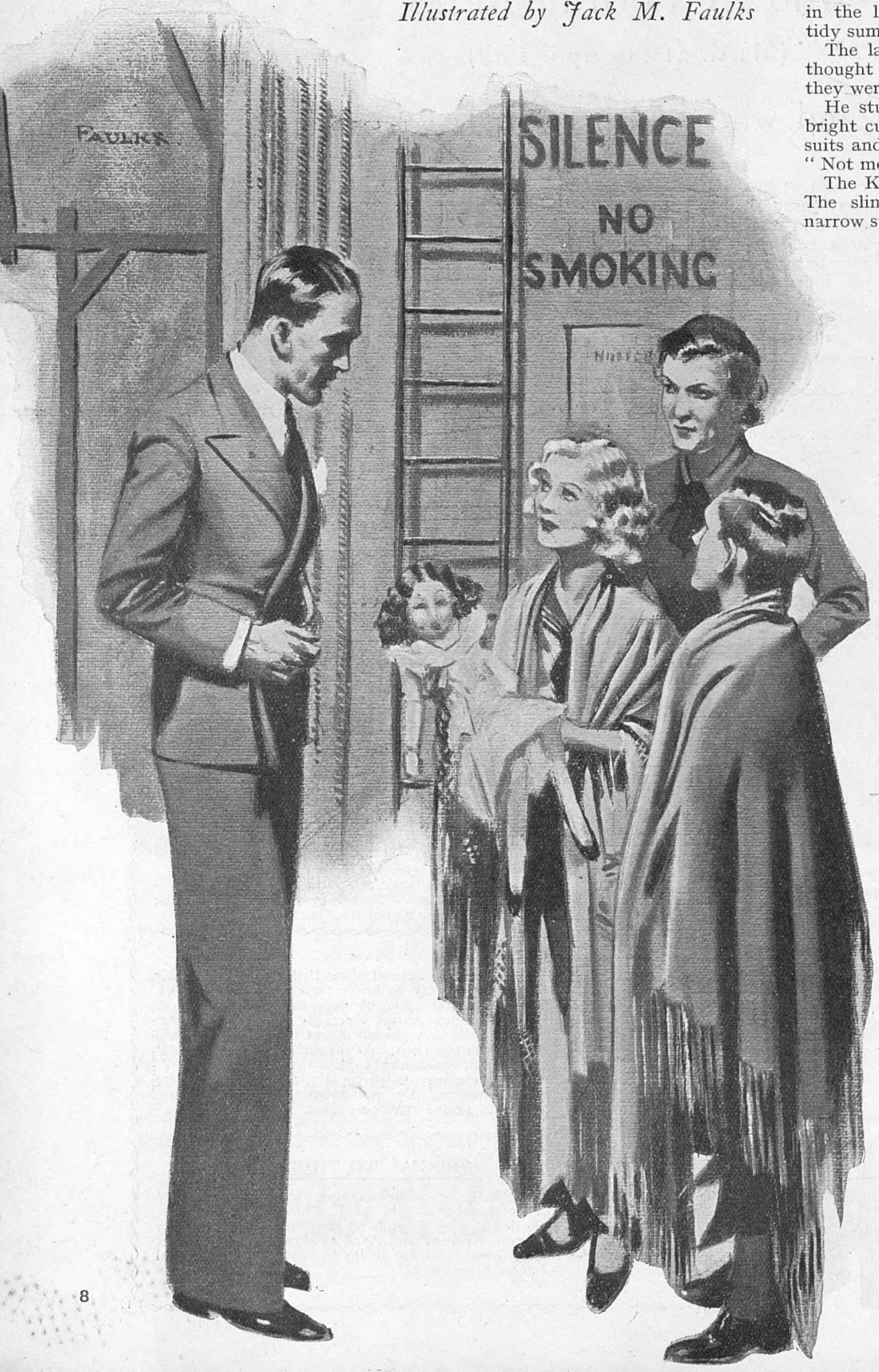
Beside the dresser stood Aunt Alice, who was helping Johnnie. Two fasteners undone and the girl's sailor suit was off. She slipped her arms into a gym frock. Two fasteners and it was done up. Here was her satchel, her hat with the wide elastic, her skipping-rope. The conductor tapped. The Kelly Kids were on again.

A building contractor in the three-and-sixpennies watched the head of golden curls. "That girl will be a corker when she grows up."

"I'd rather see a couple of performing seals," said his companion, and tried to read his programme in the dark to find out how long it was before the interval and a whisky and soda.

The conductor was handing up a doll for Judy, a box of chocolates for Johnnie. They were clutching their treasures, smiling, waving their hands. Then for a moment Judy lowered her head to kiss the doll that lay in the crook of her arm.

Back into the wings. Aunt Alice hustled the Kelly Kids aside and



SHE gave a guilty little start and hauled the doll into view with a queer, unchildlike movement wrapped them in their shawls. They had to stand by for the first-half finale. They got well out of the way, hardly troubling to look about them. They had seen it all so often before.

Only once did Judy raise her head, and that was when Alan Dale came down from his dressing-room. Handsome, pleasant, young Alan Dale, who, at twenty-five, had worked his way up to leads on tour at thirty pounds a week, and who would, with reasonable luck, reach the West End before he was much older.

" Hello, kids ! ". Alan Dale liked children. " How did it go ? "

Judy did not answer. She looked at Alan Dale, secretly, almost sullenly, her blue eyes dark and velvety. It was Johnnie who grinned impishly and said, " We paralysed 'em."

" That 's great," said Alan. It wasn't much of a life for kids, he thought, and Aunt Alice didn't look too cheerful a companion. These two youngsters ought to be in bed this minute.

He turned to look at Judy. She was holding the doll indifferently by the arm, as if she had forgotten its existence.

" Let 's see what you got, Judy ? "

She gave a guilty little start and hauled the doll into view with a queer, unchildlike movement.

" From the management," she said, and for a moment a flicker of amusement passed across the small, solemn face. " He 's got a different one for every night of the week."

Alan Dale thought that such a prospect would perhaps account for the disrespect with which this particular doll was being treated. " Do you like dolls ? " he asked.

There was a perceptible pause, and then it was Aunt Alice who spoke. " Of course she does," she said. " She just loves her little family of dolls. She 's shy, you know."

But Alan Dale didn't think so. He had the impression that Aunt Alice had rushed in to prevent some hideous revelation, perhaps to the effect that Judy considered dolls the bunk. Queer kid, anyway.

There was his cue. Alan smiled, waved his hand and moved away. A moment later he could be heard singing true and clear, apostrophising a lady called " Felise," whose name it appeared "*was carried o 'er the seas, and whispered by the breeze, and murmured by the trees*"—and a moment later the lady in question was hurrying to her entry.

Judy noticed that across her path lay a wicked bit of wood with a prominent nail, nicely designed for tearing frocks. She stooped to pick it up and collided with Miss Myra Manning.

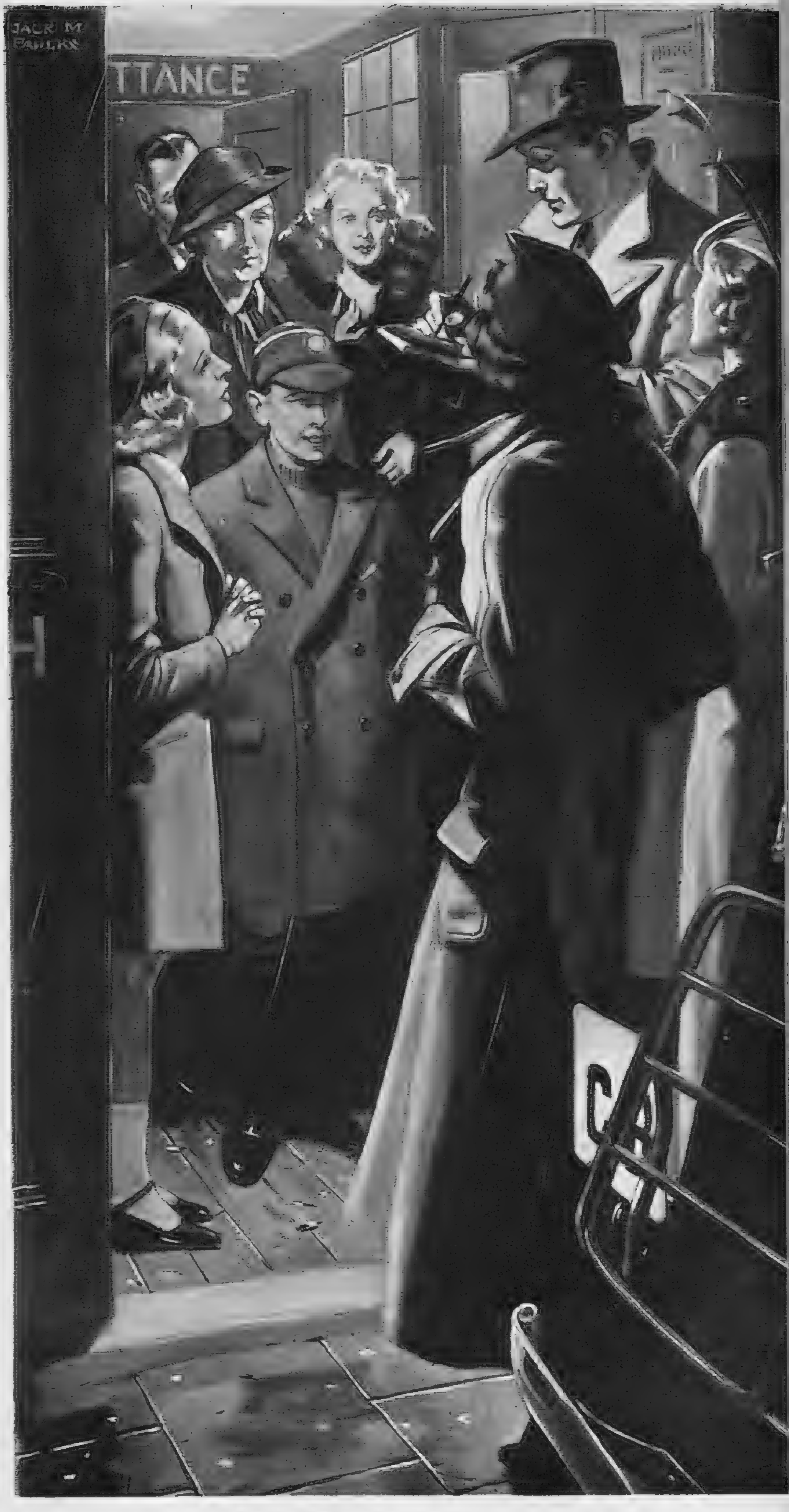
The nervous, red-haired leading lady gave Judy a shove that sent her reeling back into Aunt Alice's arms.

" It 's terrible to have the place littered up with kids. Why didn't you leave 'em at the crèche, Auntie ? "

Aunt Alice took it out on Judy. She gave her a shake. " You would have to go and upset her, wouldn't you ? "

Judy did not answer, but the blue eyes were angry.

The interval was a busy one for the Kelly Kids. Not only had they



Alan Dale was standing in the door-way, signing an autograph album to change, but they had to black their faces so that they could be the Two Piccanninies in the opening chorus on a Tropic Isle. There wasn't any spare time even after that. They had to unblack their faces. They had to get ready for their bathing-suit number, buckets and spades and shrimping nets, and then back into their day clothes to appear for a second in a sketch, and then into their white satin page frocks for the wedding finale. And every change had to be made up five flights of stone stairs.

They had joined the revue a week ago after a ten weeks' tour of their own act. The revue promised them another twelve weeks' work. Aunt Alice saw to all these things. She made them a shrewd and energetic business manager. She had need to be, for Aunt Alice and the Kelly Kids relied entirely on their bookings for their bed and board. Just now she was saving feverishly against the day when Johnnie's growth became noticeable and his voice cracked.

They were dressing for the last time, Johnnie in shorts and sweater and overcoat, and cap to match. He surveyed himself with satisfaction.

" My coat is nearly above my knees," he said ; " and did you hear that crack on the last top-note to-night ? "

" We 'll have to give you gin," said Judy.

The dresser giggled. " The things they say ! "

Aunt Alice silently helped Judy into the little red coat that matched the red béret that showed off her shining curls. You never knew whom you might meet at the stage door, or on the way to your digs, and Aunt Alice saw to it that the Kelly Kids were always fit to meet anyone, from a mere admirer to a booking agent.

" I 'm hungry," said Johnnie. " Buck up, Jude."

" Sausages for supper," said Aunt Alice.

The dresser was hanging their clothes in the right order for the next performance.

" I bet you kids get up a rare appetite," she said. " Why, when my Elsie comes back from basket-ball you 'd think she had a wolf inside her."

Aunt Alice murmured something which seemed to be vaguely complimentary to Elsie's appetite, and hurried the Kelly Kids down the stone stairs.

Outside there was a fine, damp drizzle. Alan Dale was standing in the doorway, signing an autograph album. Myra Manning joined him.

" Got your car, Alan ? "

" Yes."

" I 've got mine, too. I 'll meet you at the hotel. I 'll take Puffin along with me."

" Right. If you get there first, order me a steak."

" Don't be long, Alan, darling."

" I shan't."

" Come on, Puffin, darling."

The gentleman thus entreated jumped in beside her and the car moved off. Alan Dale was taking some letters from the doorkeeper. Aunt Alice looked doubtfully at the night. The Kelly Kids must not be allowed to catch cold.

" Hello, young 'uns," said Alan Dale. " Like a lift ? "

" Rather," said Johnnie.

" It 's very kind of you," said Aunt Alice.

Judy said nothing, only she watched him steadily, almost as if she were memorising his regular features.

" Pile in, then. Come on, Judy, you sit by me. Where are your digs ? "

" Roman Lane," said Aunt Alice. " Just behind the station."

As he sat at the wheel Alan Dale glanced at his small companion. " You don't say much, do you, kid ? "

" Children should be seen and not heard," she countered, but there was laughter in her blue eyes.

" Been at this long ? "

" Ten years."

" You little liar ! Why you can't be more than thirteen."

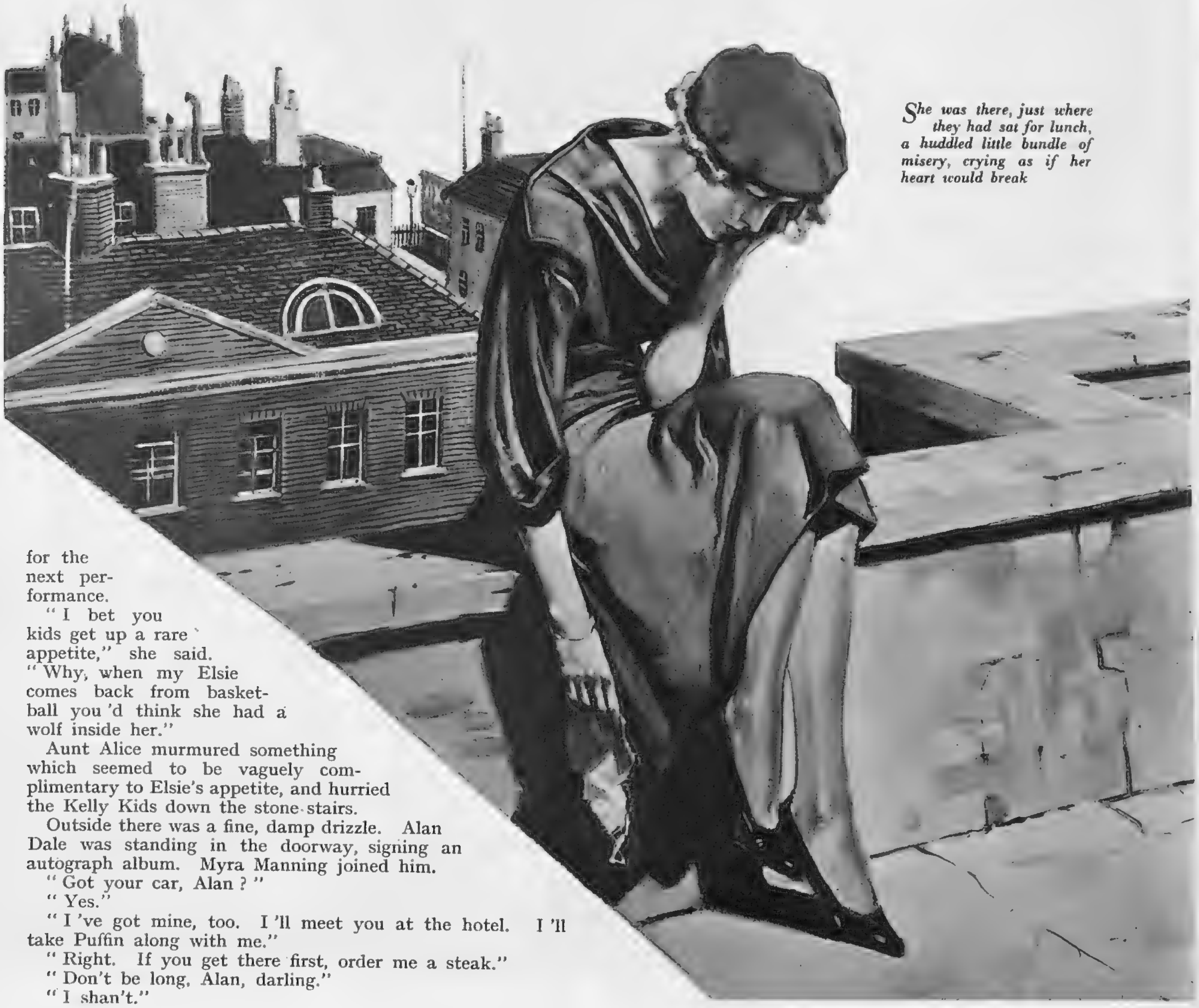
She paused a second before she answered, and a slow flush crept up her cheek. " I—I was carried on first as somebody's baby."

" What were the authorities doing ? " he asked. " I don't believe a word of it. Weren't you ever told what happens to naughty little girls who don't speak the truth ? "

" Have *you* been at it long ?" she asked, instead of answering his question.

" Yes. I used to work in Dad's act when I was your age. Aeons ago, little lady."

She did not answer. He glanced down and noticed her hands clasped rigidly in her lap. " Tired ? " he asked compassionately.



She was there, just where they had sat for lunch, a huddled little bundle of misery, crying as if her heart would break

A little sigh fluttered between her lips. "Tired," she said in her queer, unchildlike way.

He looked for a moment at the little feet in their white socks and the small red shoes with a strap and button. He thought the little feet had a long way to go.

Aunt Alice tapped him on the shoulder. "Just on the right, Mr. Dale. By that lamp-post." Alan drew up the car neatly before the shabby lodging-house. "Thank you so much. Now, children, thank Mr. Dale."

He heard Johnnie's clear, high voice, but he could not catch Judy's murmur. A queer kid, but he liked her. Most stage folk talked too loud and too long. Only she could lie, like all the others. He watched her thoughtfully as she walked up the steps.

There were sausages for supper and tea for the Kelly Kids and beer for Aunt Alice, and when the meal was finished Johnnie was packed off to bed with parting instructions about washing his teeth and opening the bedroom window.

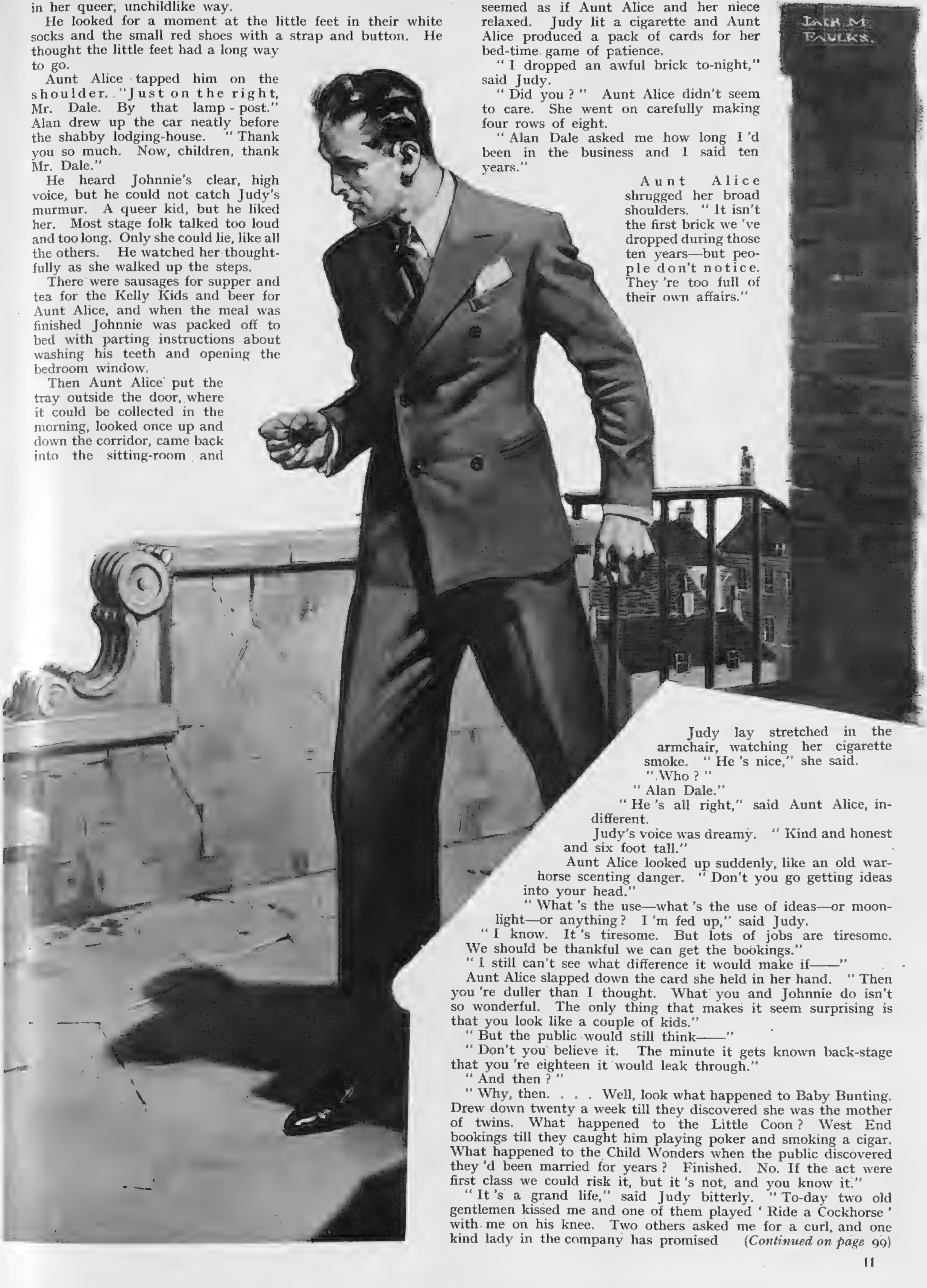
Then Aunt Alice put the tray outside the door, where it could be collected in the morning, looked once up and down the corridor, came back into the sitting-room and locked the door. With this action it seemed as if Aunt Alice and her niece relaxed. Judy lit a cigarette and Aunt Alice produced a pack of cards for her bed-time game of patience.

"I dropped an awful brick to-night," said Judy.

"Did you?" Aunt Alice didn't seem to care. She went on carefully making four rows of eight.

"Alan Dale asked me how long I'd been in the business and I said ten years."

Aunt Alice shrugged her broad shoulders. "It isn't the first brick we've dropped during those ten years—but people don't notice. They're too full of their own affairs."


JACK M. FAULKS.

Judy lay stretched in the armchair, watching her cigarette smoke. "He's nice," she said.

"Who?"

"Alan Dale."

"He's all right," said Aunt Alice, indifferent.

Judy's voice was dreamy. "Kind and honest and six foot tall."

Aunt Alice looked up suddenly, like an old warhorse scenting danger. "Don't you go getting ideas into your head."

"What's the use—what's the use of ideas—or moonlight—or anything? I'm fed up," said Judy.

"I know. It's tiresome. But lots of jobs are tiresome. We should be thankful we can get the bookings."

"I still can't see what difference it would make if——"

Aunt Alice slapped down the card she held in her hand. "Then you're duller than I thought. What you and Johnnie do isn't so wonderful. The only thing that makes it seem surprising is that you look like a couple of kids."

"But the public would still think——"

"Don't you believe it. The minute it gets known back-stage that you're eighteen it would leak through."

"And then?"

"Why, then. . . . Well, look what happened to Baby Bunting. Drew down twenty a week till they discovered she was the mother of twins. What happened to the Little Coon? West End bookings till they caught him playing poker and smoking a cigar. What happened to the Child Wonders when the public discovered they'd been married for years? Finished. No. If the act were first class we could risk it, but it's not, and you know it."

"It's a grand life," said Judy bitterly. "To-day two old gentlemen kissed me and one of them played 'Ride a Cockhorse' with me on his knee. Two others asked me for a curl, and one kind lady in the company has promised (*Continued on page* 99)

Echt Kölnisch Wasser
Buchhandlung
Unser Weg
Fridericus
Vollendung
Die Wahrheit
Reichswart

A Berlin railway-station bookstall. The German railway administration has given directions to the railway companies forbidding the exhibition of foreign newspapers in prominent places on the station bookstalls

Dr. Goebbels, German Minister for Propaganda, attends a luncheon arranged by the Confederation of Foreign Press. Dr. Goebbels is seen third from the right among the reporters

The Doped Continent

Continental Journalists to-day are told what to do and what not to do. Most Governments have Chained the Wrist that Writes

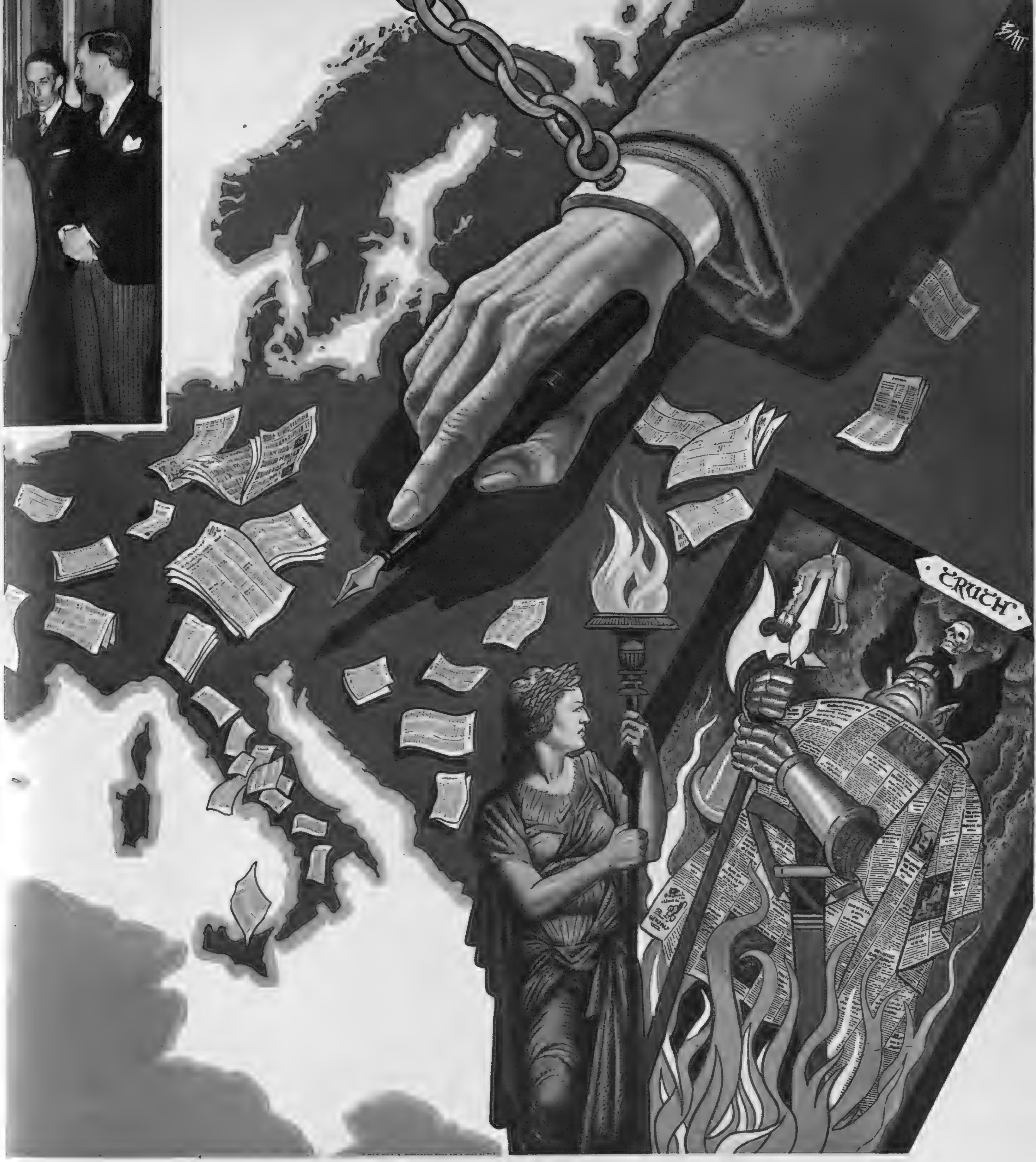
By Ferdinand Tuohy

But one in every fifteen Europeans allowed to know the untouched truth concerning what goes on around them! Such has been the dark, the almost frightening circumstance until the recent lifting of the Spanish censorship. This let in a little light: only about one in every dozen are at the instant being doped; yet the composite picture of suppression, distortion, fabrication, and falsification remains an almost incredible one. History is certain to have reams to say about it. Most of us cannot see the wood for the trees; whereas it could easily be argued that the position of all-round mental enslavement or prostitution, call it what you will, is infinitely more grievous to-day than "before the French Revolution," oft-quoted milestone reputed to have encompassed the emancipation of the mind of the common people.

Before 1789 the multitude was simply kept in darkness and ignorance. The spoken word was practically the only means of reaching it until the Voltarian pamphlet so tellingly intervened towards the end. The newspapers had been just so many official monitors. To-day it is not so much a matter of keeping the masses in darkness as of firing them on by the wickedest lies disseminated with the full gale of modern propaganda. Censorship has passed from the purely negative to the diabolically positive. By its tireless manipulation peoples are being led out and on to war. It is a terrible and spreading picture that confronts us for some of us, perhaps, the most terrible of all, this of wholesale and cynical trampling on the human mind on a scale never dreamt of before . . . the Dark Ages? . . . they must have been relatively light in places beside some of the aspects of to-day!

No better example of what is meant could be cited than the sinister spectacle of Signor Mussolini, editor and journalist, turning his Press on an off, as by tap, to suit the changing forms or degrees of pressure he happens to be seeking to apply upon this or that foreign

Outside the Élysée, Paris: M. Camille Chautemps issues a statement to reporters of the French Press



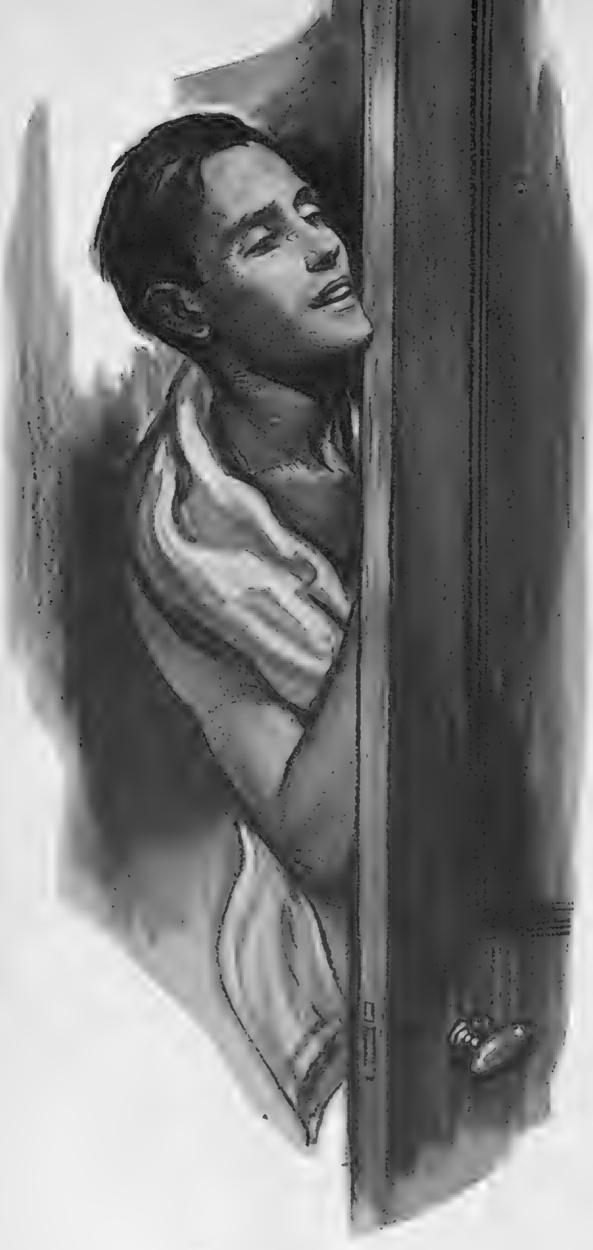
country. Who did not shrink, perhaps in a mingling of shame, anxiety, and dimming of hope, at vision of a British Ambassador having to go to the head of the Italian Government and say, in as many words: "Until you stop your latest campaign of lies about England, there 's nothing doing with my country, even in the way of a preliminary approach"? And who did not shrink still further when Signor Mussolini, desirous of entering into negotiations, promptly turned off the lies and abuse and attacks in the very next morning's newspapers, only to turn them on once more directly the negotiations had failed?

To such a pitch, or thereabouts, has darkness matured far and wide in current Europe, and it is perhaps as well to remember the fact when we feel constrained to jump on our own comparatively rare cases of newspaper dereliction. British journals are still 100 per cent. free, if we make the mental reservation of one or two instances of over-exerted personal ownership whose influence, for that matter, it is the easiest thing in the world to avoid. No mental compulsion in this country whatsoever. "You pays yer penny and you takes yer choice," still runs. But turn the searchlight across the narrow seas! Leaving Spain aside for the moment, because she has been incessantly in and out of censorship and will, in all likelihood, be in it again shortly, only six small States have survived uncensored, have escaped the deadening and poisoning hand; their joint population, some 30,000,000 out of a grand (Continental) total of over 450,000,000. The fortunate little lands where liberty of (*Continued on page* 91)

From Seven-

Men aren't the only people prerogative of being

By Erica



The head and shoulders of a very good-looking man peered round the corner of the opened door

ELEVEN o'clock on a dull December morning. Over the Strand a damp fog dropped like a depressing curtain between earth and sky, but the electric signs shone bravely on roads full of congested traffic and pavements crowded with moist humanity.

Inside the warm, well-appointed offices of Messrs. Prothero and Gill life moved forward with prompt, orderly efficiency: Miss Brian saw to that. When one thought of the firm of Prothero and Gill, one inevitably thought of the firm's private secretary, Miss Mary Brian, because Miss Brian was the Firm. The staff knew it and the clients knew it, the office-boy hadn't a doubt of it; and the partners themselves gloried in the admission, for the bare possession of Miss Brian was in itself a personal tribute.

Her slight, unassuming figure represented to them what the Crystal Palace was to the Victorians, or the Statue of Liberty to the Yankees; there was hushed reverence as well as bloated pride in the voices of Messrs. Prothero and Gill as they introduced to strangers "Our secretary, Miss Brian—don't know what we should do without her"—and their pride was not ill-founded.

Behind the imposing doors of the private suite, Mr. Prothero wasted considerable time, cigars, and whisky chatting with important clients; in the outer offices the junior typists tittered and powdered their noses and manicured their already shining nails; but at the first sound of Miss Brian's step along the corridor they attacked their machines with sudden fierce concentration, and just the sound of her quiet voice in the general office towards six o'clock was enough to make the office-boy feverishly seize envelopes and lick stamps with the avidity of a "down and out" wolfing a sandwich.

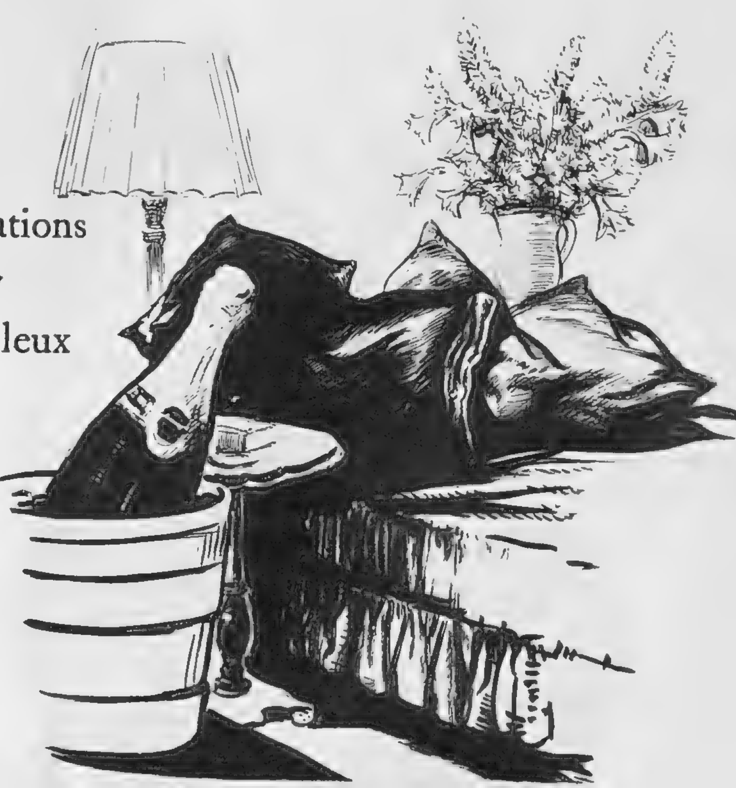
Miss Brian never nagged or scolded. She was a woman of very few words, but, in the vernacular of the junior staff, she "just put you on the spot and made you feel like a bit of chewed string." She got things done, and she never tolerated excuses. Empires might fall, and wars devastate the Continent, but the business of Prothero and Gill went on, like Time itself, relentless and indifferent to outside disturbance.

"Ask Miss Brian"—the phrase was a kind of "*Dieu et mon Droit*" at Halton House. Clients who were prepared to spend hours dusting the office chairs in the vain hope of seeing one of the partners, were more than content if they ultimately reached the sanctum marked "Secretary. Private." Not that any but the favoured few ever did reach that; through the glass partition looking on to the reception-room she could see the crowd, and even with her head bent over her desk, apparently absorbed in her correspondence, she was sorting the callers, mentally weeding them out, and finally getting rid of the unnecessary ones with a prompt courtesy that a hardened diplomat would have envied.

"Miss Brian passed this." The words were final, irrevocable. If Miss Brian passed anything, no one ever troubled what Prothero thought about it, least of all Prothero himself, for never, never would he have dreamed of opposing her judgment. For five years his partner, Gill, had condescendingly handed over the dog-work to his secretary and then taken himself to the South of France, while Prothero contented himself with giving her a free hand and then confining his own efforts to the entertaining of clients at the Savoy; and at every Christmas (when it was his habit to present each member of the staff with a small bonus) to deliver trite little speeches, composed and typed for him by Miss Brian in her leisure hours, and then retire exhausted to the privacy of his own luxurious room.

Both he and his partner were quite aware of the fact that many of their less fortunate colleagues envied them the possession of this priceless paragon; they were also not unmindful of the fact that several had tried surreptitiously to lure her away with tempting bribes. But the perfect secretary waved away these

Illustrations
by
Verpilleux



thirty Onwards

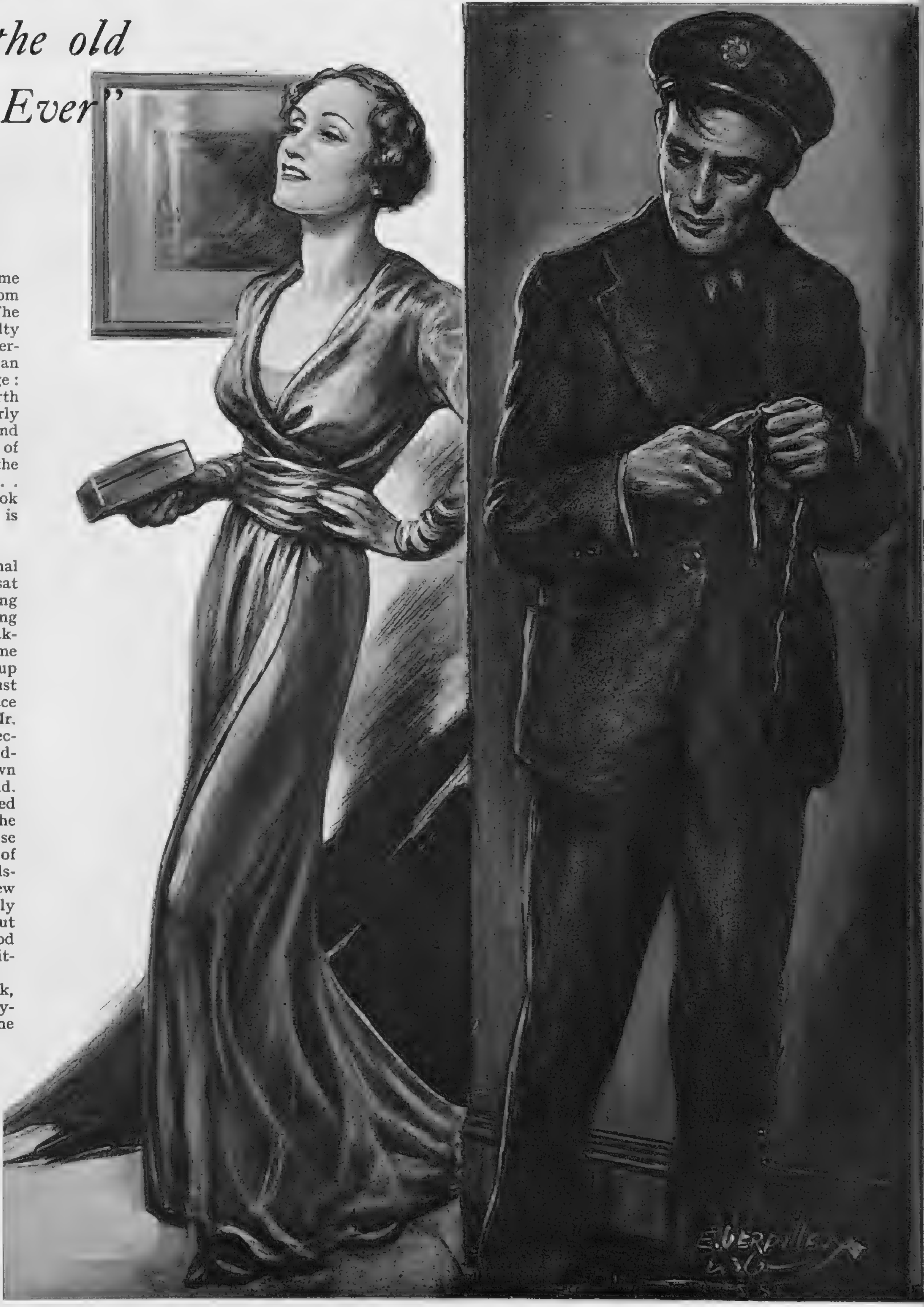
entitled to the old “Deceivers Ever”

O’Foyle

alluring offers with the same speed that she emptied a room of importunate callers. The partners said it was her “ loyalty to the firm.” They had overlooked the fact that Mary Brian firmly believed in the old adage : “ A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush ” ; particularly when the “ bird ” was fat and healthy and showed signs of growing ever fatter . . . so the Perfect Secretary stayed on . . . and only she and her bank-book knew just how lucrative is loyalty in business.

ON this particularly dismal morning Miss Brian sat as usual in her room, opening letters, dictating letters, sending the office-boy on errands, speaking into two ’phones at the same time, and mentally checking up the number of callers who must be cleared out of the place before one o’clock, while in Mr. Prothero’s private room Detective James Endsleigh was standing at the window looking down on the murkiness of the Strand. Not that it must be imagined for one moment that within the sacred precincts of Halton House there could ever be any need of a policeman : far from it. Endsleigh was one of Prothero’s few intimate friends—he rarely called during business hours, but when he did it was understood that he had the right of admittance to the Holy of Holies.

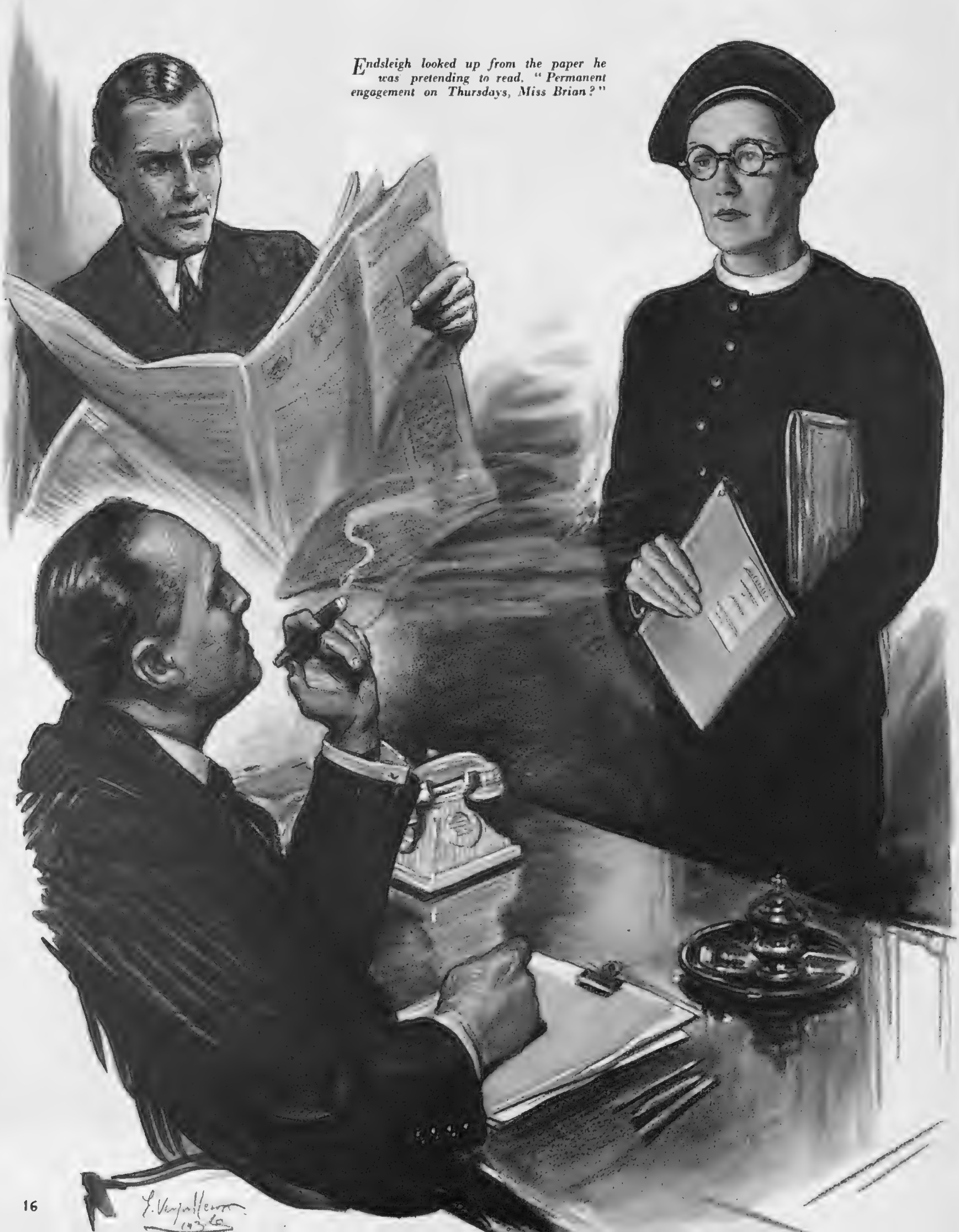
Prothero sat at his desk, making a vain pretence of studying his mail, and chewing the inevitable cigar. The two men had been arguing in a friendly fashion for some minutes, the topic under discussion being the climax to a murder case that had occupied the front page of the daily papers for some time. Prothero, like most of the general public, expressed surprise at the acquittal of the prisoner on the plea of “ not sufficient evidence ” ; Endsleigh, on the other hand, had believed in the man’s innocence from the start, and the discussion of pros and cons headed the



Down the corridor tripped the Perfect Secretary, a box of cigarettes in her hand detective off on to his favourite topic of conversation.

"My dear chap, you, like most of the general public, *will* make the obvious mistake of judging wholly on appearance. Appearances are usually deceptive, and hopelessly unindicative of character. I admit Masters, judging by his photographs, looked the epitome of a hardened criminal, but the circumstantial evidence against him was only circumstantial evidence, and thin at that, and the subsequent enquiries proved that his former life was a model of harmless domesticity. Men and women are seldom what they appear to be, that is the fundamental rule on which we base our theories."

Prothero rapped the desk angrily. "Rubbish, Jack, you policemen think that because the Law gives you the right to ballyhoo people into telling you all the intimacies of their lives and habits, you can read them like a book. Not you! Take my own case, for instance. With practically no initial capital, how do you think I built up this business? Hard work? Bosh! Brains, old chap, a knowledge of my fellow creatures, a *flair* for sorting them out, estimating them correctly at one glance for what they are—and then using them—to my own advantage. I flatter myself I never made a mistake. I can tell 'em for



Endsleigh looked up from the paper he was pretending to read. "Permanent engagement on Thursdays, Miss Brian?"

what they are before they've been in this room five minutes. I'd still be a clerk to-day, if I couldn't."

"I wonder ?"

"I don't, I know—never made a mistake yet !"

The detective smiled, a little ironically. "I have, plenty of them, but it hasn't altered my convictions. Policemen, like their victims, have to learn by their mistakes. There's a lot of truth in the saying : 'All the world's a stage,' but Shakespeare was a darned sight *more* near the heart of things when he added, 'and all the men and women merely players.' Play acting ! Believe me, that's what most people are doing every hour of the day, some because it suits their purpose, and some because they can't help it. Remember the Broxley case ? You, for instance, like nine-tenths of the spectators, would have eliminated the wife on sight, you'd have seen just what she wanted you to see—pretty tearful little blonde, pathetic widow in attractive mourning, crying her eyes out over death of benevolent elderly husband—very touching ! I suspected her at once—just because she looked so damned innocent, and you remember my investigations proved that she had been treating the dear departed to arsenic in his coffee with a business-like hard-heartedness that would have shamed Nero !"

"That, my dear fellow, was an exception."

"And life, old man, is almost entirely made up of exceptions. Take any man—or woman, for that matter, you will——"

The sudden entrance of Miss Brian cut short his remark. In her quick business-like fashion she had knocked discreetly, entered quietly, and laid some papers on the desk almost before either of the men could realise she was in the room. Endsleigh scrutinised her with that quick penetrating glance that appeared outwardly so casual. There was nothing startling about Mary Brian's appearance ; except for the crisp efficiency of her manner and speech, her physical attributes seemed nondescript. She always wore a hat in office hours, a hat that completely covered her hair, her eyes were hidden behind horn-rimmed spectacles, and her face, although unlined, was devoid of any artificial aids to beauty, and suggested years somewhere between thirty-five and forty. Her correct, perfectly tailored blue serge suit, disclosed the fact that she was slight, but there was about her whole person no attempt at individuality, no hint of type, just a perfectly adjusted machine.

Prothero greeted his secretary with a condescending smirk.

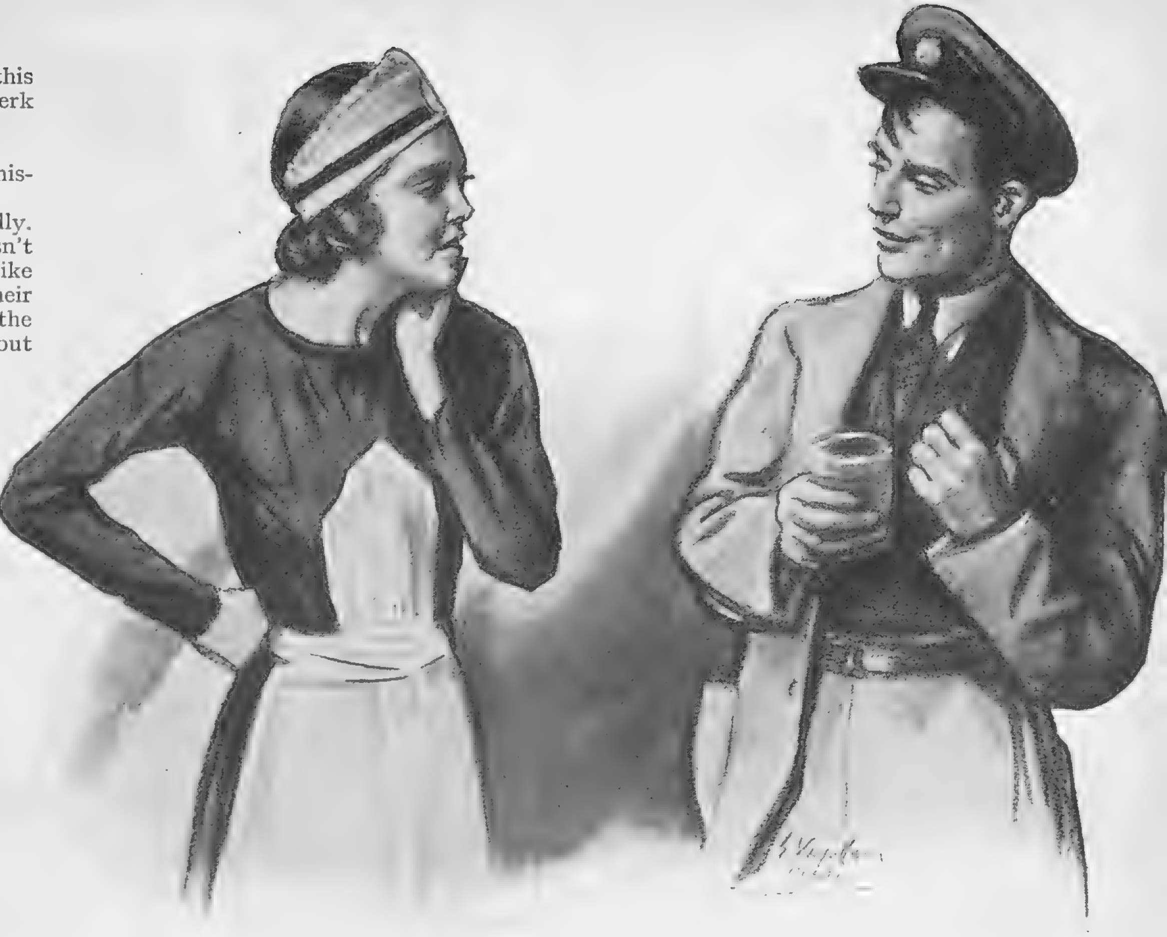
"Ah, good morning, Miss Brian, how time flies when one is busy ! Have I any appointments this morning ?"

"Three, Mr. Prothero, but I have disposed of them all, nothing I couldn't settle myself and save your time. You lunch with Mr. Twyford at the Savoy at one-fifteen, and there is a board meeting at three. These letters require a personal signature."

Prothero picked up his pen and signed the letters. "Working late again this evening, Miss Brian ?"

"Not this evening, Mr. Prothero—to-day is Thursday."

Endsleigh looked up from the paper he was pretending to read.



"I LEAVE here when I've got the dinner. Thursday it's nearly ten"

"Permanent engagement on Thursdays, Miss Brian ?"

The secretary did not deign to glance in his direction, her eyes were glued on the desk. "My General Knowledge class, every Thursday evening," she replied, and noiselessly moved towards the door.

"Oh, Miss Brian, what about the letter to Avignon ? When does the air mail leave ?"

"I sent it myself the day before yesterday—the answer should reach Croydon to-morrow morning." A soft closing of the door, and she was gone.

Prothero turned to Endsleigh with a smirk like that of a stage mother displaying an infant prodigy. "There you are, Jack, there's a secretary for you ! Works at home, goes to Polytechnic classes to improve her mind ; that's the way to succeed in life !"

"Um—yes. By the way, what do you know about her private life ?"

Prothero swung round on his chair in amazement. "What do I know about Miss Brian ? Why, man, she's——"

"God's gift to the successful business man—we know all about that, but exactly what is Mary Brian after, say, about seven-thirty ? What does she do with herself ?"

"Do with herself ? My dear fellow, what should a woman like that do but work and eat and sleep ? She isn't a woman in the ordinary sense !"

"Good heavens, don't tell me she is queer in her morals ?"

Prothero attempted to laugh, but his smug countenance wore a slightly shocked expression. "Really, Jack, you policemen have got filthy minds. What I meant to say was that she isn't—well—sex and all that kind of thing mean nothing to her. Thank God for that ! I can go home late now and say I have been working overtime with Miss Brian, and Fay never says a word, she likes Miss Brian—for that reason. Remember her predecessor ? the blonde with the neat ankles ? Not a bad worker, but she wasted a devil of a lot of my time. There was the deuce to pay if the car broke down, trying to persuade Fay that I hadn't been taking that girl out to dinner. Anyone can see with half an eye that Mary Brian just lives for her job. Men, clothes, amusement, they mean nothing in her life, she is just a perfectly organised machine."

"Really ?"

"What on earth are you driving at ? You *are* a persistent devil."

"Ever been to her home ?"

"My dear Jack, what a question ! Unlike her predecessor, she pays her own rent. Men don't go butting in on Mary Brian. Don't even know where she lives—oh, yes, of course I do, block of flats in Maida Vale—Onsbury Gardens. Lives with an invalid aunt—earns a damn good salary, can afford to be comfortable—you know the kind of comfort I mean, good solid respectability. Jove ! I could describe that flat accurately without ever seeing it. Prim useful furniture, no fripperies, char to do the work, heaps of improving books, and half the office correspondence spread over the sitting room. She goes home by tube, spends her evenings working for me, or going to classes to improve her mind. Punctually at the same hour she takes a poached egg and a cup of Ovaltine, her bedroom will be chilly and sensible—wears bedsocks for a certainty, and her nightdress will be woollen—don't know the name, but shall we say it will not be an imaginative garment ?"

"Bet you a fiver you're all wrong. Will you take it ?"

"You're not serious, Jack ?"

"Dead serious. (*Continued on page* 104)

New Homes for OLD

THE world, convalescent now from the great slump, needs a new major industry to restore it to full health. It has always been so after these great ebb tides.

The depression after the Napoleonic wars lasted for two decades; it was ended in the 'forties by the advent of rail transport. By the 'seventies men had all the railways they could use. The resultant slump lasted four years, by the end of which time the turnover from iron to steel through Bessemer's process inaugurated the steel age and a new era of prosperity.

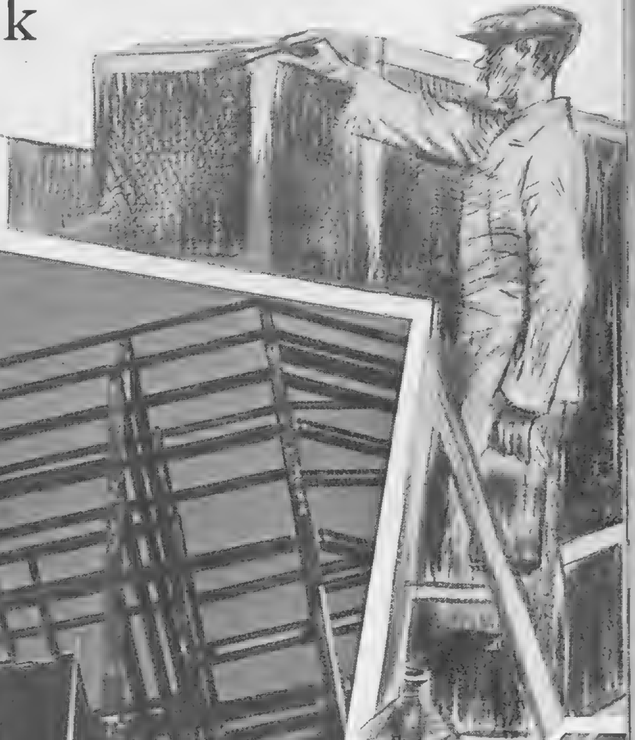
Slump arrived again in the 'nineties and knocked everything sideways, until, after nearly five years, men dragged the secret of electricity far enough out of Nature's strongbox to harness it to their bread-and butter life. They rode out of that depression on the tide of electric power development which gave Sam Insull his start and made the name of Edison famous.

Slump duly returned a decade later, and by 1907 most of the leaders of industry and finance were flat on their backs with their legs in the air, awaiting the sound of the last trump. But mechanical engineers and "monkey wrench" scientists perfected the internal-combustion engine and inaugurated mass-production, and motorisation carried the world into a new era of expansion which the Great War only briefly interrupted—the greatest expansion caused by the spiral of activity set up by motorisation occurred after the war, and ended in the greatest slump of all time.

The films have created a great new industry, with several ancillary industries. Radio has created another. But neither was, or is, enough. Some think the multiplication of aircraft will provide the new major industry for which the world waits. But I doubt it. Not enough people want air machines. An order for a single £8,000,000 battleship equals, in terms of

Building may provide the impetus to span the bridge to a new Age of Industrial Expansion

By C. Patrick Thompson



Photographs by John Everard

jobs, wages, and industrial activity, an order for 2,000 big airplanes or 5,000 small ones.

What, then, is left? Homes—not only house building, although that is an immense factor, but a revolution in men's ideas of what a home ought to be, and, owing to new technical applications and methods and inventions, can be.

Men's attention is constantly drawn by newspaper headlines and news reels to such striking phenomena of our changing world as streamlined long-distance trains, 300 m.p.h. motor-cars, trans-Atlantic airships and trans-Pacific seaplanes, new tanks of astounding destructiveness and new guns of incredible fire-power, to a tunnel under the Mersey, a bridge spanning Sydney harbour, a world's wonder like the mighty Boulder dam. But the shelters which men build to contain their private lives, and equip for the comfort, convenience and pleasure of themselves and their families—these are seldom brought to the general attention through the engines of publicity, possibly because a home seems to lack drama and excitement. And yet the revolution in home-making is one of the greatest adventures of our time, and probably the most significant of all latter-day phenomena.

And we are only at the beginning of this movement—this escape from old ideas and towards what Corbusier called "living in space"—which looks as if it would provide the major new industry needed to carry us over to a new age of industrial expansion, and notch up still farther the general living standard of our world.

Before inspecting the revolutionary symptoms, and wondering whence they lead, take a glance at the economic end of home making. It is easily the biggest of all industries. The construction of the home shell—external walls, room partitions, plumbing and wiring, and the rest—is only one part of that general industry; but, at that, it has sufficed to salvage Britain, and it looks like carrying the United States out of its slump.

From 1919 to 1931, around 2,000,000 houses were built in this island. In all, that would entail an expenditure of near a thousand million pounds for the home shells alone; and on top

(*Continued on page 145*)

AFTER the party. The author photographed with Lupe Velez, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford outside Mary Pickford's attractive studio bungalow at United Artists' studios on Santa Monica Boulevard after a luncheon party at the Chinese Lunch Room

JOHN GILBERT, who died recently, as Prince Danilo, one of his early successes, makes love to Sonia (Mae Murray) in the screen version of "The Merry Widow"

TWO famous stars. Al Jolson with Rin-Tin-Tin. It was worth a journey of 6,000 miles to see Al Jolson careering madly round the Warner studio on Sunset Boulevard, pursued by a breathless perspiring entourage during the making of "The Jazz Singer." That was the real beginning of Talkies

Ten Years of

IN the early spring of 1926 I thought it would be an adventure to take myself to Hollywood, interview a number of film stars, and have a look at the studios. At the end of May I started on my first journey to California's film centre. I have been there every year since then.

Ten years of Hollywood, now that I come to think back, represents quite a lot that is amusing, interesting, tragic. Inside that stretch of time the film industry has experienced its most violent upheaval, to date, in the change-over from silent to talking pictures. I was lucky enough to be there through the heat of that memorable battle.

Not only did talking films revolutionise the industry that makes movies: they caused a revolution among the players who entertain millions on the screen. Stars whose slightest smile swayed a continent, when I first saw Hollywood in 1926, are ex-stars to-day. Some of them are dead. The others might as well be for all the notice taken of them.

Events move quickly where pictures are churned out at the rate of about 16 "frames" per second. Other businesses take thirty years to accomplish what film studios have done in ten. It has been fun to watch all the change and counter-change, the sweeping improvements, the destructive raids, the dramatic rise and fall of one personality after another. Yes, fun—with more than a hint of heartbreak.

When I went to Hollywood in 1926 I believe I was the first independent free-lance journalist to take myself 6,000 miles as a sheer speculation. A few others had been before me, but they had been sent by their papers. Others have been since—but I don't think many, if any, of them are free lances. It was a speculation, a gamble; it has proved worth all the risk.

On the June day in 1926 when I landed in New York (which happened to be my birthday), I had never been farther from England in my life than to France and Germany; another continent felt something altogether different.

From the London offices of the big film companies I held letters of introduction to the publicity departments of their companies

MAURICE CHEVALIER, with John Miljan, Margaret Livingstone, and Sylvia Beecher, in a scene from his first film, "The Innocents of Paris"

GRETA GARBO, in one of her silent films, looking very unlike Garbo of to-day. She is seen here with Erich von Stronheim in a scene from "As You Desire Me"

CHARLIE CHAPLIN in 1926. A scene from "The Circus" with Myrna Kennedy and Albert Garcia. Although Charlie Chaplin would not allow journalists coming to the set while he was at work, he permitted the author to watch him rehearse his leading lady, Myrna Kennedy, in a scene she had to play while swinging on a trapeze above the ring

Hollywood

1926—1936:

By Margaret Chute

both in New York and Hollywood. Friends on the London stage—Leslie Henson, in particular—had been most generous with introductions to some of the big stars. And so the big adventure started.

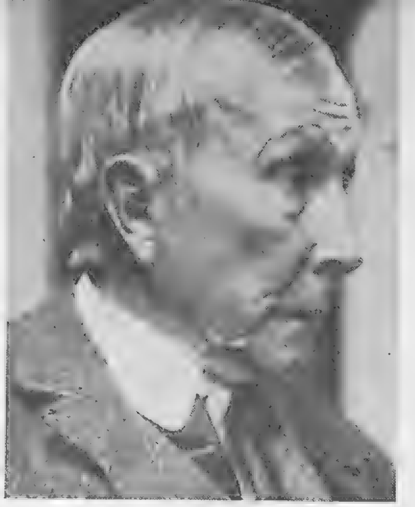
Many important stars, I discovered, were working in or near New York. Richard Dix, Thomas Meighan, Milton Sills, little Betty Bronson, Alice Joyce, Ford Sterling, Lois Wilson, Renee Adorée—I could see them all. There was a big Press luncheon next day for Reginald Denny, at the Plaza Hotel—an amazing occasion. Maisie Gay had given me a letter of introduction to Reg Denny; I managed to get it wriggled through to him at the top table.

Back came his scribbled reply—"Marvellous. Don't leave till I have seen you. Come over to this table directly speeches finish." We met, surrounded by a hundred ardent journalists, howling questions at the star. He managed to answer them, yelling at me that he would meet me at the station in Hollywood, surest thing you know, ten days later.

A concerted dash for the elevator landed us on the grilling pavement of Fifth Avenue, where two motion picture cameras were firmly installed, and a dainty Japanese girl—a famous New York film writer—stepped forward to block Mr. Denny's get-away. There and then I was roped in to interview Reginald Denny's left ear while she interviewed his right, cameras meanwhile recording the hectic, crowd-encircled scene. My first interview on American soil, that was.

Next day the hotel telephone operator announced calmly, "Mr. Richard Dix is on (*Continued on page* 129)

TEN years back: Beatrice Lillie, Lew Cody and John Gilbert photographed outside star dressing-rooms at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, Culver City, California, July 1926. Lew Cody and John Gilbert are now both dead


J. D. ROCKEFELLER

SIR HENRI DETERDING

SIR ROBERT WALEY COHEN

These Men Control

THE Great War, according to different judges, had many great crises, and which of them was the most decisive it is extremely hard to decide. But with the passage of time events shake themselves into a sort of perspective, and it is very doubtful whether any moment in the history of the world was more critical than that in December of 1917 when the ruthless Georges Clemenceau, leader of the French people, realised that his country was on the verge of defeat.

France, faced with mutinies in the army, food shortage, slaughter of its finest soldiers, had many troubles, but most of them she could deal with—with Clemenceau's help. But now even Clemenceau found himself baffled.

France was running short of oil, desperately short.

Her innumerable lorries, wagons, tanks, military cars were swallowing the precious black liquid at a cruel pace. England's vast supplies had satisfied the Allies' enormous demands for three years. Now the German War Office's submarine campaign was telling. Oil tankers were being sunk at the rate of one every day—and France's oil was down to a few thousand barrels—enough for three days, in the event of another Verdun drive.

An appeal as dramatic as any in history flashed across the Atlantic. Georges Clemenceau, very nearly beaten for once, wired President Wilson:

"A failure in the supply offered would cause the immediate paralysis of our arms, and might compel us to make a peace unfavourable to the Allies. . . . The safety of the Allies is in the balance. If the Allies do not wish to lose the war, then, at the moment of the great German offensive, they must not let France lack the petrol which is as necessary as blood in the battles of to-morrow."

America responded magnificently. The almost limitless resources of John D. Rockefeller's Standard Oil Company, not least of them its huge tanker fleet, which was too much even for the U-Boats, was pressed into service. Oil crossed the Big Pond by the million gallons, and France no longer lacked "black blood."

Whether this episode settled the outcome of the war is a matter historians will decide. What it did do was to show that oil had taken its place in the modern world as one of the all-important, indispensable raw materials whose presence or absence in the possessions of a Great Power would help vitally to decide whether it was to remain a Great Power or decline into inevitable obscurity. "A drop of oil is worth a drop of blood" was Clemenceau's final crisp and realistic summing-up of the new situation.

Since the Armistice it has been dawning gradually on most citizens of Western countries that petroleum has probably superseded coal and gold to take first place among the minerals which govern mankind. It was no easy matter to make Calvin Coolidge pass an opinion on any subject, but on this he was prepared to commit himself—"It is even probable," he said, "that the supremacy of nations may be determined by the possession of available petroleum and its products."

How long ago did this revolution take place? It did not happen in a day. The inventions of Benz, Daimler, Ford and Diesel, which have fundamentally altered the methods of passenger and goods transport in every town and village in the world, played a great part in it. The invention of flying, culminating in the creation of powerful national forces of military aeroplanes fuelled by petrol, forced us along the road to dependence on sources of oil for our lives. The last straw came when Britain—thanks to Admiral Fisher, a man of vision, undoubtedly—led the way in putting her Navy on an oil-consuming basis, turning her back on the still considerable stocks of coal which lay under the soil within her own island frontiers. It was not long before our Navy was entirely oil-burning, and quickly the other great naval Powers followed suit.

These facts are themselves enough to reduce all claims or hopes that the trade in oil should remain untouched by Governmental interest, or by politics of any sort, to the level of an amiable but unrealistic banality.

WHEN the independence of a nation depends on tanks, planes or cruisers which themselves are, without adequate oil, as useless as rickshaws or coracles, then the guarantee that sufficient oil shall be on hand must be one of the first concerns of any government with the flimsiest claim to efficiency or conscientiousness. To-day the pursuit of oil, and the conservation of such oil as appears to have been assured, remain major aims of the governments of all the leading Powers of the world. In only one country has the ownership of oil become centralised under governmental control, but in every country important officials maintain the friendliest possible contacts and understandings with those magnates who, whether compatriots or citizens of another country, can supply the all-important black liquid.

From an examination of these remarkable new factors, it becomes obvious that a new class, a new aristocracy has been born—the men who control oil. Do the men who control oil dominate governments, or have governments seen to it that these men are under official surveillance and control? It is a vexed question. Sensational rumours are passed around, amazing and plausible legends grow. But from the welter of exaggeration, ignorant speculation and malicious and irresponsible tale-mongering, a firm framework of certain truth stands out. Half a dozen men, in the last 30 years, have emerged as the dominant figures in this life-giving, life-denying, thrilling commerce; half a dozen remarkable and fascinating personalities—giants of the new age.

SIR JOHN CADMAN

STALIN

OIL . . .

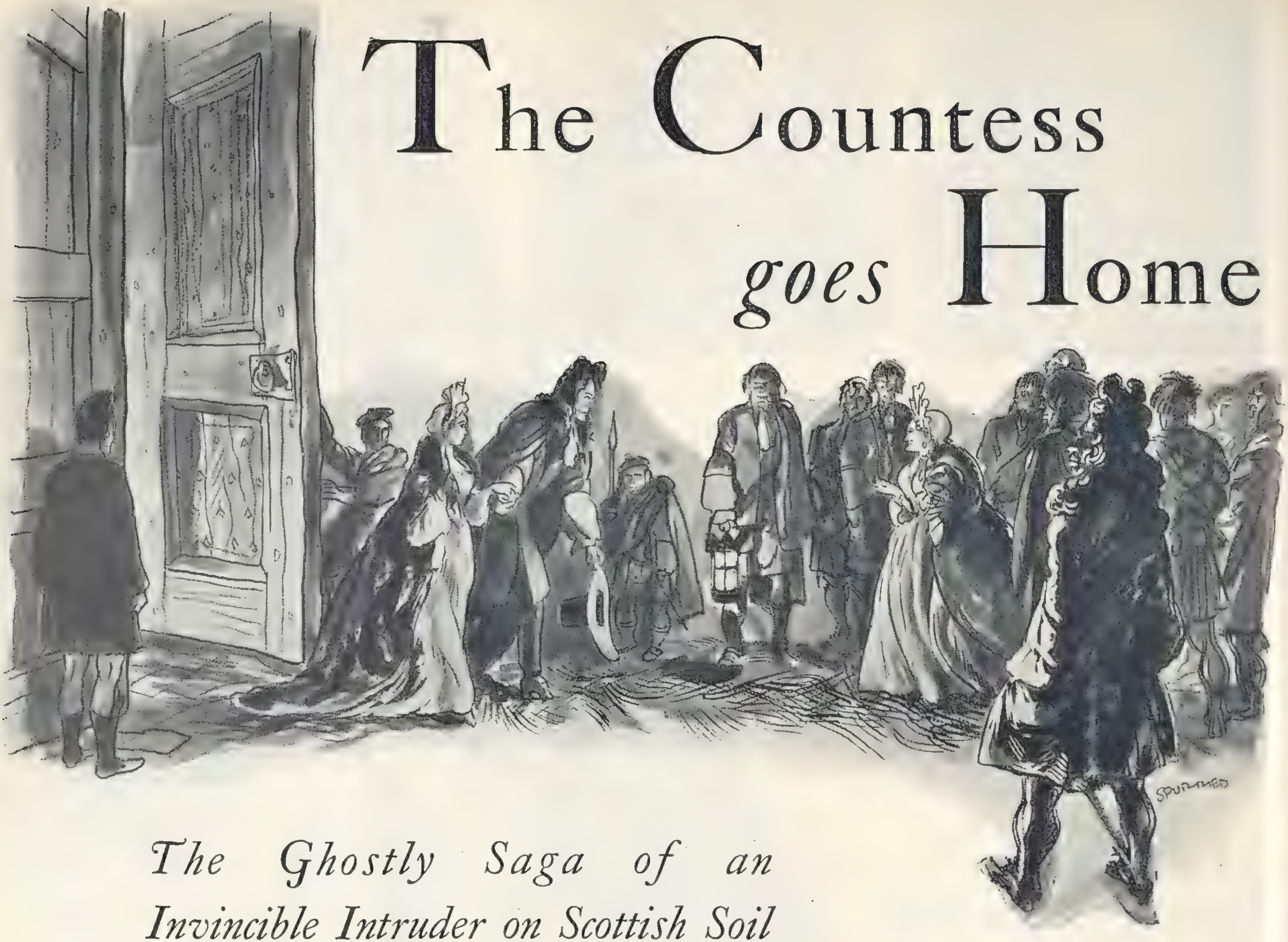
Petroleum challenges coal and gold for first place among the minerals which govern mankind

By Glyn Roberts

The modern tale of oil runs back scarcely more than 60 years, and up until the turn of the century the United States, thanks to one man, dominated the story. He still lives. Ninety-six years of age, John D. Rockefeller, generally considered the richest living man and certainly the man who has made most money in the history of mankind, is to-day a shrivelled, frail old gentleman whose colossal native shrewdness is still, incredible though it may seem, utilised by the firm he built up. Up until 1900, the Standard Oil Company, the all-powerful trust which broke all its

(*Continued on p.* 154)

The Countess goes Home



The Ghostly Saga of an Invincible Intruder on Scottish Soil

By Ila Hearn

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

THE carriage lurched out of the deep snow and jolted over the stone bridge below Speytoun; there remained only the long, upward pull to the castle. I roused myself stiffly, weary in body and in mind. Spey again! How many hours had I been on the road? It was nearly midnight. Every year the journey seemed longer and less endurable. I pulled up the rugs, but there was no warmth under them, and from habit I leaned forward to catch that glimpse across Spey Water of the castle windows glittering like a carnival above the north-west ramparts. Yule is the time to see Spey! That is *my* work; they have me to thank for that! The black shoulder of Spey Fell masked it again, and we began the steep climb through the village.

On either side of the cobbled street the squat houses hunched beneath the snow as securely as their owners hunched beneath their quilts. Not a soul stirred until the jingle of harness roused them; then candles flickered in the dormer windows under the thatch and white faces peered out.

I remembered my first home-coming, that raw winter afternoon, Heaven knows how many years ago! They lined the streets then, these rough Scotsmen, cheering us, and Charles smiled and bowed to them, raising his hand again and again like a king! But I did not smile. I set my teeth and took stock of my husband's people. I had come so far—to *this*! I, a Bavarian, an aristocrat, had married the Earl of Spey, whose castle stood in two thousand acres on the Scottish border, and it proved to be a handful of buildings and a ruin! From the stone bridge below the village he pointed it out, leaning forward eagerly, and what I saw was a desolate hillside stoned with grey masonry from the broken ramparts, a colourless flag flying from the keep, a few straying cattle, and a huddle of sheds—Spey! I had never imagined such poverty: good land uncultivated and a castle in ruins.

In the Bohmerwald our castles have guarded the marches for centuries; they are small towns. We have forges and tanneries, and stillrooms and bleaching-grounds. We spin our flax and weave our linen; our looms are busy from morning till night. Everywhere there is industry and organisation. But here in Scotland I found only neglect and decay, and for this I had left Hinterstein. I and my family had been deceived by the man to whom we had given hospitality! Yet when I looked at him that afternoon—I was choking with homesickness—he seemed to be unaware of the insult he had offered me; he gazed at his fields with his lips parted and his eyes smiling, his thin, eager face alight with pride in his property.

So long ago! Am I a fool to keep up the farce of this yearly visit? Every winter I find it more tiring, and I despise them, all of them, from the arrogant Scotswoman peacocking in my place, to the miserable heir coughing himself out of his inheritance. A fine tribe, the Greames of Spey! Why do I concern myself with them any longer? I have given my life to humbling them. My beautiful castles, Thame, Bamfries, and Stranrae, will mock them for ever! What stupefaction there was when Charles died and those jewels remained to me, bought with Hinterstein money and held in Hinterstein names, no part of a married woman's property and caught in Scottish entail! The Mannering had thought to become mistress of them, and the Greames had taken credit for them (the rich Bavarian, there was no end to the profit she brought to Spey!). But they reckoned without the spirit of a woman who could turn a rat-infested ruin into a nobleman's home, with the walls rebuilt and the land under crops. I ploughed my dowry into their nettlebed and I reaped a harvest rich beyond their dreaming.

And how they hated me!

THE horses swerved under a stone arch: Spey at last! The day-long crunch of wheels on snow gave place to the hollow echo of hoofs above a void as my carriage rolled over the drawbridge. No stench this time of rotting wood and stagnant water! On that far-off afternoon of my first homecoming our carriage rocked from puddle to puddle as we crossed the forecourt, and weeds were growing in the cracked walls. How I longed for Hinterstein and my mother at that moment. What would she have said at the sight of those sconces thick in rust and the green damp on the nail-studded door? But it was Charles's mother who met me in the hall, at the head of two lines of nondescript servants. She stooped like Charles, and had the same narrow Scotch face, but her body appeared to be stout, and I thought her ill-proportioned until I learnt that she smothered herself in clothes to keep warm.

She wished to move to the Dower House at once: a grey stone place at the head of a valley half a mile away, and not fit to stable a horse. But I rebuilt it before I let her go.

She said as she left:

"You are a good woman; you may have the benefit of it yourself some day."

I stared at her, dumfounded. Until that moment I think I had not fully realised my position at Spey, but I saw it then, at last, in all its barbarity! I was *nothing*, a woman with no identity and no dignity, a servant of the Greames. My wealth was theirs, my body was theirs, my children were theirs, Spey was theirs! And when my husband died, I should have no claim to my home, and no claim to my money. I should be turned into the Dower House. The thing was monstrous! It roused my will, and in that hour I changed from an unhappy girl to a relentless woman, determined to make of my husband's people such a spectacle of brief conceit and long humiliation that all Scotland should jeer at them until the end of time.

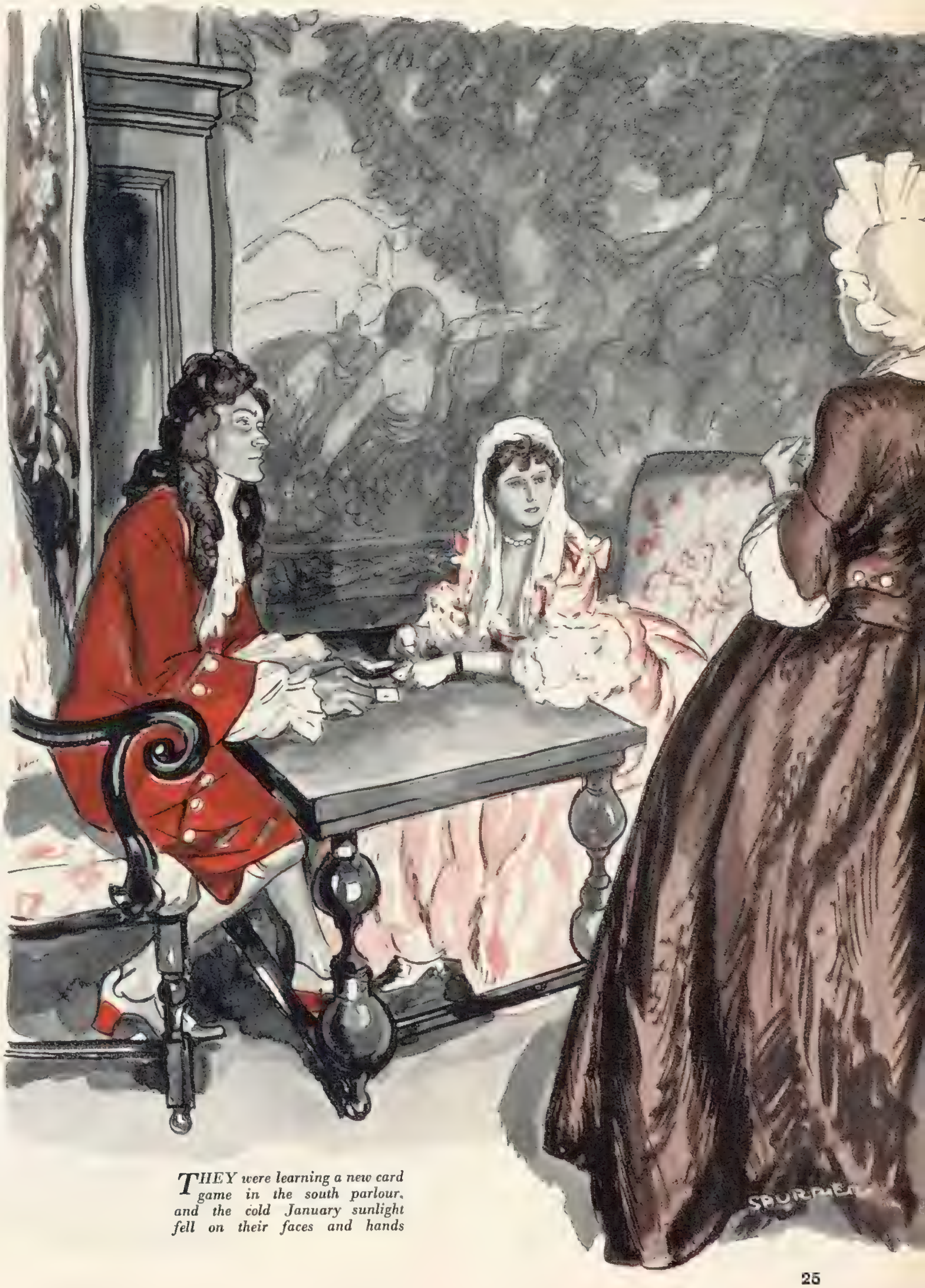
It became my consuming purpose. I rose early and strove late. Spey rang to the clamour of building and cleaning. Housemaids sulked and had their ears boxed, boys grumbled and were given worse; there was no respite. I rode over the holdings and harried the crofters, I gave them grain and the loan of ploughs. I bought looms in Germany and set their girls at them. There were tears and protests in every hovel, but I drove them forward, and very soon Spey hummed like a top.

My husband hardly existed for me after the edge had worn off my resentment. I saw him as a weak figure caught in his own illusion; he believed the home of his children to be perfect. Sometimes in those first months I caught his eyes on me, half wistful, half puzzled, but he was no swordsman and did not challenge me, he preferred to dream. He only cared for Scotland and his vain, idle family. In later life he loved his son and one of his daughters because they were Greames, thin little creatures with lazy minds!

But there were four other children younger than Grizel, small flaxen-haired people with sturdy limbs and practical ways. They were my consolation; they carried me back to Hinterstein, to my sisters and cousins, to that beautiful castle eternally watching the green uplands of the Bohmerwald.

DURING those early years I worked as no chatelaine has worked before, and I saw the Greames' contempt for the Bavarian martinet give place to a tight-lipped respect. Their prestige increased as I bought forests and grazings, and their neighbours swept into Spey on my hospitality. For miles around the gentry reckoned my daughters' dowries in the new farms and manors; and, above all, they saw one of their own young girls stepping with small futile feet into all that I had made of Spey!

That thought goaded me. Charles's


THEY were learning a new card game in the south parlour, and the cold January sunlight fell on their faces and hands

cough never left him, and he dreaded the winters. I knew the time lay not far ahead when he would die. And what then ? Spey and the Greames would show me the door, like a slut caught thieving or a lad found tippling ! But if they imagined me fuming in the Dower House, they were vastly mistaken. Bamfries and Stranrae were already mine, and Thame, that lovely castle in the Trossachs, would soon be my richest possession.

Wealth and power are things that men respect, and I built them up, field by field and barn by barn. Every month Hinterstein money in good German bonds bought hayricks and granaries, and more German bonds. The Palatine Loan and the city of Mainz, the municipalities of Munich and Hamburg, all held my money, Hinterstein money, invested and husbanded and increasing every year.

Grizel, my little Scots daughter, married; I gave her a well-stocked manor, and on all sides I was discreetly congratulated ! I laughed to myself in the quiet oak room where I kept my ledgers. I would call a different tune when Jean and Augusta and Gretel and Marthe married ; their dowries would begin where Grizel's left off ! Their husbands should never throw my country in their teeth ; rather, they should improve their own with Bavarian help ! I lived for the day when all Scotland should see Spey Castle, standing in its two thousand acres, not a meadow the larger nor a manor the richer for Charles's marriage to the Bavarian !

He died a few months later, after I had been at Spey twenty-three years. The following winter Alan married a Mannering, a high-headed young person who moved into my home and treated me graciously as a distinguished visitor ! They had no inkling of my position—nor of their own, and for a while it amused me to watch them deferring to me, waiting for me to go. I completed my plans at my leisure, and then, when I was ready, I told them how they stood.

They were learning a new card game in the south parlour, and the cold January sunlight fell on their faces and hands.

I said : " If there is nothing more that I can show you in the management of this place I shall leave Spey next week."

The Mannering dropped her cards and her face flushed.

She said : " We shall be sorry. Is there anything—have you everything you require at the Dower House ? "

" I shall live in one of my castles," I replied. " Probably Thame ; the children are there already."

Her eyes widened and widened, her mouth opened slightly. She stared at me.

" Thame ?—I thought—— " she caught herself back.

" Thame is my property," I said. " Also Bamfries and Stranrae. Only the entailed land goes with Spey."

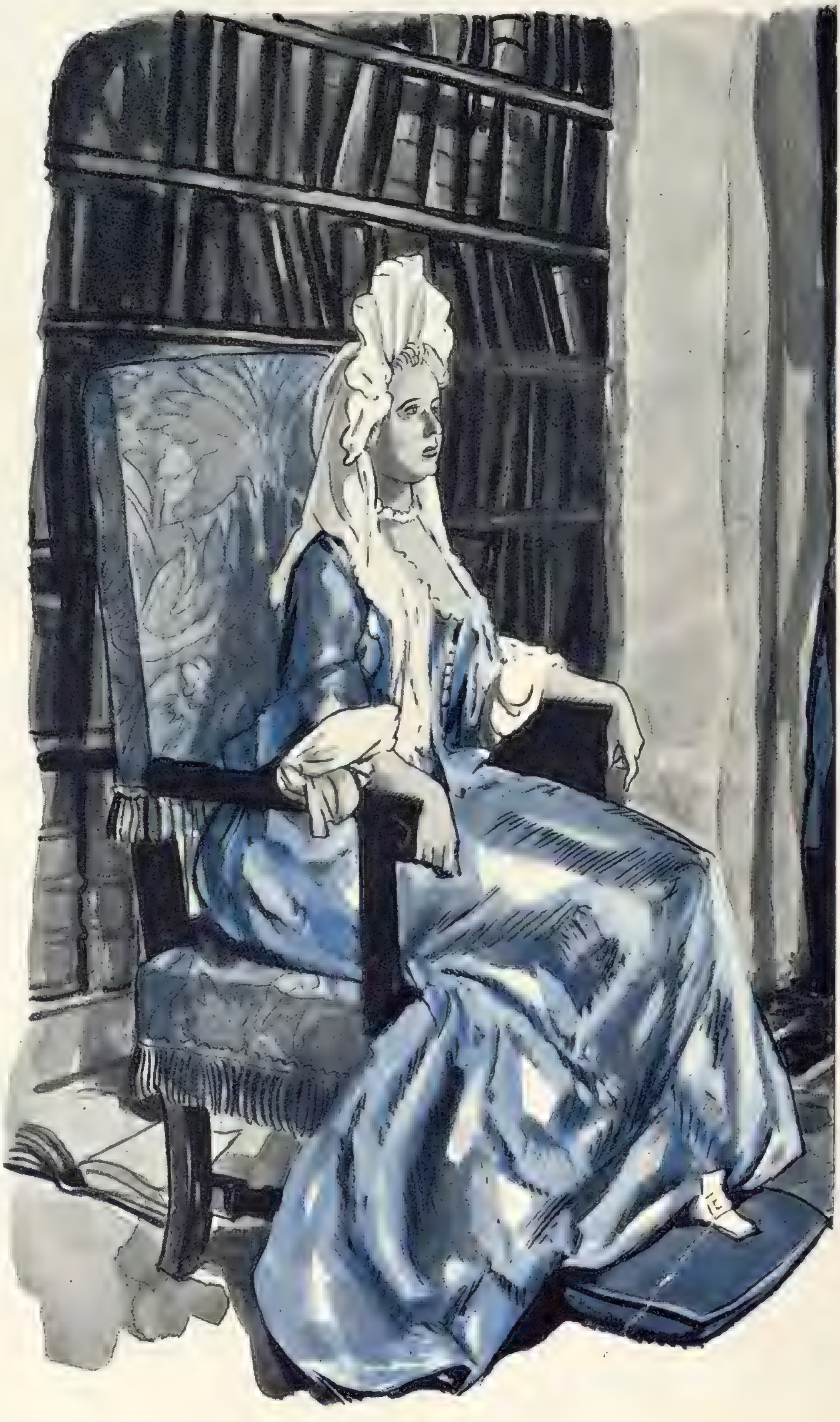
I waited a few minutes, watching them, drawing in the deep tide of feeling that flooded the room, gathering up the cross-currents of pride and beggared ambition that stimulated me like the bouquet of old wine. Margaret Mannering's bitter detestation fed me, warmed me, roused me to exultation. She stood for Scotland and my long humiliation. This was the moment for which I had built Spey, and it had not betrayed me ! When I had drained it of all that it held, I left them.

I HAVE returned to Spey many times since then, and the years have worked with me ; every winter there is change and the creeping vitiation that obliterates old families. The spin of life has passed from the place.

The heir is a thin, delicate boy who stoops and is often ill. I think his suffering is genuine, but all the Greames have an appearance of fragility ; it pleases them, and they cultivate it. This young man is very like my son ; he has inherited the same nervous hands and the Greame pose, a temperamental fastidiousness. Nevertheless, I do not dislike Geoffrey, although when I remember all that has passed I wish that I could ; my hatred of the Greames will never die, but this lad has a quality of spirit that distinguishes him from his family. He is not afraid of me ; he has been friendly from childhood, and unless he is ill he is in the hall to greet me when I come.

His mother grips him. Her wicked possessiveness cripples and saps what little strength he has. He is reared in a tradition of ill-health and protected from all the things that bring life and vigour to the young : brisk rides in the wind and sun, and long days on the loch. Year after year I have watched her destroying this lad and building an invalid, but it is Spey she grips, not Geoffrey. I know well enough what is in her heart. Her son is only her leasehold ; if he marries she will lose her earth, and that thought is intolerable to her ; Geoffrey must remain her sick cub for ever.

I am aware of another possibility, one that she does not entertain, but one that greatly disturbs me, for I do not wish this boy any harm. If he dies, Spey will



pass to a Deeside family; then the Greames and their vanity will be done with for ever! That thought is intoxicating. I did not believe it possible that I might live to see them out.

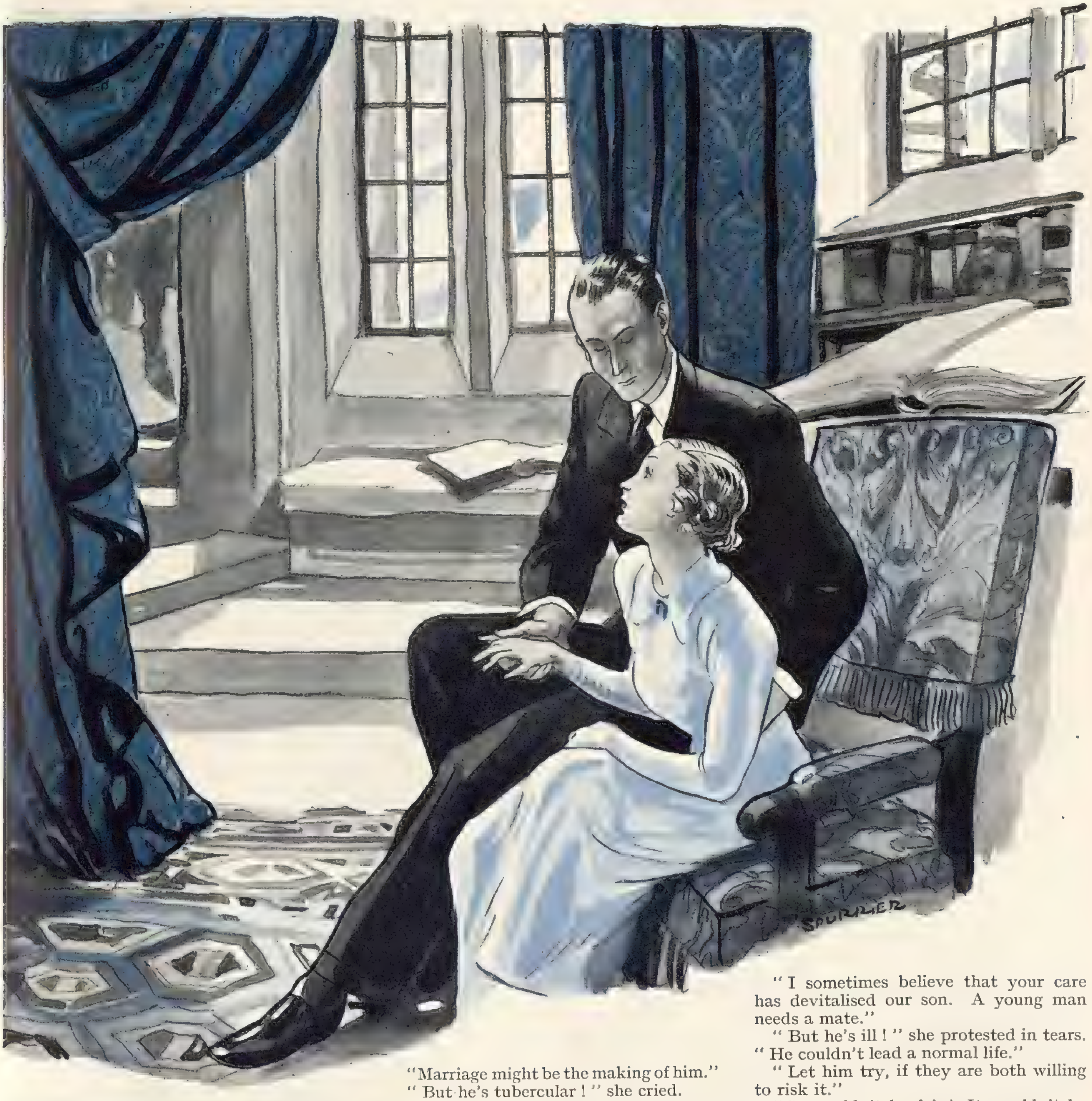
This year there is a subtle change at the castle, an excitement and an awareness. I sensed it as soon as I arrived. The servants are twittering and the guests whispering. Everyone is watching Jane Blattner, a little American who is under the wing of an English milady. She is a beautiful child, a pink and gold creature like a Christmas-tree fairy, but her grey eyes are far-seeing and she has a wise smile. We are already good friends. She reminds me of my daughters.

I perceived at once that Geoffrey is in love with her, and, moreover, that he is racked with anxiety. It is the first time he has known love, and he is bewildered by it. He feels himself to be a man and desires her, but knows himself to be an invalid and denied her. He has told his father—the poor boy had to tell someone—but not his mother; love has made him wise already! She knows, of course. I saw her sitting at the cedarwood desk I brought from Hinterstein, breaking everything under her hand while she fought like a jungle cat for the only thing that matters to her: Spey!

She spoke between her teeth:

"Jane Blattner is quite unsuitable, and in any case marriage is impossible for Geoffrey."

Alan met her squarely; his son means a great deal to him.



"*WITH a wrench my mind freed itself from the grip in which I was striving to hold it and swung into the future. I saw Geoffrey's life spread out, and I saw Jane Blattner's*"

"Marriage might be the making of him."

"But he's tubercular!" she cried.

Alan repudiated it quietly.

"No. He has a weak chest; that is all. Griffiths could have done wonders with him if you had allowed the boy to follow his advice."

She flung round at him, tearing her lace handkerchief.

"The treatment would have killed him, and you know it. Griffiths has become a crank; he doesn't believe in disease. Everyone is complaining that he refuses to give a straight diagnosis nowadays. I know my son: he's a very sick man——"

I interrupted her:

"You are deluding yourself," I said, but she ignored me.

"I have given all my days to preserving his health; but for me he would be dead! His life depends upon his living here quietly!"

Alan sighed wearily. I have never known him deal so firmly with his wife.

"I sometimes believe that your care has devitalised our son. A young man needs a mate."

"But he's ill!" she protested in tears. "He couldn't lead a normal life."

"Let him try, if they are both willing to risk it."

"It wouldn't be fair! It wouldn't be fair!"

"To whom? Jane Blattner?"

She sprang to her feet.

"JANE BLATTNER! (*Continued on p.* 112)

Quick

PORKY ROGERS took out seventy-eight envelopes from a drawer in his desk and checked the names, as he had checked them once a week for over five years.

There had been twenty-four, originally. They had grown in number, year after year.

Each bore, outside, a name and each had dollar notes inside. The names had changed, as the years had passed, and the number of notes had grown.

But always, every week, on the same day, Porky Rogers had checked the names from a book, and the amount of money. And always, when he went through his weekly task, he wondered how much longer it would go on. . . .

Then, having checked the envelopes, he went to his safe. It contained big-dimension notes of several countries, jewels and travelling trunks.

From one of the trunks he took out some woman's dresses, and put in some new ones. As the fashions had changed, he had done that also, for five years—getting ready, keeping ready. . . .

Then, on his desk, he looked at a list of steamship sailings. There was always a list there, a new one every week. He knew what boat was going each way—to Europe, to South America and to the Far East. Something sailed every day. There was always one that went somewhere.

Always, each week, he had gathered in the takings from his various enterprises, converted them into thousand-dollar bills, £100 notes, thousand-franc notes.

There was money of all kinds waiting, each kind in a different packet. It was a task he had given himself. No one knew of it in the great offices in which he had sat and gone on working steadily all those years. Not one employee knew that he was subject, all the time, to an instant dismissal. No one was aware that, for five years at least, his job had always been in jeopardy.

And, while Porky Rogers counted and checked, and went through all the details over and over again, he waited . . .

WELL, the long-dreaded message came that day. He had just checked everything and locked up things when his telephone rang.

"All right," he said.

Had anyone been looking, he would have seen that Porky's face had turned a little whiter, and that he set his jaw.

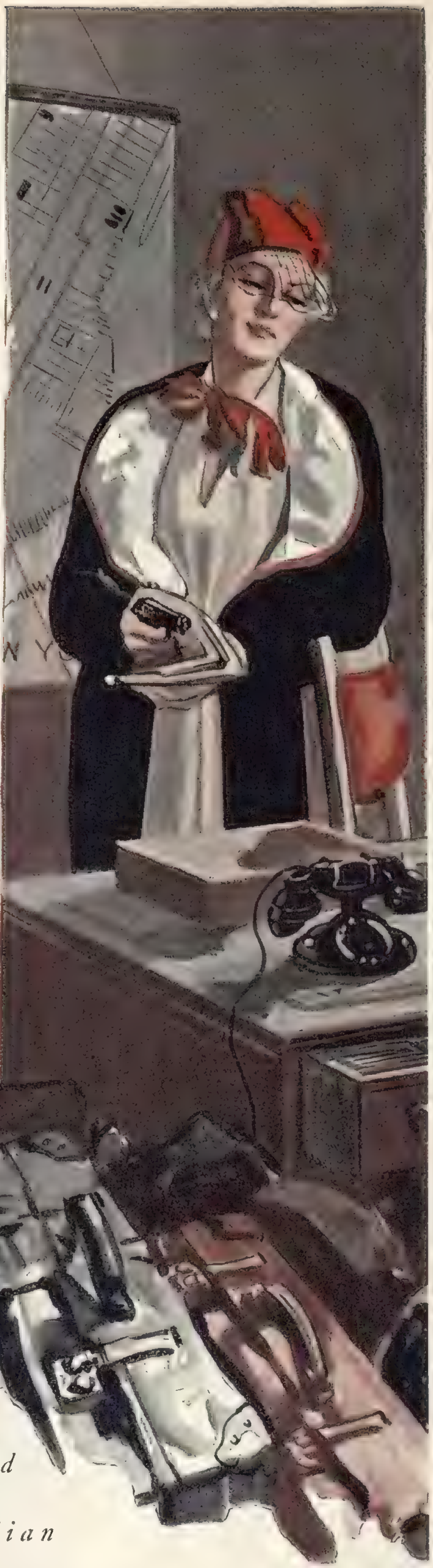
"He's out to-day," he heard. "He'll be in New York in three hours."

It was for this grim message that, through all the years, Porky had waited.

He touched a bell. His secretary entered.

"Here are seventy-eight envelopes," he said, taking them from a drawer. "There's a year's pay for each member of the staff. See them one at a time, get them to sign a receipt on this paper, and get them out of the building quick. I'm waiting."

The secretary made less sign of being surprised than most people would have done. She was used to quick decisions. Porky Rogers had moods. He started things, and stopped them, just as easily. You never knew.



Illustrated by S. Tresilian

He was in the Big Money. He had a way of being obeyed without questioning.

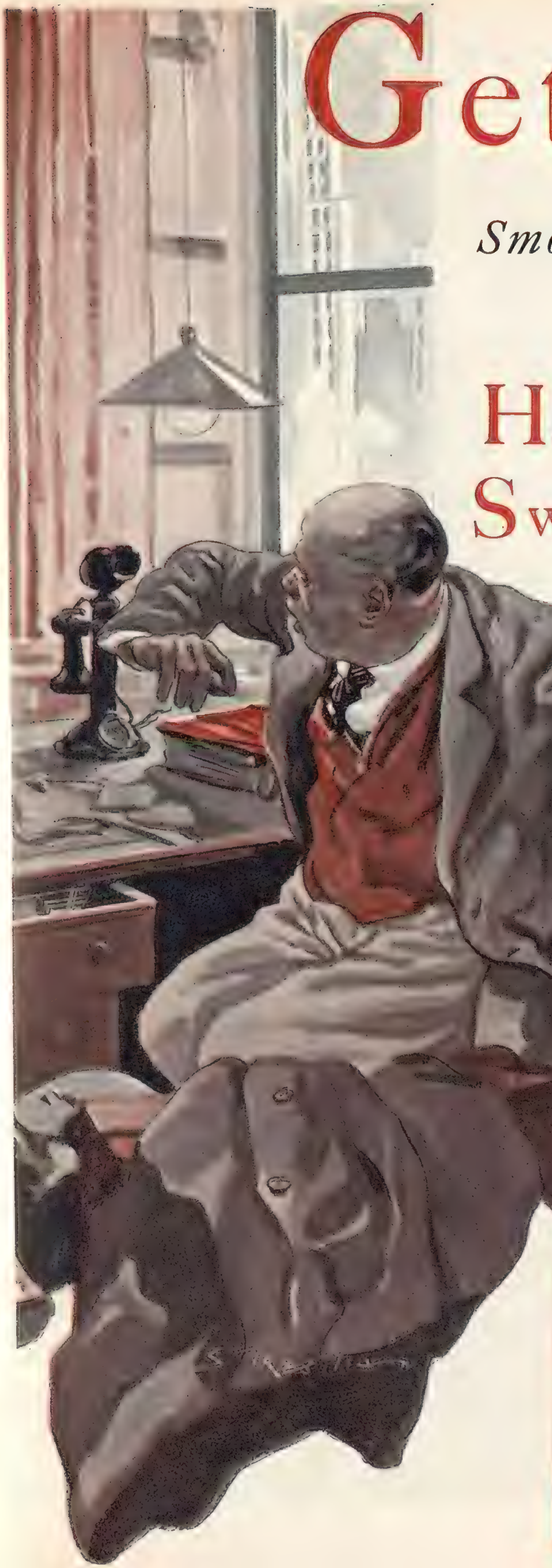
She went away. Then Porky took from his drawer two passports. One, illustrated with his own portrait, was made out in the name of William Jasper.

"Why I had almost forgotten my name myself," he thought, looking back to the last time he had used it when, as a youth, he had come to New York from a small town in the Middle West.

Get-away

Smoky Epitaph to a Tough Racket

By Hannen Swaffer



PORKY had become, indeed, the rat he was

He had been many things since then, as police records showed. No, they had got nothing on him. But he had been down Centre Street several times. There, they had a record of all his names, except the real one, which nobody had traced.

The other passport bore a woman's portrait, that of a blonde of the peroxide type. "Margaret Jasper," it read. "Height—5 feet, 6. Oval-faced. Hair golden. Mouth full."

The Broadway sheets had known her as "Annie Rooney," for she had taken her stage name from the well-known song. But this passport gave her real name, the one before then—and her married one.

Then Porky Rogers got on the telephone.

"Reserve me a state room on the *Homeric*, sailing to-night," he said. "Name, Mr. and Mrs. Jasper. Send the tickets up here, and I'll give the messenger the money. He must be here in an hour."

As Porky Rogers waited, his eye on the passports now and then, his gaze roved otherwise out on the New York that spread many floors below him.

HIS orders were carried out with a method that marked everything he did. There had been method in all his planning. There was method, now, in the way that the last details were perfected, the seeing of each employee, one by one, the handing of an individual envelope, the dismissal, and the last sight of him, as he passed out of the door for ever.

And below New York showed, from that height, the same method. You could see, from high above, nothing of the incessant struggling and turmoil, the rush and the hurry, the fight for work, the struggle for food. All seemed planned.

And, looking back on the life that had raised him from obscurity to power, Porky Rogers saw there only method.

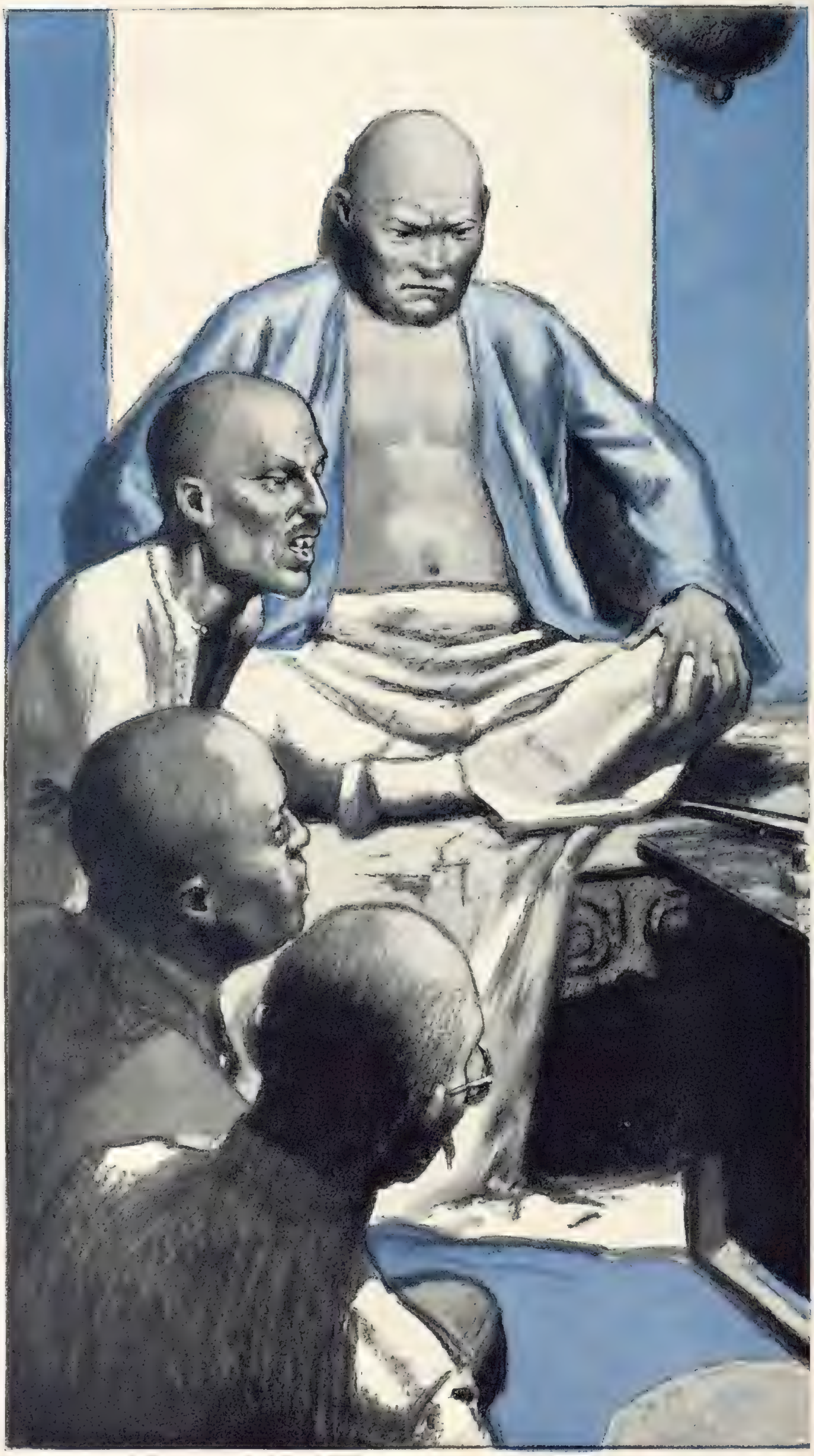
The headlines called him a "gangster," every now and then. The front pages spoke of murders and gang feuds. They told only of upset, conflict. . . .

He could see an evolution as certain, as constant, as orderly, as that which, from a height, New York seemed to have followed in its growth.

The broad avenues stretched from (*Continued on page* 116)

FIVE TIGER GEN

Illustrated by
Edward Osmond



PO SANG was to be hanged at dawn in Hong Kong gaol. His Excellency the Governor had the papers dealing with the case on his desk. "Shiny" Fennell, Taipan of Fennell, Blaize and Company, was in conference with His Excellency. The conference was of Shiny's seeking.

His Excellency, impeccable in appearance and in character, did not care for Shiny. The obese trader, whose breath smelt of drink, offended his eyesight. But Shiny was Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce, President of the Race Club, a leading citizen of Hong Kong, and His Excellency was obliged to see him.

His Excellency tapped the file of papers relating to Po Sang. "There is nothing I can do. It is a clear case of murder. The fellow shot his man in the open street, and then walked up and pinned this on his chest." He held up a small piece of pink silk about three inches square, on which some Chinese lettering was painted. "The police say it is a Tong killing, and that this is the insignia." He passed the silk to Shiny Fennell.

"Yes, it is a Tong killing," Shiny said, without looking at the silk.

"A white constable saw the whole thing."

"That's just the trouble."

"What is?"

"The white policeman; if it had not been for him, the case would never have come to court."

"Why not?" His Excellency asked sharply. He saw Shiny was sweating. He supposed it was the gin seeping out of him.

"There would have been no witnesses," Shiny said.

"Terrorised by the Tong?"

Shiny nodded.

"I am not going to have these Tong feuds in the Colony. Po Sang would be hanged for what he has done in England, and he'll be hanged in Hong Kong," said His Excellency.

"There'll be trouble if he is."

His Excellency looked at the Taipan. Shiny Fennell stood six feet three inches, and had a belly like an elephant's.

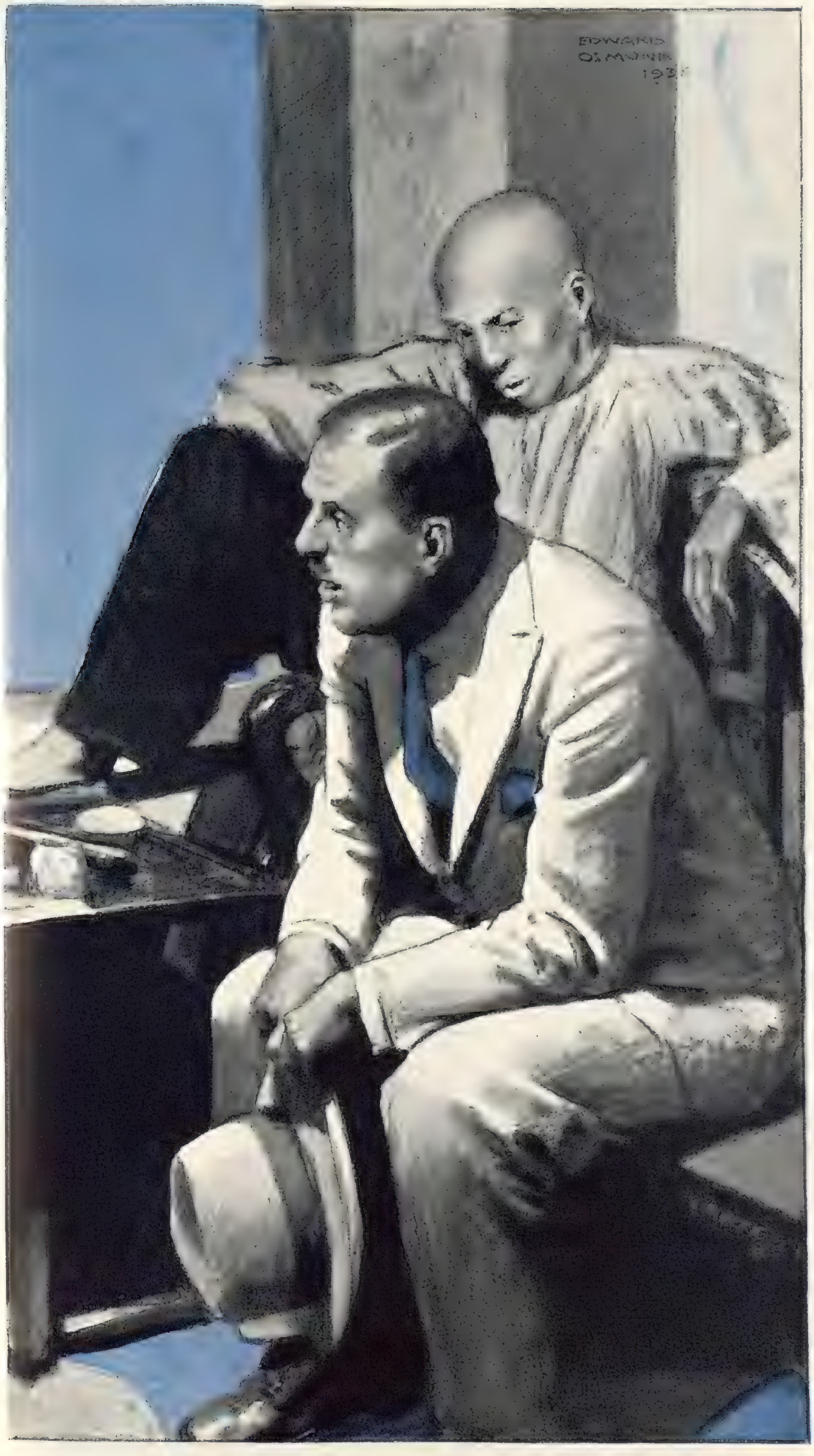
"Who will make trouble?" he asked the trader.

Shiny looked down at his boots. "The Chinese. Po Sang's father is an important man in the south."

"Po Sang's father should not

SHINY was worried. He did not care for his own position. There were disadvantages in being a member of a Chinese secret society

ERAL : By Arthur Mills



Hidden Hands are Strong—in China

have brought his son up to be a murderer."

"The Chinese don't regard Po Sang as a murderer; he is what they call a Five Tiger General. He carries out the orders of his Tong."

"A what!"

"A Five Tiger General; that is the Chinese name for the gunmen of a Tong—the fellows that carry out sentences of death."

"I am not going to allow gunmen in Hong Kong, and I won't tolerate these Tongs; they are at the bottom of half the mischief that goes on in China."

"You won't be able to stop Tongs," Shiny said. "You will save yourself a lot of trouble if you commute Po Sang's sentence to imprisonment for life."

His Excellency stood up. "Let them make trouble. My job was given me by the British Government, not by a Chinese secret society. I am representing the King, Mr. Fennell."

Shiny picked up his hat; he had not expected much good to come of the interview. As he was going to the door the Governor's daughter came through the open window. She was carrying a bag of golf clubs over her shoulder. The Governor's A.D.C. was standing on the lawn; he also had a bag of golf clubs.

"Where are you going to play to-day?" Shiny heard the Governor ask his daughter.

"We are going out to Fan Ling."

After Shiny had closed the door the Governor caught hold of his daughter's hand and looked at her nails; they were painted pillar-box red.

"Why do you put that awful stuff on your fingers?"

"Because I like it."

The Governor laughed. "Don't be late back. Remember we have got a party here to-night."

"All right, dad. You look worried. Something on your mind?"

The Governor looked at the papers on his desk. "I have got to sign a poor devil's death-warrant this morning."

The girl put her hand round her father's shoulder. He often told her quite important things. "Don't sign it, dad; give him a chance."

The Governor shook his head. "I'm afraid I must."

When he was alone, His Excellency read through for the third time the papers relating to Po Sang. If he could only find the smallest loop-hole for a reprieve ? He studied each document : the evidence of the police, the speech for the defence, the judge's summing up. Murder, and that was all there was to it. Things looked bad for Po Sang.

His Excellency rang the bell for the Colonial Secretary. The Colonial Secretary came bustling in ; he was a fussy little man, next in importance in the Colony to the Governor, and with three times his chief's experience of China.

" About this Tong murder case ; there is no doubt it was murder, but there was nothing said at the trial to explain the motive. Have you any views of your own, Wargrave ? " the Governor asked.

Mr. Wargrave had views. " The fellow that was killed was a tea merchant ; the chap who killed him is the son of a tea merchant. Most of these Tong murders have rival trade interests or blackmail at the back of them. Tsing Hei may have told Ah Lok to lay off a certain district and Ah Lok ignored the warning."

" Tsing Hei is the father of Po Sang ? "

The Colonial Secretary nodded.

" Is he an important man in South China ? "

" Very. He is on the list of leading Chinese citizens who have been invited to your reception to-night."

" He's not ! "

The Colonial Secretary took a list from his pocket and ran his finger down it. " He's here "—he pointed out Tsing Hei's name.

" He is hardly likely to come as his son is going to be hanged to-morrow morning," His Excellency said.

" He may. The Chinese are queer people."

" By the way," the Governor said, " that fellow Fennell has been to see me this morning. He came about this murder case. He wanted me to commute the sentence to imprisonment for life. He talked a lot—even hinted we should have trouble with the natives if we hang Po Sang. Of course I didn't pay any attention to that. Why is he mixing himself up in the matter ? "

" His firm do a lot of business with Tsing Hei."

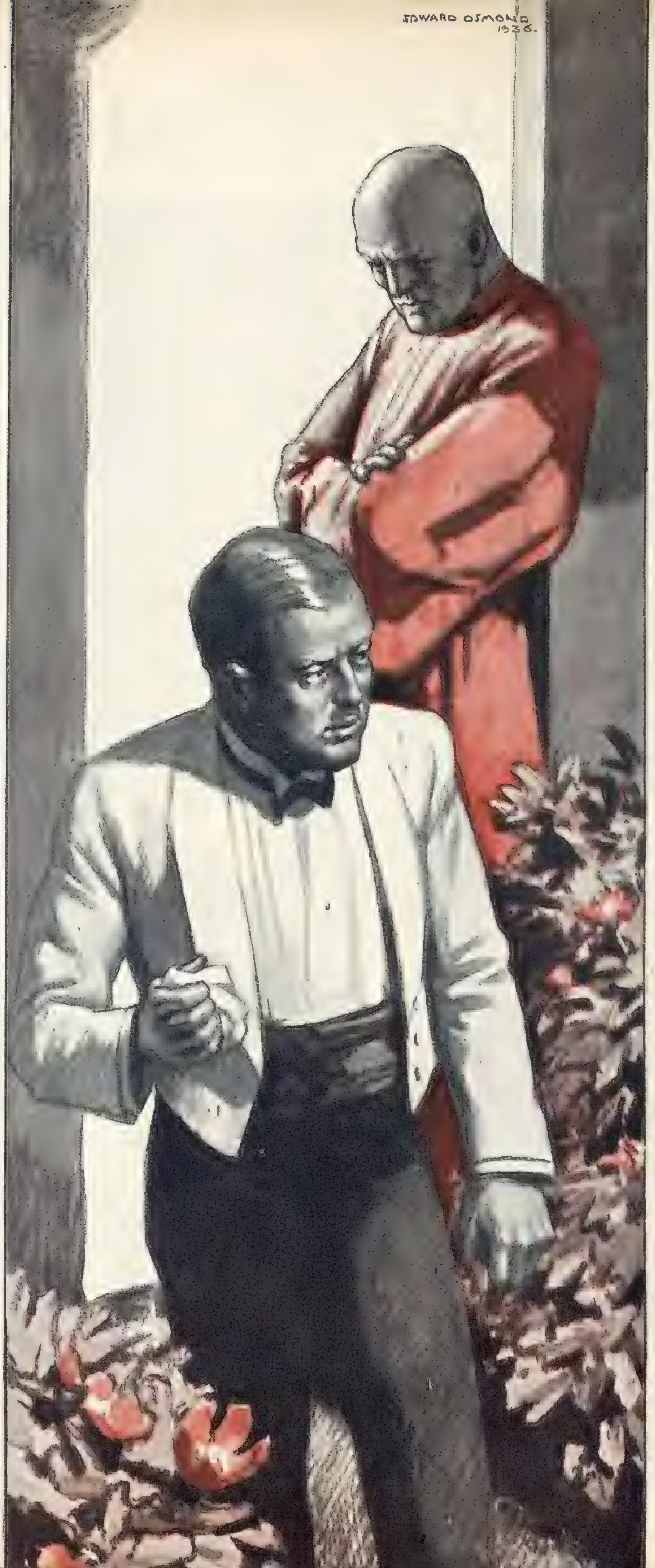
" Oh, I see." His Excellency's eyes narrowed.

The Colonial Secretary hastened to correct the impression he had given. " Shiny Fennell generally knows what he is talking about. He has been out here for years ; he mixes with the Chinese like one of themselves ; he goes to their weddings and funerals and to private family parties which no other white man is ever invited to. That is how he gets his information, and that is how he has made his money. When the last boycott came off, he warned us all weeks before. As a matter of fact, he was the man who settled it."

" How ? " asked His Excellency. The boycott had been before his time.

" He advised the Government to give in to the Chinese ; there was a good deal of feeling about it, but his advice was taken."

His Excellency thought to himself



WHEN he looked round Tsing Hei was standing in the doorway. Tsing Hei gave no sign of recognition; he was waiting to see the order of the Tong obeyed that he wouldn't have given in to the blighters. "So Fennell knows what he is talking about?" he said.

"If it is anything to do with China, he does."

The Governor lit a cigarette, put it down, frowned, took up the cigarette again, puffed at it, and put it down once more. Finally he picked up his pen and signed his name at the bottom of the execution warrant. "Send that down to the gaol," he said to the Colonial Secretary.

SHINY FENNELL sprawled in a deck chair on the veranda of the club. He could see the ferry which had taken the Governor's daughter and the A.D.C. over to the golf course on the mainland. He could see hundreds of sanpans and junks rocking gently in the harbour. A bugle sounded the dinner call to a regiment of British infantry in barracks behind the club. Two precise-looking pale grey destroyers rode at anchor off the Bund; a cruiser's long guns gleamed in the sunlight. The P. and O. mail steamer *Cawnpore* had just come in. She was sailing for home at noon next day. Shiny had half a mind to book a passage. England seemed a healthier country than China at the moment.

In the club bar, packed two rows deep, white men planned picnics, tennis parties, and golf matches. There was to be a reception at Government House that night; the Hong Kong British winter season was in full swing, and at dawn the Chinaman Po Sang was going to die. Shiny did not like the outlook. As soon as he left Government House he had sent word to the tea-house that was used as a meeting-place by Tsing Hei and his friends; he was now waiting for a reply.

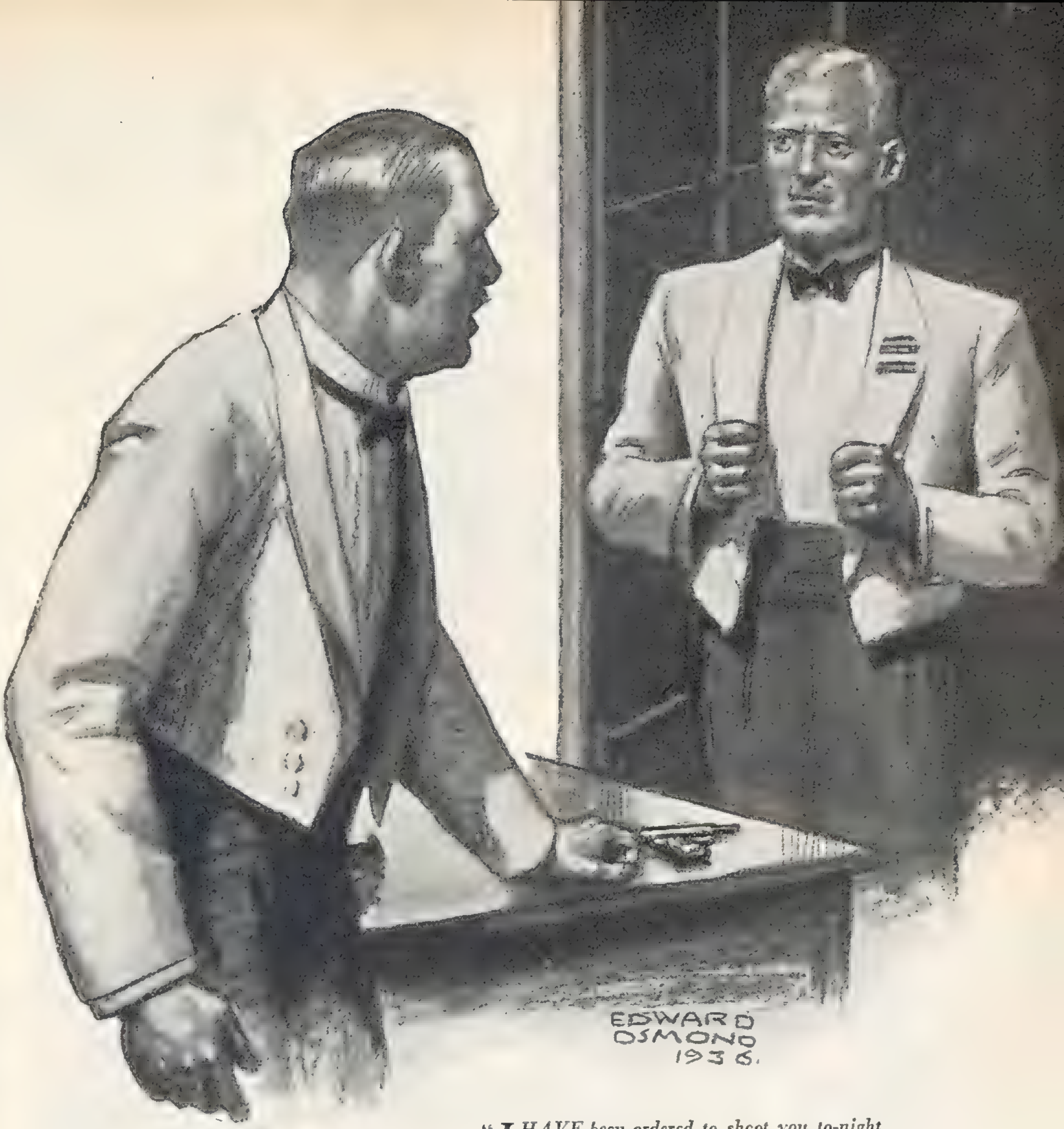
The reply came a quarter of an hour later. Shiny was sipping a pink gin when he saw a pedlar stop on the waterfront opposite the club and look up at the balcony. Shiny recognised the pedlar as one of Tsing Hei's "grass sandals," as Tong messengers were called. He finished his drink, went down to the waterfront, and walked over to the pedlar. Taking a coin from his pocket, Shiny held it out to the pedlar. The man examined the coin carefully and gave him a packet of cigarettes in exchange.

Two of Shiny's acquaintances watched the transaction from the club veranda. One said: "Extraordinary bird, Shiny; look at him buying cigarettes from that street hawker! He is always messing about talking to Chinks."

"He doesn't lose by it," the other answered. "When there is anything in the air, Shiny hears first; he has got ahead on many a deal that way; the information he gets is uncanny."

Shiny opened the packet of cigarettes and found a message inside; he got into a rickshaw and told the coolie to take him to the native city. The coolie plodded through the pungent streets, sweating under the weight of the enormous Englishman. He came at length to a tea-house, gaudy with bits of bevelled glass and long red signs. Shiny paid off the coolie and entered the tea-house. The proprietor, a squat, shaven headed Chinaman, hurried forward as Shiny started to walk down the restaurant.

Shiny took a small square of pink silk from his pocket. The proprietor looked at the silk and led Shiny through the restaurant to a door beyond.


EDWARD OSMOND 1936.

"I HAVE been ordered to shoot you to-night if you don't reprieve Po Sang," Shiny said

Six Chinese were in the room at the end of the restaurant; two were wearing European clothes, the other four wore white Chinese coats. Shiny bowed to the company and sat down on a blackwood settee. A man wearing a jade necklace passed Shiny an opium pipe and lamp ready prepared. Shiny inhaled a deep gulp of smoke and lay back on the settee. For some minutes nobody spoke; then the man wearing the jade necklace clapped his hands and a singing girl came in carrying glasses of samsui. She offered the tray first to the wearer of the jade necklace, then to Shiny and the other Chinese. Each man took a glass, held it to his lips, emptied the contents at a gulp, and put the glass back on the tray.

"We have your message" Tsing Hei said when the singing girl had gone. "So my son is to die!"

"That is His Excellency's decision," Shiny mopped his forehead.

Tsing Hei fanned himself; he was sitting cross-legged with his belly naked. "His Excellency's daughter has gone out to Fan Ling to play golf to-day."

Shiny nodded "It would not be advisable to attempt to kidnap her."

"To prevent death is better than to cause it." Tsing Hei leaned forward and took a pea-nut from a tray.

"Machine guns fire fast," said Shiny.

"There are soldiers at Fan Ling?"

"A company is carrying out exercises to-day; they will return by the same train as the Governor's daughter."

"You have some other suggestion perhaps?" Tsing Hei asked.

Shiny had no other suggestion; he looked at the faces of the six Chinamen sitting in a circle. These men were the council of the Thit Kuan Tong; they had been sitting in that same room when it was decided to kill Ah Lok; Shiny had also been there; he had agreed to the death of Ah Lok. He knew now that he should have persuaded the Tong not to kill Ah Lok in the Colony. He should have warned them that Po Sang was likely to be caught and hanged by the white men. Now Po Sang had been caught. Shiny was worried. He did not care for his own position. There were disadvantages in being a member of a Chinese secret society. For years his trading interests had benefited by his association with the Thit Kuan. Now the society were asking something from him. If Po Sang was hanged, the Tong would blame him. They might even kill him. He had tried to save Po Sang; he had gone personally to the Governor and urged him to commute the sentence. Now he had had to report that he had failed.

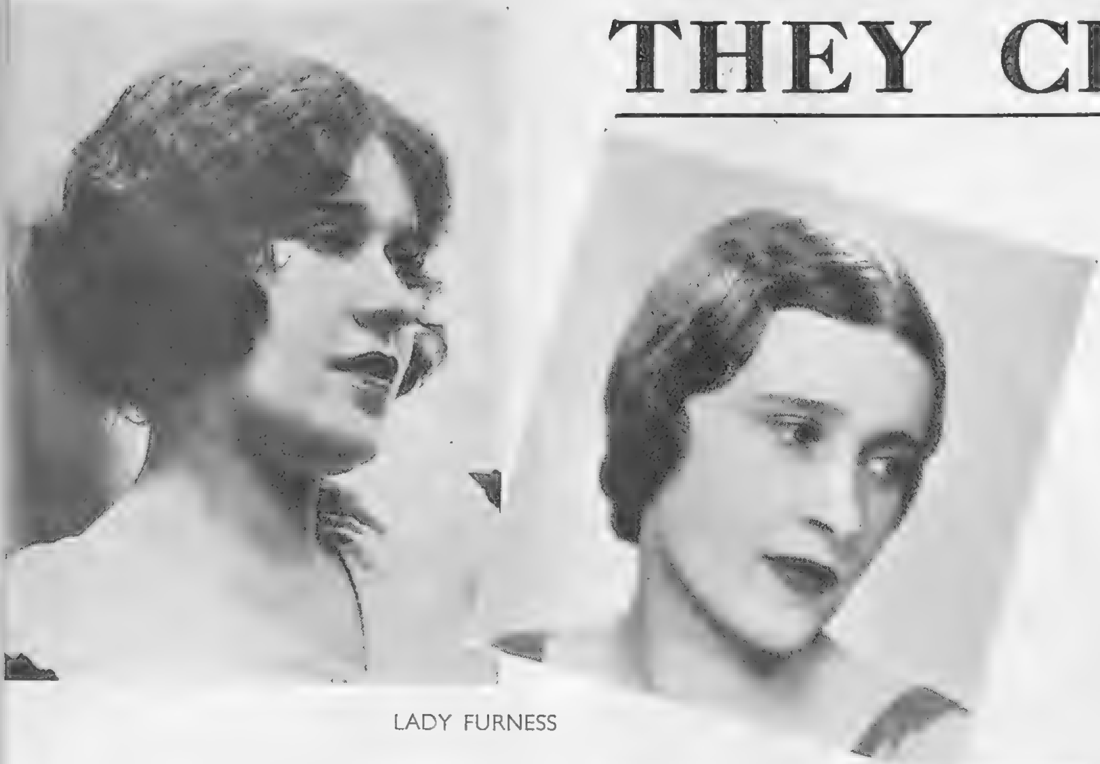
The Council sat silent, waiting for Shiny to speak. He knew they were all looking at him. The eyes of Tsing Hei were almost hidden between their lids; it was Tsing Hei of whom Shiny was most afraid.

Presently Tsing Hei spoke; he did not look at Shiny, but stared directly in front of him.

(*Continued on page* 142)

THEY CHANGED

By VERE



LADY FURNESS

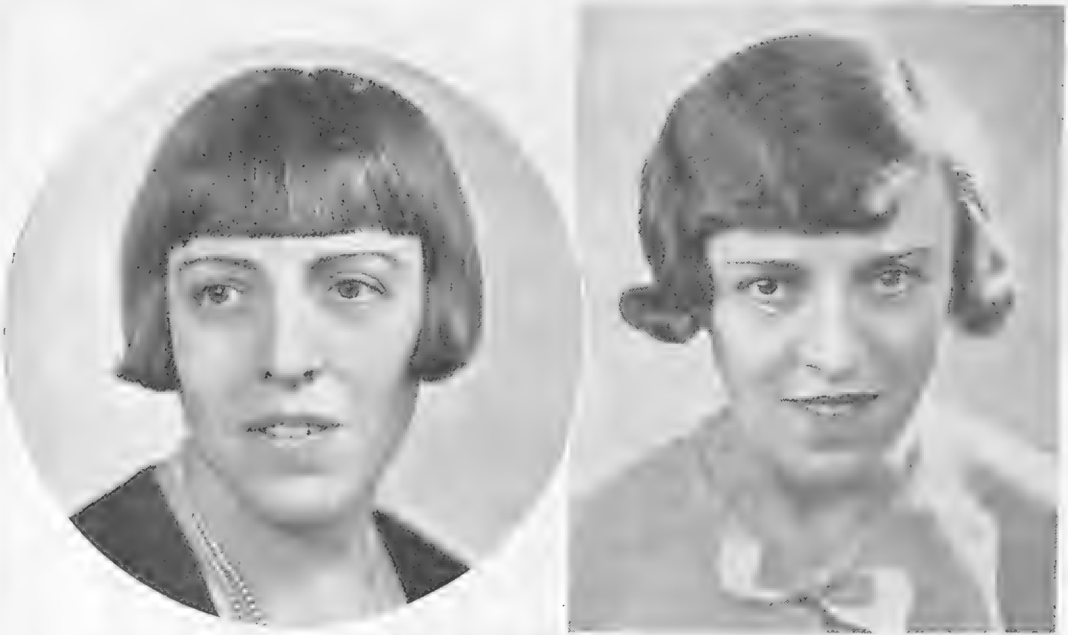
"WHAT I want is a new face." You have said it a hundred times, and then decided that, since nothing can be done about it, you must make the old one do, somehow—like last year's evening dress, only more irrevocable.

But you can change your face. Lots of people have done it, not by plastic surgery or anything drastic like that, but simply by tackling the business of good looks intelligently.

Look at the two pictures of Lady Furness on these pages. The one on the left was taken some years ago. On the right is a recent portrait.

Nothing could ever hide the beauty of her great, dark eyes, but how her old hair-dressing obscured the shape of her head and that lovely clean line from ear to chin which she so wisely reveals these days.

To all intents and purposes it is a new face, achieved by leaving a large bundle of hair on the hairdresser's floor, and brushing the rest until it gleams with a sleek, shining beauty. Evelyn Laye's before and after portraits tell the same story.

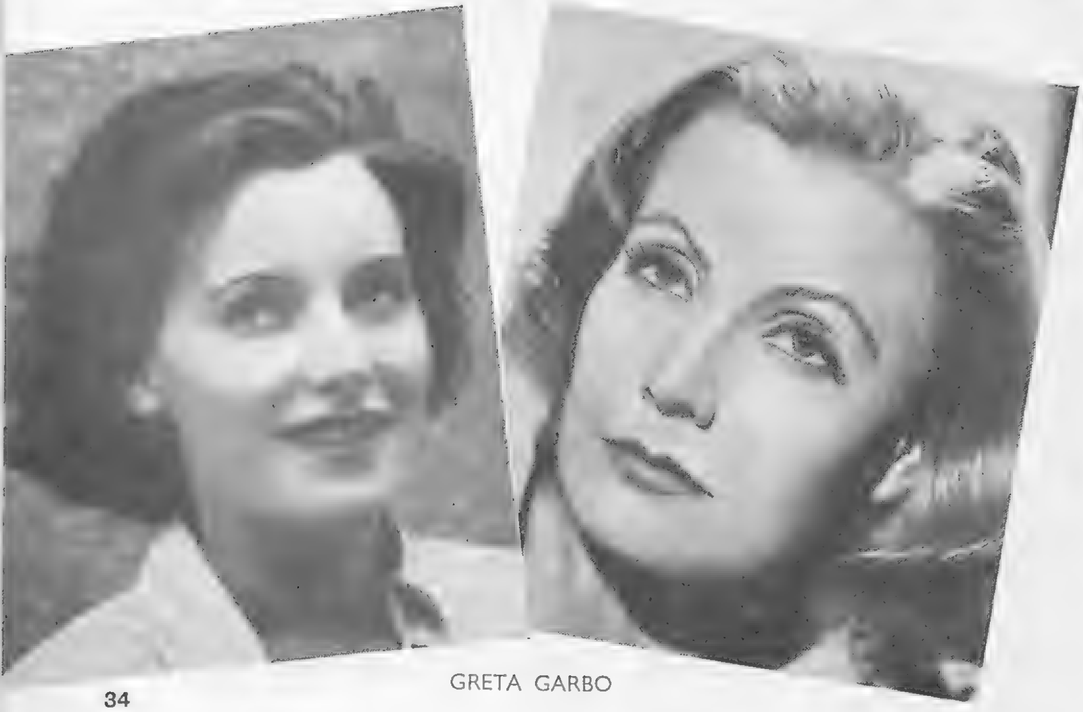


DODIE SMITH

BEFORE the war, in spite of all the talk of a hundred strokes night and morning, no one was expected to have glossy hair shining with health and good grooming. Fluffed up in a fuzzy mess—a softening effect, it was called—it looked remarkably like hay. Quantity was admired, not quality.

There are still lots of women who cling to their "fine head of hair," not realising that ruthless thinning by a hairdresser who knew his job would give them a nice, new set of good looks.

Just a different hair-do might work the transformation. Look at Dodie Smith, who recently decided that she had worn a page-boy bob quite long enough. Next door you will see the softness and charm her new style gives her.



GRETA GARBO

YOU can change your face utterly by getting rid of preconceived ideas about how you can and cannot wear your hair, so it is worth taking a big plunge into unknown cuts and curls and swirls.

Maybe you are going to quite unnecessary discomfort and expense in order to have wavy hair, on the old nursery principle that because Elizabeth has wavy hair she is prettier than poor, straight-haired Jane.

It is not only raven-haired women who can look lovely with a sleek, smooth coiffure. Fair hair can be tremendously exciting and unusual worn dead straight, brushed and brushed until it shines like a tight-fitting golden cap.

Some of the photographs here were taken as far back as 1923, yet their subjects are all infinitely more beautiful now. Possibly it is because we knew so little then about making the best of

THEIR FACES

DENNING

ourselves. Nowadays, there is no excuse for the lack of grooming and general messiness which spoils lots of women with intrinsically good looks.

If your face bores you, it is probably your own fault. You are being lazy about it, frightened of experimenting. Try an entirely new powder shade, or a new colour in mascara and eye-shadow. Green or blue mascara can fool people into telling a beady-eyed woman what enormous great eyes she has, grandmamma.

Tidy your eyebrows—don't pluck them, that's out—to a line that flatters your face. Get the one lipstick in the world which is right for you . . . place your rouge differently . . . these are the ingredients of a changed face.

YOU can make the most exciting changes, too, by realising your true type. One of the loveliest and most photographed women in London used to pass unnoticed because she was quite pretty, just that.

One day she blossomed out. She banished frilly clothes from her wardrobe. (Her trouble had always been that friends told her how nice she looked in them.)

She concentrated on severe but slightly exaggerated lines. Tailored suits by day, statuesque drapes by night, in deep, exciting colours, adopting rather stunt ideas she had been frightened of before, like huge evening cloaks, and saris, and hair-nets.

She stopped having her hair waved, grew it, and coiled it into a small bun, neat, sleek and very sophisticated.

Her skin was always good but uninteresting. Her new make-up achieves distinction with a deep apricot foundation cream and powder over the whole face and neck, with no rouge at all, greasy eyelids and a vivid lipstick. Now everyone says how beautiful she is, just because she had brains and energy to change her face.

YOU can think of innumerable actresses who have groomed themselves into loveliness. When Garbo went to Hollywood, in 1926, few suspected the beauty hidden under all the mistakes she made about her looks.

Now she is a thousand times more beautiful, partly through grooming, partly because of the knowledge and experience she has gained in the last ten years.

Gertrude Lawrence, who has been getting more and more attractive since she went on the stage at the age of eight or thereabouts, maintains that you change your face most of all from within. The way you tackle your troubles, the way you react to the nice and the dreadful things that happen to you—these change your looks, make you more interesting and attractive, or leave your face dull and lifeless. Whether you want to or not, you are all the time changing your face.

EVELYN LAYE

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

JUNE (LADY INVERCLYDE)

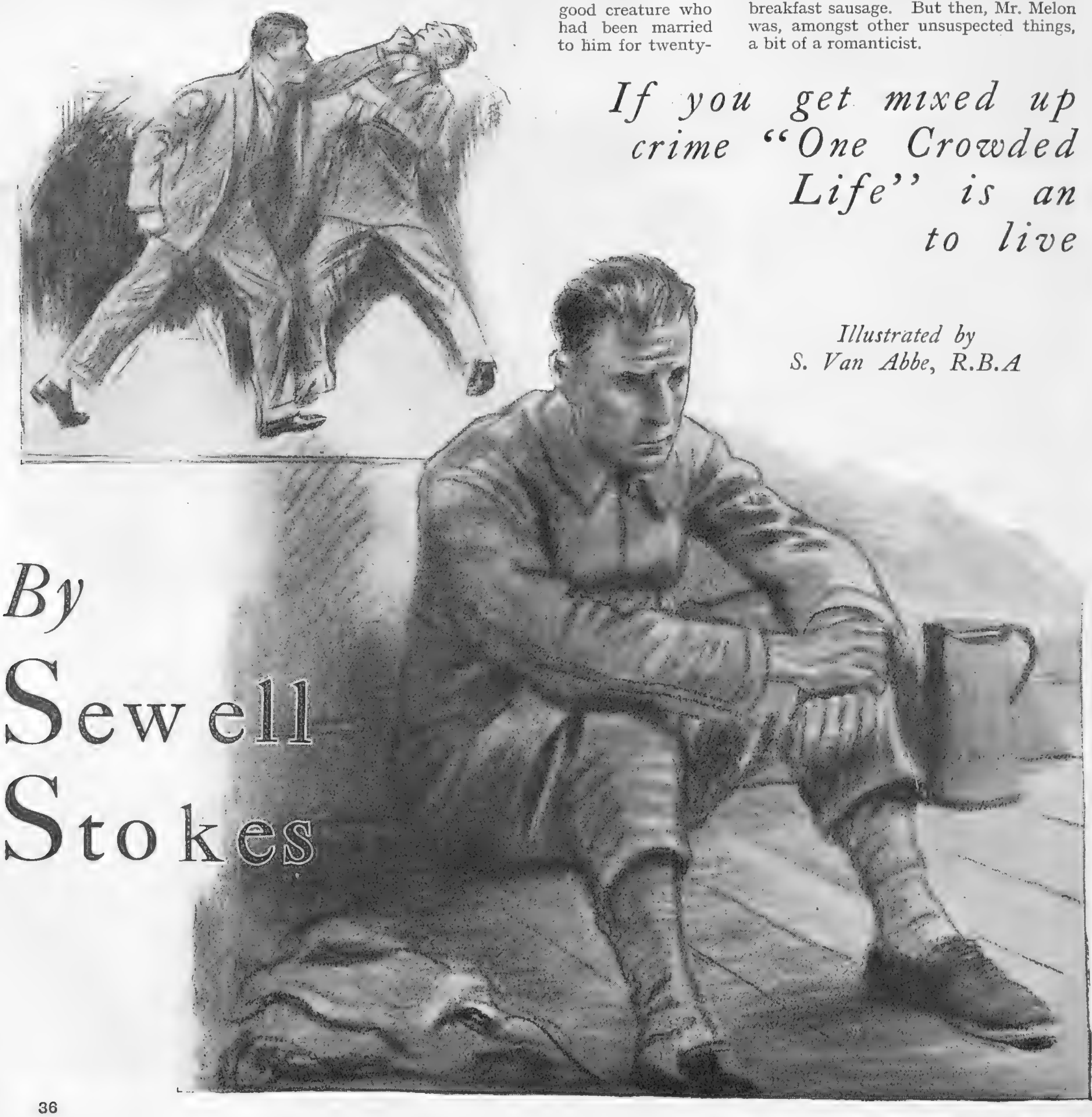
Mr. Melon *in* search

IT was that hour of the evening when those citizens who eight hours previously had rushed from Suburbia to the City, rushed from the City to Suburbia. Hundreds of gallant breadwinners sat or hung from straps in the Underground. All of them had their noses poked into a final edition of the evening paper. Each member of this bowler-hatted fraternity, vaguely conscious of his own unadventurous state, devoured news of the thrills beyond his sphere. His passion was to acquaint himself with all that had transpired while the office held him prisoner in the world outside; the world of politics, crime, sport and fashion. And eagerly he pursued the acquaintance, determined upon full value for his penny.

Of this fraternity, and not a whit less eager than his brother readers, was Mr. Harold Melon. It would be hard to find in Mr. Melon a single distinctive feature, unless one were prepared to accept as such the steel-rimmed eyeglasses he wore, whose powerful lenses caused his eyes to appear twice their natural size. Apart from these, he was a completely ordinary person to look at: of middle age, weight, height and class.

What did Gertrude Melon, that good creature who had been married to him for twenty-five years, know of her husband? She firmly believed there was nothing she did *not* know; as any woman who has loved a man, run his home, fed him, chosen his undergarments, mended them, and generally been his devoted slave—is entitled to believe. But this does not mean that she knows the truth about him. Or even half the truth

Asked his profession, Mr. Melon would discreetly have replied that he was in "the skin trade," leaving your imagination to picture his daily contact with the silk coats of the silver-fox, ermine, skunk, or chinchilla. Which was rather artful of him, since the only skin he dealt in was the tough one that surrounds your breakfast sausage. But then, Mr. Melon was, amongst other unsuspected things, a bit of a romanticist.



If you get mixed up crime "One Crowded Life" is an to live

Illustrated by
S. Van Abbe, R.B.A

By
Sewell Stokes

of Danger

It was into the newspaper account of an arrest, while breaking open a safe, of Spike O'Mara, the celebrated cracksman, that Mr. Melon had his nose poked as the train bore him homewards. Through the magnifying lenses of his eyeglasses, he absorbed every detail of the story, and was thrilled by it.

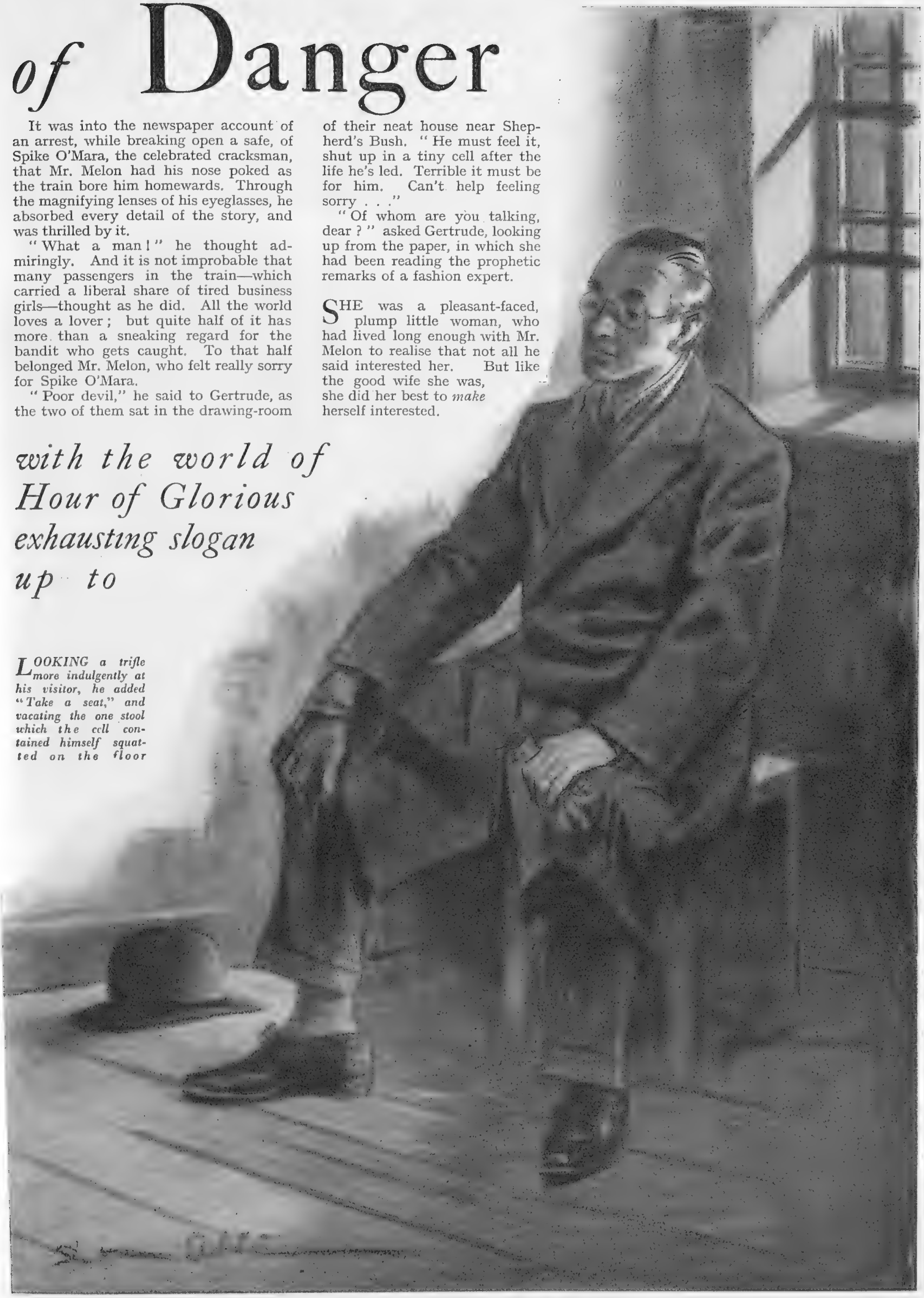
"What a man!" he thought admiringly. And it is not improbable that many passengers in the train—which carried a liberal share of tired business girls—thought as he did. All the world loves a lover; but quite half of it has more than a sneaking regard for the bandit who gets caught. To that half belonged Mr. Melon, who felt really sorry for Spike O'Mara.

"Poor devil," he said to Gertrude, as the two of them sat in the drawing-room of their neat house near Shepherd's Bush. "He must feel it, shut up in a tiny cell after the life he's led. Terrible it must be for him. Can't help feeling sorry . . ."

"Of whom are you talking, dear?" asked Gertrude, looking up from the paper, in which she had been reading the prophetic remarks of a fashion expert.

SHE was a pleasant-faced, plump little woman, who had lived long enough with Mr. Melon to realise that not all he said interested her. But like the good wife she was, she did her best to *make* herself interested.

with the world of
Hour of Glorious
exhausting slogan
up to



LOOKING a trifle more indulgently at his visitor, he added "Take a seat," and vacating the one stool which the cell contained himself squatted on the floor

"I was referring," said Mr. Melon, slightly hurt that not more attention had been paid to his previous remarks, "to the case of Spike O'Mara, which is reported on the front page of the paper you have in your hand. Perhaps you've not read it?"

"No, dear, I haven't," answered Gertrude; who, however, at once did so . . . "Sorry for him, did you say?" she observed, on reaching the end of the page. "Why, he's just a crook. If what they say here's true, it's high time he was caught."

Mr. Melon shook his head.

"You're hard, Gertrude," he said, "hard."

"On crooks, I am. A nice place the world would be if we were all as soft-hearted as you are!"

"It says in the paper," Mr. Melon reminded his wife, "that Spike O'Mara only steals from the rich."

"I should hardly think," came the prompt reply, "he'd find it worth while to steal from the poor."

"I think," said Mr. Melon, "I'll go up to bed."

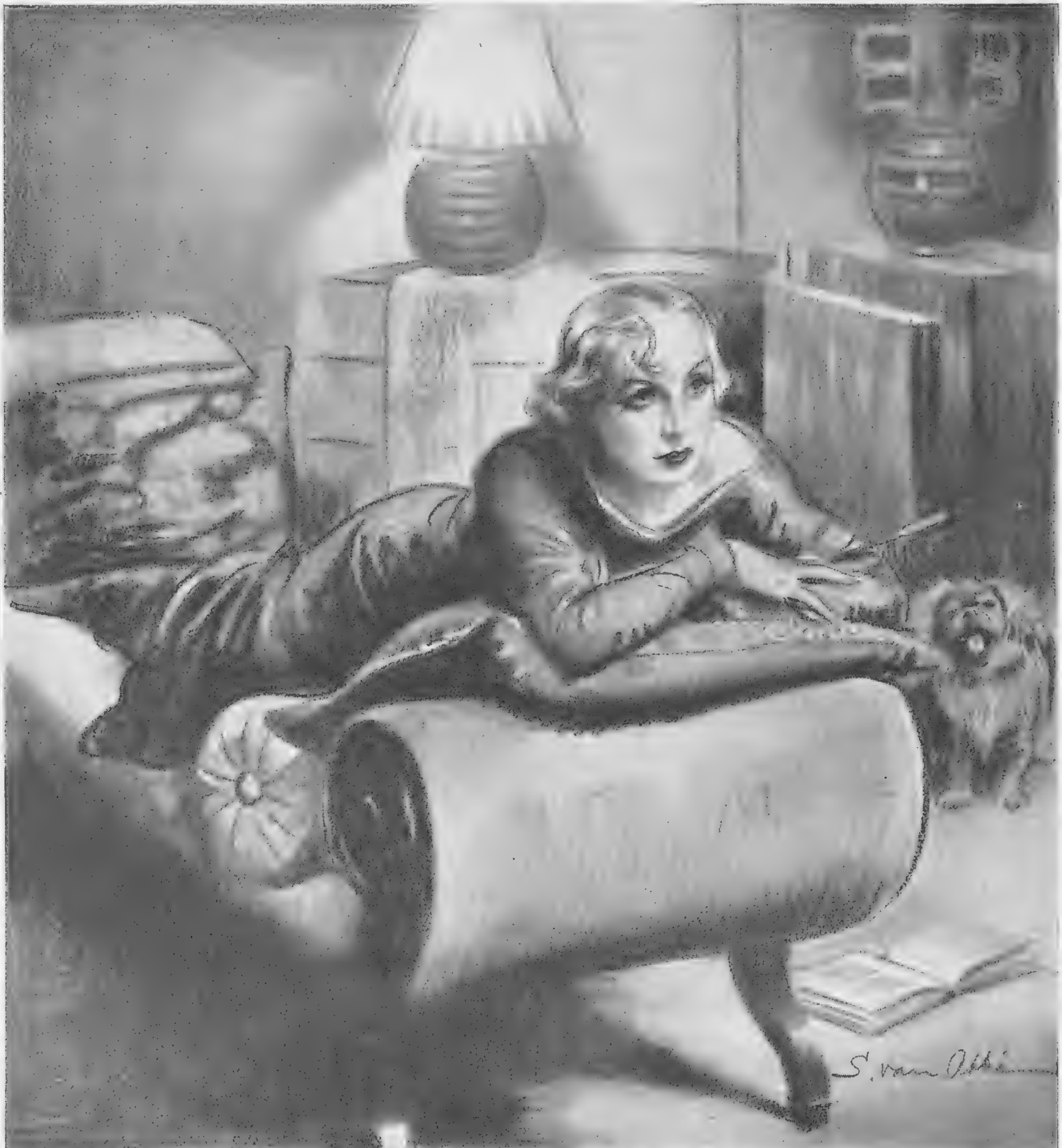
Then it was that Gertrude made what, for her, was a joke.

"I wonder," she said, "you don't take to crime yourself!"

And, without knowing it, Gertrude had said what can best be described as "a mouthful." For Mr. Melon had often wondered precisely the same thing. Only he happened to know the answer, which was that he hadn't the pluck necessary for a criminal career. All he could do was secretly to be thrilled by the exploits of those who had.

Not, be it understood, that Mr. Melon seriously desired to become a criminal. He had no wish whatever to misappropriate other people's property. It was merely that, being frantically bored by that state of life to which it had pleased the Almighty to call him, he desperately wished to indulge in excitement of some kind.

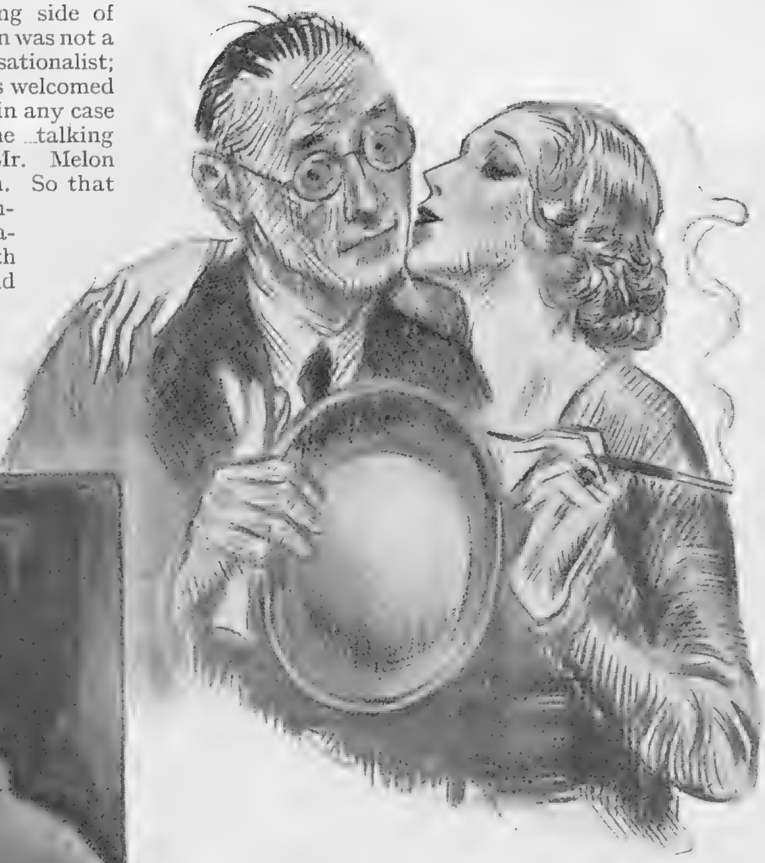
Security may be a good thing. But it is possible to have too much of a good thing; or so Mr. Melon thought. All very well to spend his days counting the profits derived from covering sausage-meat, and his evenings (Fridays excepted) at home with Gertrude; but what did that do for a man? It left him



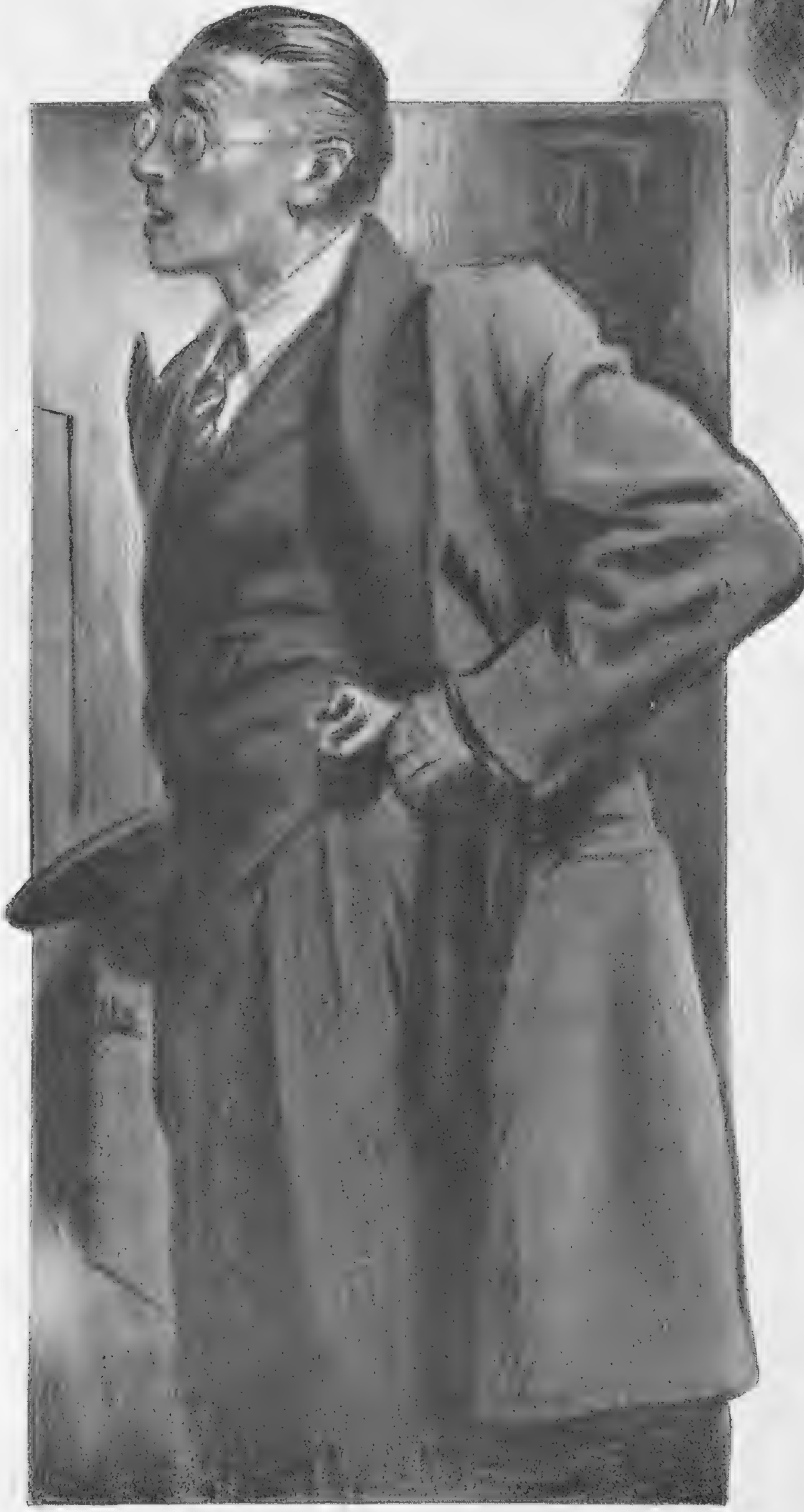
flat. It left him with a feeling that, at all costs, before it was too late, he must *live dangerously*.

Yes, to live dangerously was Mr. Melon's secret ambition. To live, for example, as Spike O'Mara lived. What a man!

EACH week, on Friday evening, Mr. Melon did his good deed. Then it was, in the capacity of prison visitor, that he endeavoured to lessen the monotonous lives of those who found themselves on the wrong side of the wall. Mr. Melon was not a stimulating conversationalist; but any diversion is welcomed by a prisoner, who in any case does most of the talking himself. And Mr. Melon knew how to listen. So that these Friday evenings passed pleasantly enough, both for the visitor and the visited.



WHEN, accustoming himself to the light, he had blinked several times, he became aware of a girl sprawled upon a divan not three feet away from him



The official procedure Mr. Melon was required to observe when visiting the prison never varied. In answer to his pull on the bell-chain, he was admitted by an officer through the big outer gates, after which he turned into a small office on his immediate right. Here he signed his name in the record book, and was handed by the officer two large keys on the end of a chain. With these he was able to unlock the gates of the different cell-halls, and also the doors of the cells themselves.

Next he walked on by himself to the visitors' room, where on a table were placed the notebooks containing a list of the prisoners allotted to each visitor, and an indication of exactly where each prisoner was to be found. Having decided which of his ten prisoners he would visit, Mr. Melon, carefully fixing the key-chain to his person by means of the loop provided, then went about his work. On departing, two hours later, he returned his notebook to the table in the visitors' room, and surrendered his keys at the outer gate, which was unlocked by the same officer who had admitted him. He was not again required to sign his name in the record book.

A few evenings after the one on which we made his acquaintance on the Underground, Mr. Melon, on opening his notebook in the visitors' room of the prison, gave a gasp of surprise. "Well, I never!" he exclaimed softly, peering through his eyeglasses at a new name which had appeared on his list of allotted prisoners. "If that isn't a bit of luck . . ."

Since a prisoner he had visited for the past three months had just been released another name was expected on the list. But Mr. Melon had not dared to hope that the name might be Spike O'Mara's.

He was not mistaken. Clearly written at the bottom of the list were the words: "Spike O'Mara (2863) B.2. 53." Which was the shortest possible

(*Continued on page* 135)

Spring —and your Body

By Chrysis

Botticelli's famous picture "Primavera."

ODD that our first physical reaction to longer days should be a desire to sleep.

This in spite of garden delights, planned excursions, golf and tennis. The spirit, indeed, is willing and jumps at every chance of an outing, but the miserable flesh just murmurs—" Give me a little more sleep."

It is simply because our bodies are working overtime, undergoing alterations, during this annual change from sunlessness to sunlight, from cold to gradual heat. The same torpor, in lesser degree, appears during the autumn shuffle back from heat to cold.

Your whole system is probably doing as much work, these early spring days, as would be imposed on your liver and kidneys by six rounds of golf. And all that in addition to other demands. So, you see, your best way to help is to succumb to the desire for sleep.

If you can spare the time, take your twenty or forty minutes' wink of an afternoon, warmly wrapped in a rug by the open window. Better still, lounge in a long chair on the sunny terrace, if you have one. Doze yourself out.

If others laugh at you for invalidism, be content to know you are making the most of the spring by building up strength. An after-lunch siesta in April is imperative for children.

April is the month in which English and Continental doctors send their chronically sick patients to clinics for dietetic treatment. It is the ideal time to start a cure, because of the natural organic renewal that is taking place.

We can't all afford a cure at a foreign clinic, but every household can start a spring diet which swerves right away from fats, flour, dumpling and paste accompaniments to meat.

They should indulge in a medicinal—and epicurean—supply of young vegetables, and seize some of that energy that is thrusting up so vigorously towards the sun.

Radishes and lettuce, sprinkled with finely chopped tarragon (herb) and a very slight dressing of olive oil, taken as a *hors d'œuvre*, stimulate the liver.

Carrots act directly on the kidneys.

Some kidney trouble cures consist solely of carrot. Raw young carrots for breakfast. Carrots that have been scrubbed and placed in a double saucepan to stew in a speck of olive oil, for lunch. Carrots pounded into a pulp and strained into concentrated juice, for supper.

There should be one carrot meal every other day in spring—of spring carrots.

Spinach is almost the finest blood-purifier that exists. But it should always be served in its leaf state.

THE dish for anæmia and acidity is a large and solitary potato salad. Like this: To every four ounces of diced cold potatoes (new potatoes that have been steamed) add an ounce of finely chopped parsley, and an ounce of onion finely chopped. Mix the onion and parsley together, then stir in a deep bowl with the potato and a little olive oil. Lid and leave to stand for two hours, by which time the whole will have drenched together.

Onion and parsley is good for the anæmia, while potato acts as an acid eliminator. Taken alone, this salad is not fattening.

A famous potato cure for uric acid, gout and rheumatism is a large cold mashed potato followed fifteen minutes later by a large cup of cold, black, unsweetened coffee that has stood for twenty-four hours.

The cold potato and cold coffee develop a yeast ferment which eliminates every other acid from the system. This cure should be taken as a first meal for four weeks. Sufferers from arthritis will especially benefit. They should also swallow a daily dessert-spoonful of olive oil before lunch.

These two remedies are so simple that few will believe in or heed them, unless they form part of the routine in an expensive sanatorium.

In serious cases of liver sickness or bilious headaches, cupfuls of liquor from stewing slashed dandelion roots should be drunk. Roots to be stewed three hours. This brew makes a good change from the usual liver pill, and change is one of the essentials of spring.

Beetroot increases the iron content of the blood and leaves of beetroot and radish, prepared as a vegetable like spinach, act as an extraordinary restorative in cases of body fatigue or nervous exhaustion.

First, place finely chopped onions in a pan with hot olive oil; to these add the washed beetroot and radish leaves; cover with a lid so that they are stewed in their own juice, and finally squeeze in a little lemon to bring out the taste.

Eggs should be new-laid to have any curative value. They are most nourishing boiled.

An excellent substitute for early morning tea during this month of change is an infusion of Yerba Maté tea.

Owing to its restoring and stimulating action on the digestive tract, it enables at least 50 per cent. more nourishment to be extracted from any food. It acts as a balancer and alterative inside the body, turning the sour to sweet and sweet to sour, whichever is required most.

Cases of chronic rheumatism have been cured by drinking this tea; while, as only half the usual amount of food is needed to satisfy the appetite after a cupful of Yerba Maté, it is invaluable for those who wish to slim down to a sparse figure for the warmer months.

Spring —and your face

NOTHING looks so bad as Nature's attempt to paint her many-hued, pied-meadow effect—so enchanting in a spring landscape—on your face.

Few of us can escape the season's outcrop of blemishes. If we do, we seem to go a chalky-sallow colour, like pale, caked mud drying, with large cracks under the eyes.

Nor can we even retire to a dark room crying: "Let me be till I find some looks." For every man and other soul we know shouts: "Come out! Come out! The sun 's in the sky. The world 's about."

Indeed, the whole world 's a-rhyme. This is no time to lag behind. So, here 's the latest news about *make-up masks.*

The foundation is a warm-water-and-soap face-bath first thing in the morning. You can even take a fine nail-brush to scrub up cheeks, nose, forehead, and down ears and neck. Incidentally, that route is best. The only deviation allowed is an oatmeal-bag (a square of fine muslin filled with a handful of oatmeal) in place of soap.

But the soap I have in mind is best. It is made especially to carry away soiled cream, and makes a rich thick lather, most soothing and cleansing to the skin.

Cleanliness, in this case, is next to—*camphor rinse. And camphor rinse is the jealously guarded secret of women who look forever young.* But this miracle-working tonic proves irritating to any but a scrupulously clean skin.

FIRST, rub your neck and face vigorously in a rough towel.

Then make a cotton-wool pad, and sponge on a pint of water into which you have stirred a level teaspoonful of camphor tonic. Leave this to dry, patting away the last remaining moisture with a soft towel.

Now turn and look at yourself in the glass.

If you don't burst into the refrain from the Jewel Song: "This is not I! This is not I!" it is because you don't express yourself that way. The effect is immediate. Gone are all the minor blemishes, merged and veiled in a general freshening.

Gone is any heavy droop that overcast your face, vanished in a transparency, a lifting, a back-to-childhood softening over cheek-bones, and a radiance not to be believed until it has been experienced.

Something like it can be obtained by using ice. But ice-packs take longer to work, tend to break the tiny blood-vessels and bring them to the check surface.

The first time I used a camphor rinse, I thought: "This is where I stop, and go out just as I am, to create a furore with my natural camphor complexion."

But camphor complexions—there is no smell attached to them—go dull after four hours, so you have to supplement with make-up.

and Beauty

There are three ways of making-up your face—according to whether you have a dry, normal, or greasy skin.

If you have a dry skin use a "milk" (so-called emollient lotion, but "milk" more truly describes it) which contains a slight powder sediment. This is spread on and finger-tipped into your face and neck, very smoothly, carefully wiping off any remaining stickiness, so that a mere *shell-film* is left.

Powder over this, remembering to powder down over your neck, or you will have a disfiguring break in skin texture just under the jaw.

Now apply the rouge. It will flush your cheek as lightly and softly as the dawn, without hard edges, so that it will be quite unnecessary to re-powder and dim the bloom.

Except, of course, that a dusting of powder over your lips is wise, to prevent the lipstick coming off on your friends when you kiss.

Also see to it that your powder is a shade darker than your skin, for that will enhance your appearance of delicacy. An illusion created by the shell-film of the milk, which really gives a cast-iron basis of make-up, affording complete protection to a skin that is easily chafed, while preventing any imperfection from showing through.

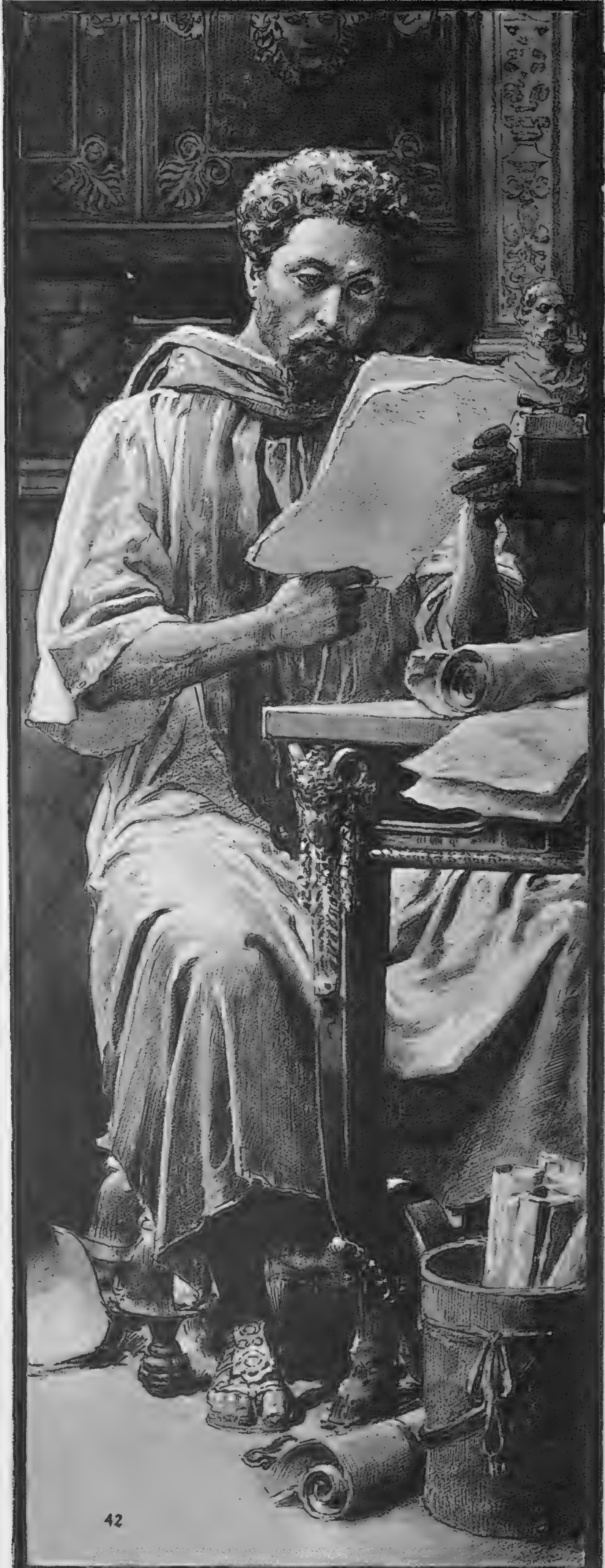
If you have a normal skin, neither dry, nor too oily, follow the same make-up, substituting for milk a cucumber liquid powder, which also forms a film. In this case, put rouge on first of all, before the foundation.

If your skin is oily—and what a bane oily skins can be in spring!—dab a little astringent powder round your nostrils and over your chin. This powder effectively absorbs any grease and prevents that latent, most distressing appearance of pores, which so often burst through a damask cheek.

After this astringent powder—rouge. Now apply an astringent liquid powder as a protective film, (down the neck as well), wipe it, and finish it off by a coating of your usual face powder, finely patted in.

Behold! You

(*continued on page* 108)



MARCVS AVRELIVS

Old Tales

Faustina, Roman Empress,

Written and Illustrated

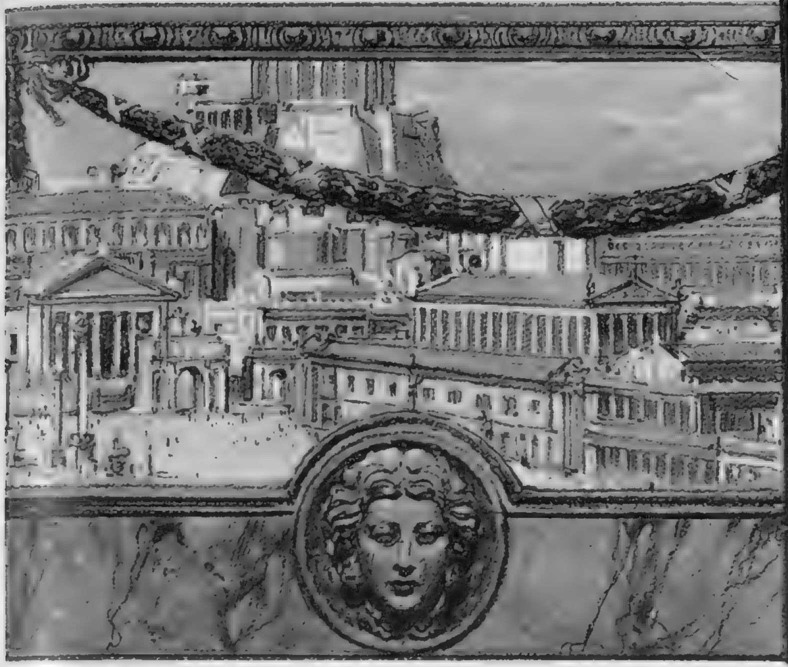
NEVER has there been a greater empire than the Roman, yet never has an empire been more unfortunate in its rulers than Rome was. Among them may be counted every kind of human monster, and even when the long line of evil-doers is broken for a time by one who is good and just, it is only for a short while: peace and prosperity do not endure.

Once at least, though, when Rome's glory was still at its height, there came a period when men could hope that the grim days of Nero, of Caligula, of Tiberius were finished with for ever. Trajan and Hadrian were good rulers, and Antoninus Pius, who succeeded Hadrian in A.D. 138, did much to maintain and build up further the general well-being that was the legacy of their two reigns. For twenty years he served the Roman people faithfully, and it was for the fatherly wisdom of his government that they surnamed him "Pius." But in nothing did he serve them so well as in his choice of the successor, Marcus Aurelius, whom he also made his son-in-law.

While Marcus Aurelius sat on the throne, the government of the Empire seemed, under his guidance, to be brought to perfection; the functions of State were despatched with thoroughness and absolute fairness, and a long-forgotten feeling for the value of human life came into being again. Even the gladiators in the arena were forbidden to kill, so that the people might learn that bloodshed does not necessarily belong to the appreciation of physical skill and prowess.

Marcus Aurelius was twenty-five when he married Faustina. But he seemed older; he lived a life of austerity, just as his father-in-law had done. He was fond of reading, and all the time that he could spare from dealing with affairs of State he gave up to the reading of philosophy; the usual gaiety of a young man's life held no attraction for him.

Faustina, on the other hand, if she was not younger than her age, had all the vivacity, the pleasure-lover's restlessness, that had characterised her mother. That same quality which had proved a thorn in the side of Antoninus Pius was destined to wound Marcus Aurelius even more deeply. He must have known from the first that they were unsuitably matched; that he, the quiet philosopher, was no company for the brilliant, beautiful girl who had the whole world at her feet; who was Empress, but who laughed at her imperial dignity. Yet she was always frank about herself, and that was something for which he could honestly admire her. At least his wife was no hypocrite, he must often and often have thought, and the repetition of this idea invested her with a kind of halo of sincerity that neither



Re-told

Mother of the tyrant Commodus

by F. Matania, R.I.

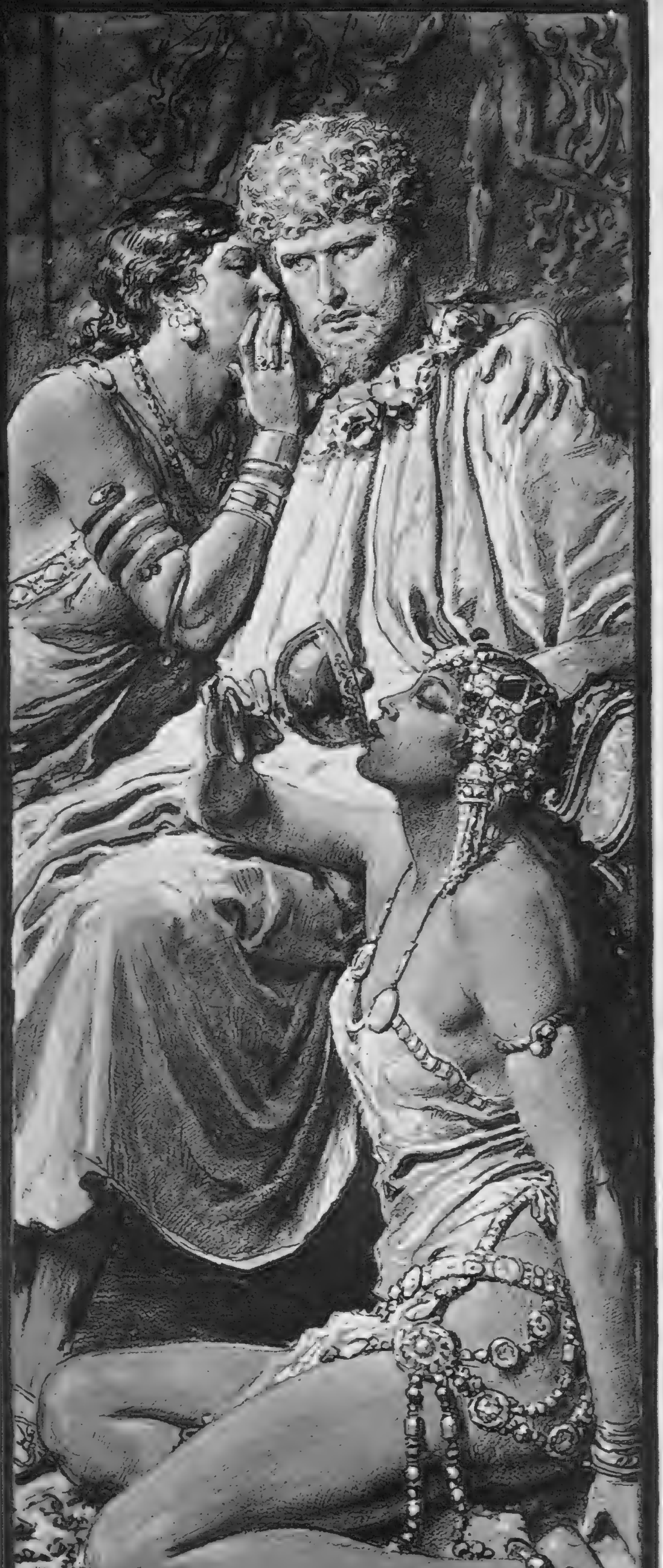
her conduct during life nor his memory of her after death could ever quite dispel.

Faustina was not the woman to submit her own personality to her husband's will, and it was after one of those bloodless spectacles in the colosseum at Gaieta, where the Court was in holiday residence, that she exercised for the first time the rights she considered to be hers. Next to the arena was a room called the Palestra, where the athletes rested and changed, and here she suddenly appeared, greeting all of them with that vivid smile of which she knew the power so well, and which seemed to speak to each of her admiration for his strength and courage. They stood immobile, saluting their Empress, while she passed from one to another as if at a review, asking some their names, which her attendant noted down on a tablet. And those whose names made up this list were afterwards bidden to her private apartments and chosen to be the companions of her pleasure.

Inevitably the story got back to Marcus Aurelius, and other stories like it. He was reminded of his immortal predecessor's phrase—that Cæsar's wife must be above suspicion—and even though his thoughts may have tortured him, he never sought relief from them in the idea of revenge. Such was his heart that revenge could never find any roots there: Faustina had been given him by the revered Antoninus Pius, and had brought the Roman Empire as her dowry. "If I set aside the Empress, then you must choose another Emperor," he said, when the suggestion was put to him; and his counsellors, knowing him for what he was, must needs bow to this decision, which afforded yet another proof of his single-mindedness.

Moreover, Faustina had borne her husband several daughters, of whom he was inordinately fond. The eldest of these, Lucilla, was already fourteen years old when at last the people of Rome learnt with rejoicing that their Emperor had got an heir. What they did not know, happily for them, was that during her confinement the mother dreamt that she had brought forth not a child, but two venomous, writhing serpents, a dream that troubled her the more when actually she gave birth to twins. One of these died when he was four years old. The other, who survived, was called Commodus.

Marcus Aurelius was glad to have a son at last, but it did not lessen his love for Lucilla, at once a child of extraordinary mental ability as well as physical charm. From her father she learnt of the arts and sciences that interested him so passionately. From her mother she learnt other things, and



LVCIVS VERVS

even occasional glimpses of the life that went on in the Empress's apartments soon revealed to her quick mind the real state of affairs between her parents, and made on her an ineffaceable impression. Her father saw this, and, being afraid for her, thought to curb the fiery, wanton element in her nature by giving her as wife to a man much older than she was, a thirty-two-year-old General in his army called Lucius Verus, a man whom he greatly esteemed. Their betrothal was announced at the height of the celebrations that attended the birth of the heir.

To himself Lucius Verus appeared still young, although he had learnt from life everything that it could teach him. He was tall and fair-complexioned, and so proud of his curling, golden hair that he used to sprinkle it with gold-dust to make it glint the more. But even so, to Lucilla, in the first romantic flush of her youth, he appeared already old, while she, for her part, did not inspire in him the slightest personal interest, so that when they were alone they scarcely took any notice of each other.

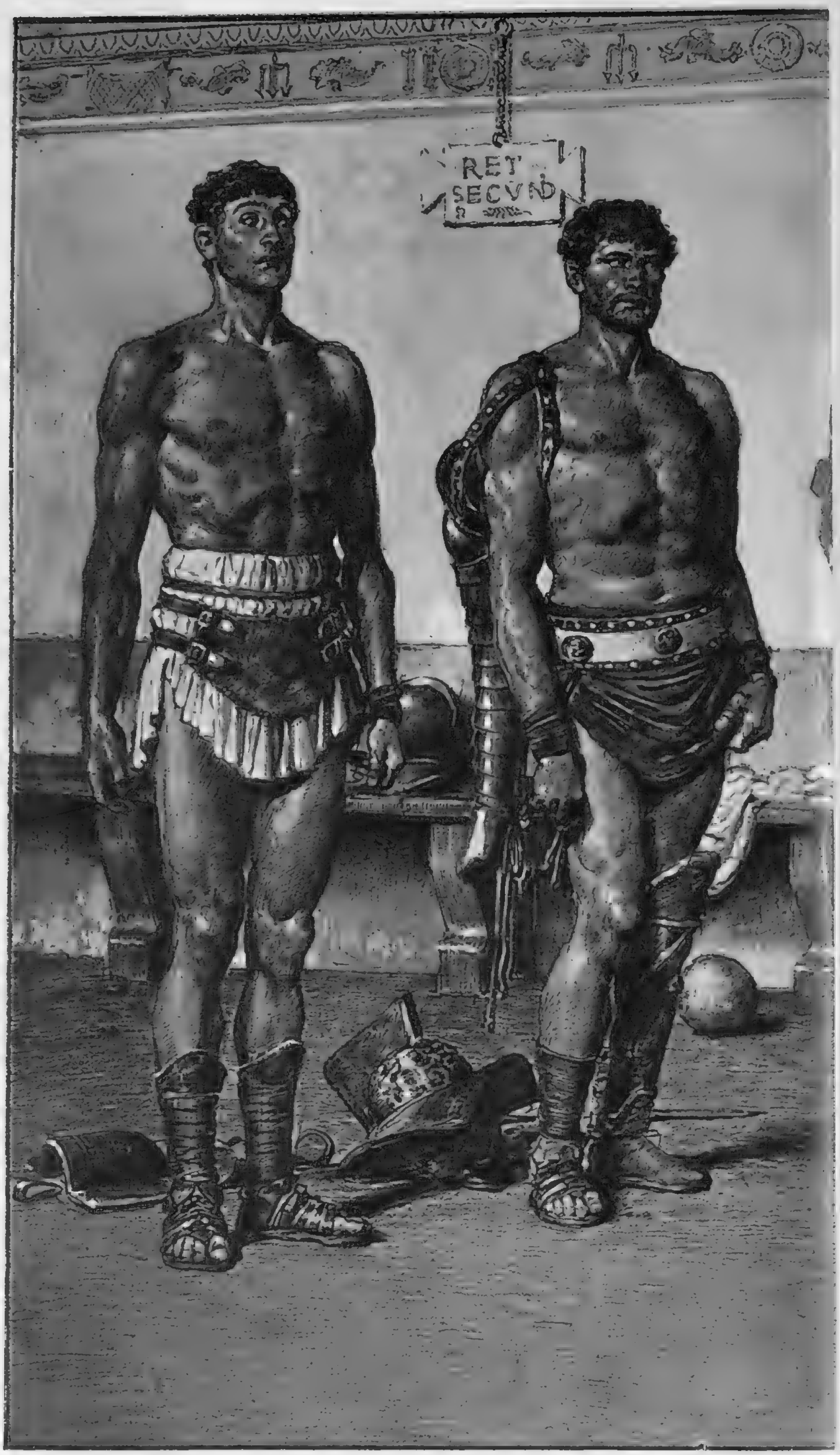
Three years later, having captained a successful campaign against the Parthians, Lucius Verus was leading an unashamedly debauched life in Syria, without any thought of his betrothed. His palace was the scene of repeated orgies, and he so far lost all sense of the dignity that should belong to a Roman governor that he was a laughing-stock amongst those very people he had conquered.

When Marcus Aurelius heard what was happening, he again acted in a way that demonstrated his almost childlike faith in the goodness of human nature, by deciding that if only Lucius Verus were actually married it would give him back his consciousness of responsibility and put an end to his dissipation. He therefore set out for Syria with the bride-to-be, who was now seventeen. Lucius Verus, terrified at the idea of his mode of life being discovered, hastened to meet the Emperor. Yet he might have spared his pains, for Marcus Aurelius himself turned back at Brundusium, and it was the bride alone, attended by her retinue, that Lucius Verus met at Ephesus. And from there he returned to Antioch as the unwilling husband of an unwilling wife.

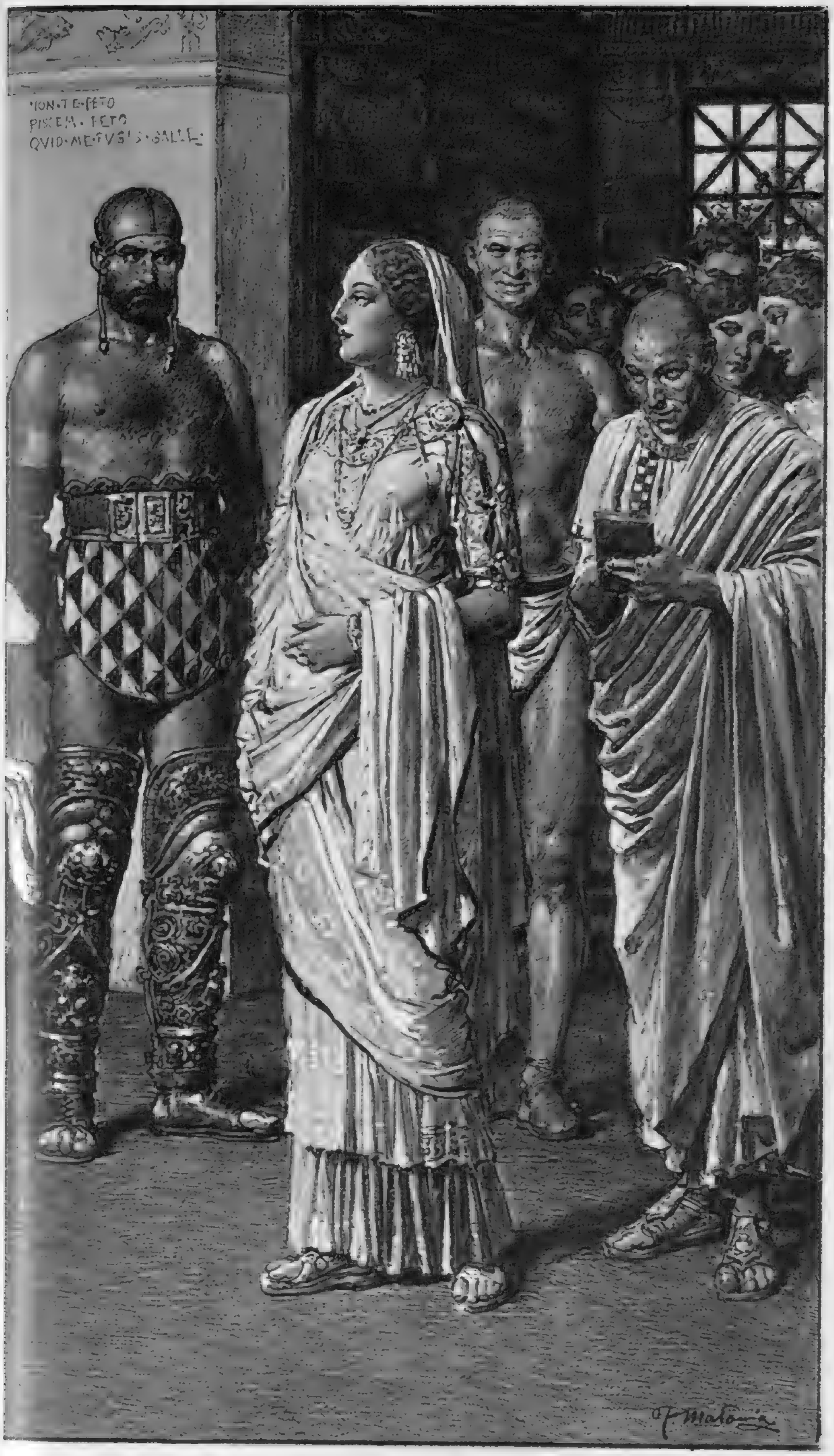
It was a terrible experience for Lucilla, as she moved through a world in which every woman save herself appeared to have some claim on the golden-haired Roman to whom she was married, and in which even the lowest-class dancing girls were allowed to take liberties, unrestrained by her presence. The romantic dreams that were hers by right of years were dealt a series of shattering blows, and the letters she wrote to her father could not but move him deeply, since he knew that he alone was responsible for what she was suffering, that his whole policy had been a mistake.

Lucius Verus was recalled to Rome, ostensibly to receive the honour of a Triumph for his successful prosecution of the Parthian war, and feverish preparations were made to prepare his welcome. Actually he had been no better a General than he was a husband. But he accepted everything as his due—the pageantry, the triumphal chariot, the laurel wreath. Standing erect, clad in a brilliant red tunic, he graciously acknowledged the cheering of the crowds. It was only afterwards that the Emperor and Lucilla, who alone knew what this meant, came together again, and the daughter, her heart bursting with emotion, flung herself into her father's arms.

Marcus Aurelius did not once attempt to minimise his own part in these troubles, but he still thought that his daughter's happiness might, by conciliation and persuasion, be rescued from the morass in which it was sunk. But he did not reckon with the husband, whose former indifference had now turned to bitter hatred of his young wife. He knew that she had written to her father from Antioch, and that her tears must have told a tale even if her words had not. And that same tale was taken up again in Rome as soon as the excitement of the festivities had died away. All Lucius Verus's old parasites came crowding round him again like buzzing flies. Clowns, gladiators, courtesans, dancers, money-lenders, were continually in and out of the palace that had been allotted to him, and night after night the din of drunken revelry issued from that wing



The athletes stood immobile, while Faustina
review, asking some their names, which



passed from one to another as if at a
her attendant noted down on a tablet

of it which he openly called "The Prince's Tavern."

It was not in Lucilla's nature to accept the life that was now thrust on her without rebelling. She was, after all, her mother's daughter. Why should she not pay her husband back in her mother's coin? The thought was often present in her mind, and yet, somehow, she could never bring herself to the point of turning it into action. She was, however, increasingly in her mother's company, and the two women almost imperceptibly drifted into a relationship of easy friendship very different from that which generally exists between mother and daughter.

Marcus Aurelius, perceiving this, and seeing also the dangers that were inherent in it, was at pains to stop his daughter, as gently and tactfully as he could, from falling too much under her mother's influence. "In our position," he reminded her, "there are no walls, no doors that can hide our actions. Every detail of our lives is exposed to the gaze of the whole empire." But when he spoke in this vein, her only response was tragic envy of those whose lives were humble and hidden, of slaves, of servants, of beggars. "Better be whipped in private than publicly betrayed," she said, and from her father's grave face she knew that in his heart he agreed with her. He, too, had suffered mental torture, and for many more years than she. Now he would perhaps have spoken, but she silenced him with a movement of her hand. "I will show you the kind of man that Lucius Verus is," she said, and sent straight away for one of his officials, a certain master of ceremonies, employed in the *cœnaculus*, who, to judge from the clothes he was wearing, might have been the Emperor himself.

Lucilla handed him some wax tablets, closely inscribed with writing and figures, at the sight of which he turned pale. "Is this written in your hand?" she asked. He admitted that it was. "Then read it aloud," she said. "Let the Emperor hear just how much of the public money *can* be spent on a single meal, a meal for twelve guests."

It was shocking evidence of extravagance. Apart from the fantastic luxury of the wine, food and amusements provided, the guests had finally been given, as presents, the gold plate off which they had eaten, the gold vessels from which they had drunk, the slaves who had waited on them, and even the carriages in which they were sent home, complete with horses, drivers and grooms. At last the trembling official got to the end, uttering the final figure—six million sesterci—in scarcely more than a whisper.

So life in the imperial palace went on from day to day, and for a time Lucilla thought she was enduring the worst humiliation that it could inflict on her. But she was wrong: there was worse still to come. One evening, as Lucius Verus lay beside Faustina on a dining couch, Lucilla was suddenly struck by the curiously familiar tone of some words that passed between them. There was nothing at all irregular in their being together like that, but something about the way in which they spoke to each other put an idea into her head which, try as she would, she could not get rid of. All that night it haunted her, and when the coming of another dawn brought no relief, as soon as she had bathed and refreshed herself she went straight to her husband, and asked him bluntly whether there was anything between him and her mother. She cared nothing for him, but for her mother's integrity—if such it could be called—she still cared a good deal.

The bluntness of his answer almost surpassed that of her question. His admission was unashamed, and he added that there was only four years' difference in their ages and that they both could boast a very similar experience of life. Leaving him with his words still sounding in her ears, she rushed straight to her mother, pushing aside the servants who tried to bar her way to the presence of the Empress, and only stopping dead in the moment when Faustina, the familiar smile of greeting on her beautiful face, half-rose to meet her with outstretched arms.

The points of a thousand daggers could not have stopped Lucilla more abruptly than that single gesture, and as the Empress waited, seeing her daughter the prey to such emotion, a suspicion of what had happened slowly dawned on her, numbing her mind. Quickly she ordered her attendants out. There were a few seconds of suspense that seemed like centuries. Then Faustina's lower lip began to tremble.

Up to that instant Lucilla had been filled with a blind, destructive rage. Now that she was alone with her mother, however, looking straight into her eyes, it ebbed away from her suddenly, and she fell, sobbing, on to a couch. Faustina stood over her, put out her hand, touched the heaving shoulders, and at that touch Lucilla shrank away. Even if her mother had not guessed the truth before, she must have known it then. "Did you love him very much?" she asked, almost timidly, a new humility in her voice.

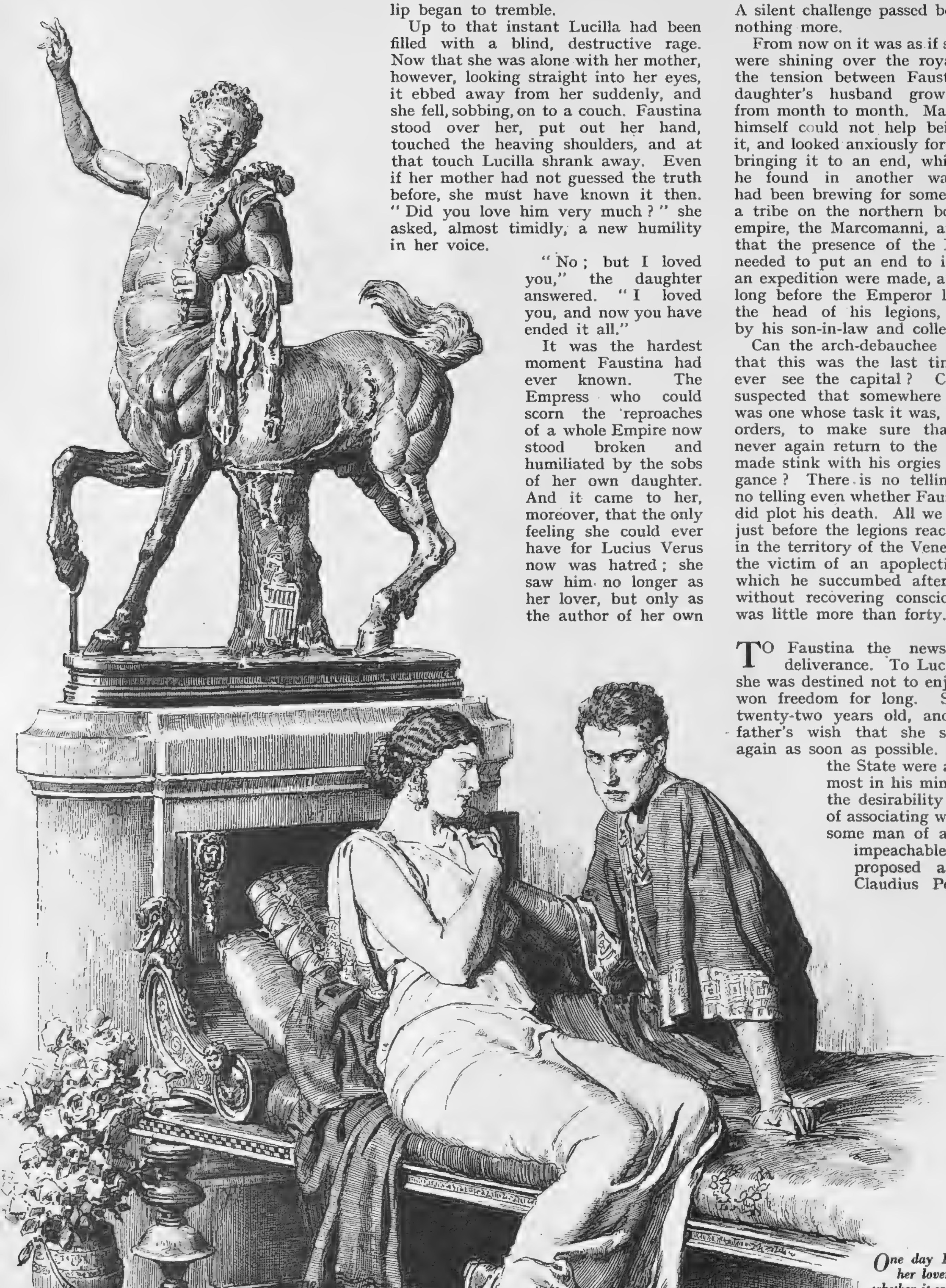
"No; but I loved you," the daughter answered. "I loved you, and now you have ended it all."

It was the hardest moment Faustina had ever known. The Empress who could scorn the reproaches of a whole Empire now stood broken and humiliated by the sobs of her own daughter. And it came to her, moreover, that the only feeling she could ever have for Lucius Verus now was hatred; she saw him no longer as her lover, but only as the author of her own shame and her daughter's misery. When next she met him it was as a stranger. A silent challenge passed between them, nothing more.

From now on it was as if some evil star were shining over the royal household, the tension between Faustina and her daughter's husband growing stronger from month to month. Marcus Aurelius himself could not help being aware of it, and looked anxiously for some way of bringing it to an end, which at length he found in another war. Trouble had been brewing for some time among a tribe on the northern borders of the empire, the Marcomanni, and it seemed that the presence of the Emperor was needed to put an end to it. Plans for an expedition were made, and it was not long before the Emperor left Rome at the head of his legions, accompanied by his son-in-law and colleague.

Can the arch-debauchee have realised that this was the last time he would ever see the capital? Can he have suspected that somewhere in his train was one whose task it was, at Faustina's orders, to make sure that he should never again return to the place he had made stink with his orgies and extravagance? There is no telling. There is no telling even whether Faustina actually did plot his death. All we know is that just before the legions reached Altinum, in the territory of the Venetians, he was the victim of an apoplectic seizure, to which he succumbed after three days, without recovering consciousness. He was little more than forty.

TO Faustina the news came as a deliverance. To Lucilla also; but she was destined not to enjoy her newly won freedom for long. She was now twenty-two years old, and it was her father's wish that she should marry again as soon as possible. Thoughts of the State were always uppermost in his mind, and seeing the desirability at this stage of associating with his family some man of absolutely unimpeachable character, he proposed a union with Claudius Pompeianus, a



One day Lucilla asked her lover, Quadratus, whether it would really be a crime to deliver Rome from such a monster as Commodus patrician who had reached the highest offices of state by dint of his own ability and perseverance. So great was the confidence that Marcus Aurelius placed in him, that he proposed to appoint him tutor to his son as well as making him his daughter's husband. Lucilla struggled against the match with all the desperate determination of her youth, for Claudius was even older than Lucius had been. In this she had the support of her mother, who was only too glad of an opportunity to atone for her past actions. But Marcus Aurelius, generally so amenable to persuasion, on this one point showed an inflexibility of which no one had previously thought him capable. For the second time he failed to take into account the play of individual temperament and age, and even before the normal period of mourning had elapsed, Lucilla found herself again united with a man for whom she felt neither affection nor respect. It seemed to her that she was fated to be the most wretched woman in the world.

ONCE more, for a while, the stream of time flowed smoothly, but horrors were brewing that were destined eventually to engulf the chief participants in this drama. The young Commodus, even before he had reached the age of ten, was already giving proof of an astonishing taste for cruelty. Any act of destruction he could commit seemed to afford him unlimited enjoyment, and nothing was more to his liking than the sight of blood. He was rebellious to all authority, and at a time of life when, as a young prince, he might have been the idol of his father's court, he was loathed by everyone, from the slaves who waited on him and towards whom he was perpetually vindictive, to the tutors who instructed him, for whom he had nothing but sarcasm and rudeness. Unfortunately, Claudius Pompeianus did little to arrest the deterioration of the child's character, giving way to him in everything and never making him submit to punishment. It is even said that when Commodus ordered a slave to be burnt alive because he had made his bath water too hot, Claudius assured him that his command had been carried out, and had the skin of a sheep specially burnt in order to convince him that it was so. Lucilla, in the meantime, although she did not get to like her husband any better, at least put up some show of resignation in being married to him, and it seemed as if the ageing Marcus Aurelius might at last have found some measure of the calm for which he had always been seeking.

Then Faustina, the once glamorous and brilliant Faustina, died, and in the period that followed her death he had occasion, despite his natural optimism, to note with growing anxiety the road his son was treading. If, in marrying him off at the age of seventeen to the beautiful Crispina, he thought to arrest the boy's decadence, he was sadly mistaken. That was the last time that Commodus ever obeyed his father's will, sinking from one act of licence to another, until eventually the death of Marcus Aurelius and his own proclamation as Emperor did away with the last vestiges of restraint.

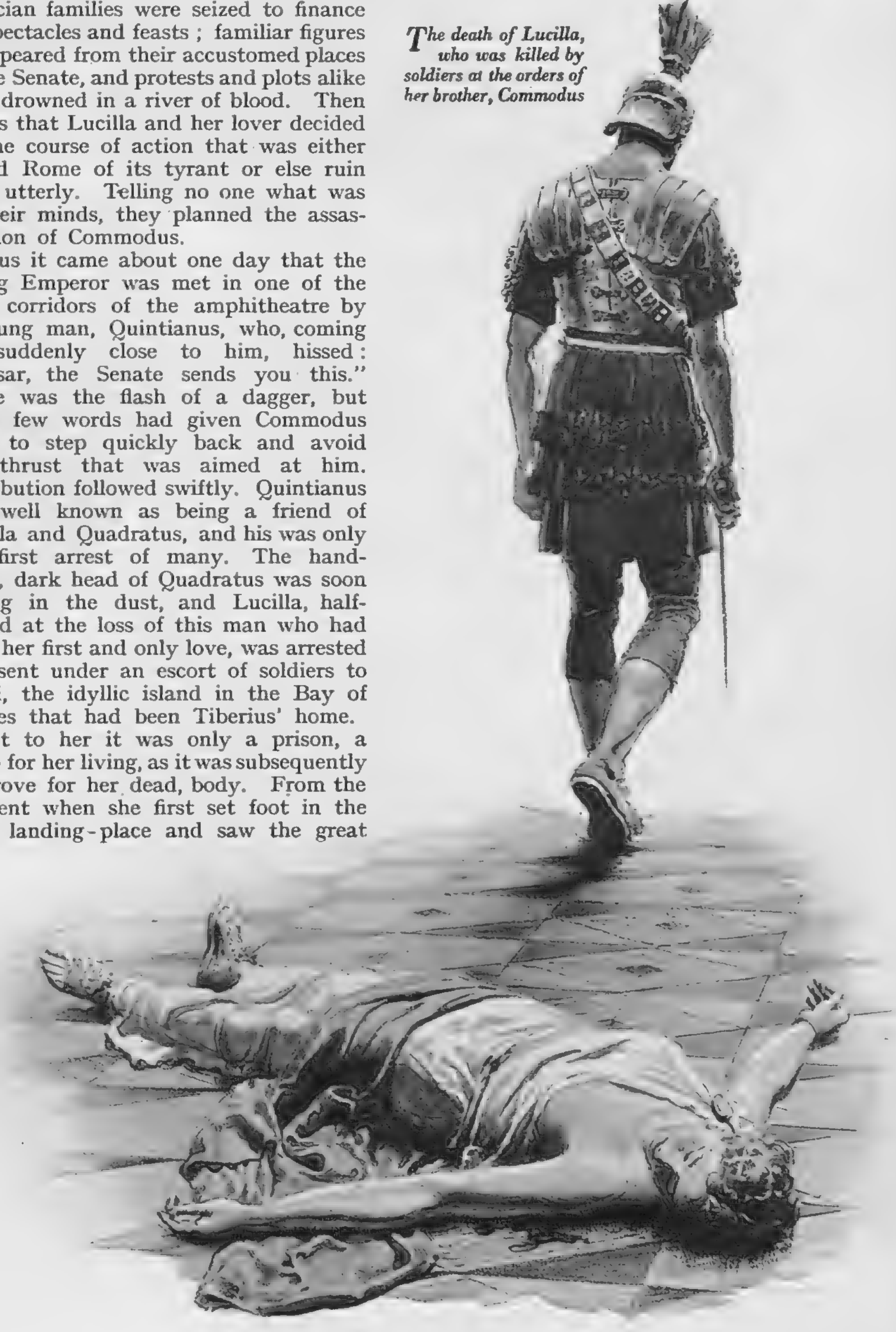
AFTER her mother's death Lucilla had been known by the title of Empress, and now a bitter warfare sprang up between her and her sister-in-law, in which each of them was urged by vanity to every kind of extreme. Lucilla set out to win her brother's favour, and to that end was even prepared to become his partner in the wildest excesses. For a time this attitude brought its rewards and she retained the treasured privilege, which belonged by right only to the reigning Empress, of being preceded by a lamp-bearer. But her victory was short-lived, and the time was not long in coming when she lost her courtesy title and was ordered to keep aloof from the Court.

Just previous to this she had at last really fallen in love with a man who was young, handsome, wealthy and full of life. His name was Quadratus and, through her grandfather, Antoninus Pius, he was a distant kinsman of hers. He was equally in love with her, and Claudius Pompeianus reconciled himself to the inevitable. But no lasting happiness was possible for anyone in the state ruled over by Commodus. Horror was piled on horror as the months went by; the fortunes of the great patrician families were seized to finance his spectacles and feasts; familiar figures disappeared from their accustomed places in the Senate, and protests and plots alike were drowned in a river of blood. Then it was that Lucilla and her lover decided on the course of action that was either to rid Rome of its tyrant or else ruin them utterly. Telling no one what was in their minds, they planned the assassination of Commodus.

Thus it came about one day that the young Emperor was met in one of the dark corridors of the amphitheatre by a young man, Quintianus, who, coming up suddenly close to him, hissed: "Cæsar, the Senate sends you this." There was the flash of a dagger, but these few words had given Commodus time to step quickly back and avoid the thrust that was aimed at him. Retribution followed swiftly. Quintianus was well known as being a friend of Lucilla and Quadratus, and his was only the first arrest of many. The handsome, dark head of Quadratus was soon rolling in the dust, and Lucilla, half-crazed at the loss of this man who had been her first and only love, was arrested and sent under an escort of soldiers to Capri, the idyllic island in the Bay of Naples that had been Tiberius' home.

But to her it was only a prison, a tomb for her living, as it was subsequently to prove for her dead, body. From the moment when she first set foot in the little landing-place and saw the great rocks and the huge palace of Jupiter towering above her, there started a long monotony of days clouded with grief. She came to realise more and more that life without Quadratus could have no meaning for her, and the centurion who at last arrived with a scroll from the Emperor seemed to her very welcome. She did not even need to break the seal to know what that message said: she could read it in the eyes of the messenger and the little group of soldiers who were with him. She beckoned them towards her, drew herself up to her full height and closed her eyes. She was quite calm. Only she clenched her hands involuntarily for an instant as she heard the swish of swords drawn from their scabbards. . . .

So died Lucilla, daughter of the Empress who had been Marcus Aurelius' wife, murdered by order of her own brother, the tyrant successor of one of the best and wisest rulers Rome had ever known.



The death of Lucilla, who was killed by soldiers at the orders of her brother, Commodus

Studying the weather map at the Air Ministry. This map records reports from observers all over the British Isles, the Continent and ships at sea. The map is changed twice a day

Top, right:
" A depression is moving eastwards from the Atlantic." Ships at sea send daily weather reports to Adastral House. An Atlantic liner encountering rough weather on the way to New York

A pilot getting ready for a high - altitude flight. He is wearing an electrically heated suit and equipped with various instruments and knee-pad for recording his observations on the weather

Weather *while* You Wait

ON the top floor of the Air Ministry in Kingsway, there is a staff of men who spend their days poring over a chart, which extends from Newfoundland to Central Russia, and from Spitzbergen, in the Arctic, to North Africa, in order that Britain can have its daily weather report.

They spend their time covering the chart with tiny figures showing barometer readings, wind direction and forces, the amount, form and height of clouds, and all sorts of other details which, to the man in the street, are merely "highly scientific stuff," but which, in effect to him, mean that he may know what weather to expect, whether he is journeying by air or sea, or merely contemplating a game of golf on the morrow.

These figures are plotted on to the chart from weather reports, which pour into the office by telephone, telegram, and wireless. And you can follow the progress of a depression on this chart, like that of an advancing army demarcated by flags on a war map.

Forty stations alone in the British Isles are constantly serving weather reports, while others are coming in from Germany, France, Russia, from ships at sea in the Atlantic Ocean, and from British "weather pilots," who at dawn ascend to a height of 26,000 feet to take readings of the upper atmosphere.

The main observations are taken at British stations at 1 a.m., 7 a.m., 1 p.m., and 6 p.m., but various intermediate observations are taken in addition. They include barometer readings at the region reporting, temperature, visibility, and the amount of cloud.

The whole chart has to be studied within the wide geographical limits stated before the weather forecast is made. And meteorologists will tell you that, as weather moves quickly north, south, east and west, this is absolutely necessary.

Actually there is only one Professor of Meteorology in the whole of England, but numerous meteorologists, who attain their qualifications by a post-graduate course, and are mainly Ministry officials. It is these men who are the "weather prophets."

A science as yet almost in its infancy, it is of invaluable assistance to both sea- and air-craft. To-day the weather for the whole of the Atlantic Ocean, from Ireland to America, can be forecasted fairly accurately for a period of twenty-four hours. At present weather forecasts are made only for this period,

(Below)
BROADCASTING *a weather report to an air pilot from the wireless room at Adastral House*

READING *the figures plotted on the charts from which a forecast of the weather is compiled*

The story behind the Meteorological office at the Air Ministry, where weather observations are received from such wide limits as the Arctic Ocean to North Africa, and from "weather pilots," who ascend five miles into the air to gain information for the daily weather report

By Jerome Willis

TAKING *a reading from a special wind recording instrument at Adastral House*

with a further outlook in general. A proper knowledge of weather must depend, not only on surface observations taken at the four points of the compass, but also on information regarding the structure and properties of the air to heights of three to five miles or more. Thus the higher air pilots are able to reach to gain this information the more accurately can weather forecasts be made.

Observations are, however, regularly made in England, Germany and France at five miles up in the air. In England this job is carried out by the "weather pilots" of the Royal Air Force, who ascend at dawn every morning, winter and summer, from Duxford aerodrome, Cambridge, to take readings of the upper atmosphere.

Their job is the coldest and one of the most thrilling jobs in the world. The "Met. Flight," as it is called, was started over ten years ago by Lord Trenchard, then Air Vice-Marshal, and the information obtained is telephoned daily to the Meteorological Office of the Air Ministry.

Although the weather on the earth's surface is not the same as in the upper air, the upper-air conditions are generally an indication of what may be expected below. The wind and temperature vary every thousand feet or so, and careful records have to be made by the pilot during his flight, of each variation. Height, of course, is the main consideration; the airmen often finish their flight miles away from their base, hopelessly lost.

It is so cold on these flights that it is necessary to wear electrically-heated clothing. A weather pilot told me that he often had to turn on extra heat to thaw the hoar frost on his goggles, otherwise his vision would have been impeded, thus adding to the general discomfort. Ice forms, too, in the oxygen mask, and on the propeller.

The "weather" flight is carried out in an ordinary single-seater "fighter" minus its war equipment, meteorological instruments being substituted. These instruments comprise an aneroid, which indicates the pressure of the air at different altitudes; a psychrometer, which records temperature and the humidity of the atmosphere; a gauge showing the pressure of the oxygen supplied to the pilot, and a control for *(Continued on page 97)*

LIVING WITH

By Winifred Lewis

THE Chinese are a very delightful people. Their philosophy is as old as creation and, in a world of modern materialism, it has a divine subtlety.

"If you have two loaves, sell one and buy a lily," they say; and whoever quarrels with this is a person to be pitied for that the joy of living is only half revealed to him.

To have been born with—or to have cultivated—a love of artistic things is to have opened up a well-spring of joy and a source of happiness which is comparatively free of access.

It would be absurd to regret that we cannot all surround ourselves with treasures of Art when we can invest the humblest of our possessions with beauty.

Money really has very little to do with it. Again, the Chinese show their great wisdom in insisting that simplicity is the keynote of all art. Offer him a bouquet and the Chinese selects a single flower, and in doing so he makes a faultless choice.

Women have always expressed their love of beauty in their homes, and it is doubtful if it were ever easier to indulge a taste for beauty than now.

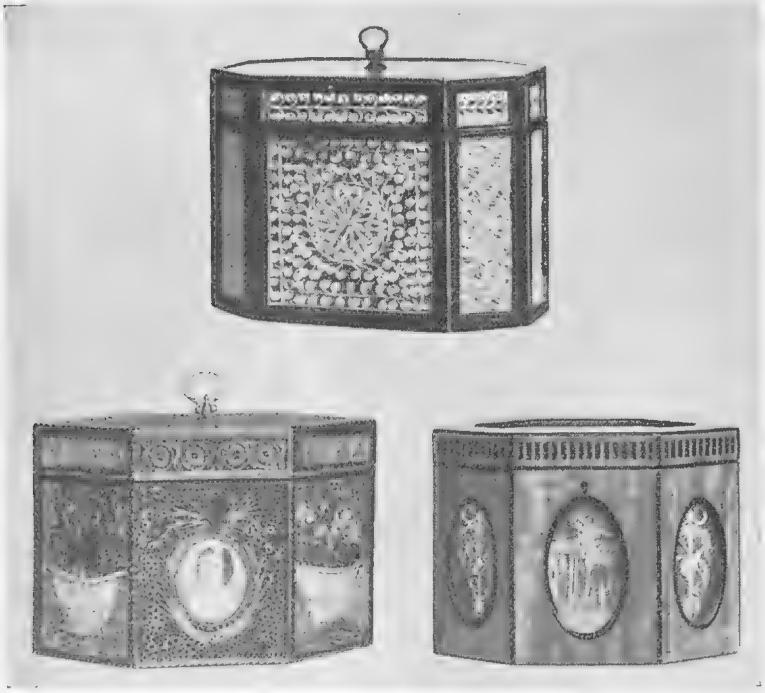
Reproductions have brought the glory of all the world's greatest achievements in art into common use. Apathy is now the only excuse for the lack of beauty in the adornment of the home.

In my own home I rejoice in the possession of one of the world's finest paintings, the head of a girl by the Dutch Master, Vermeer. She is my companion and ideal. Her presence is a comfort and her serenity a source of inspiration I should find it hard to name.

It is doubtful if money could buy the original of my lady. I bought her for two guineas, and her value to me is beyond price.

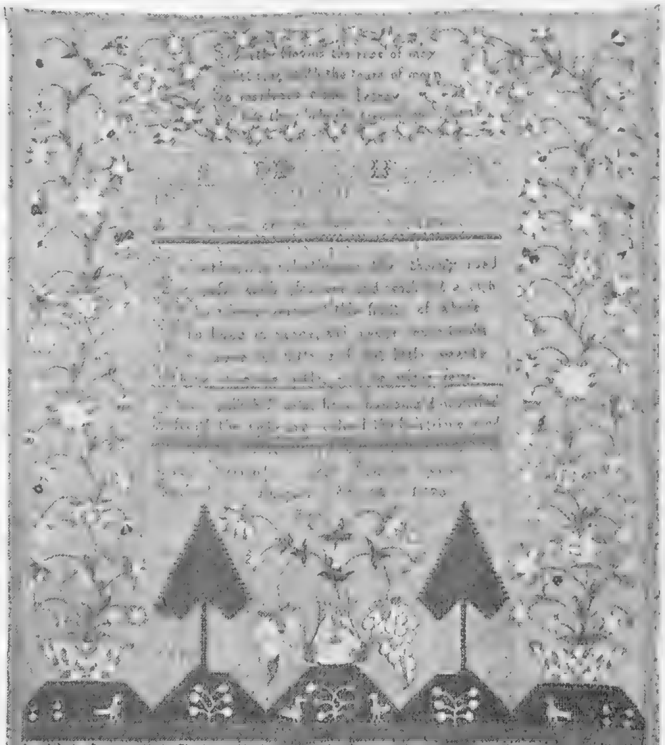
And so it is with other things. Fine furniture, even fine architecture, are reproduced with a perfection that leaves no room for discontent.

The wonder is that with so much beauty available people are still content to live with unlovely things.



How often, in relation to decorative things, the past lends prestige to the present. In the large picture at the top of the page the influence of fine architecture upon the decorative detail of a room is perfectly expressed

Small things are, indeed, as great a joy as any to the person of discriminating taste and in reproducing the tea caddies of the eighteenth century we make a concession to this fact. Needlework was ever one of beauty's most natural forms of expression and the sampler canvas embroidered with silks seen on the right is an example of some eighteenth century lady's contribution to the cause of beauty in the home



BEAUTIFUL THINGS

To have cultivated a real taste for beauty is to have learnt that one object—even the smallest—having the attributes of true loveliness can invest a whole room with its influence.

I know of one perfect room in which the colouring, the whole distinguished character was built up around one superbly lovely vase.

The background of ivory white was chosen to set off the delicate perfection of its Oriental colouring. It occupies a position in the room which is best suited to its slender shapeliness, and the fabrics used softly emphasise the wonder of its colouring without attempting to outcry them.

A SINGLE piece of furniture of fine form and rare workmanship is sufficient to invest a whole scheme with beauty if other things are chosen and arranged with taste.

A charming bureau, a graceful table, given a position of importance in the room and a background which does justice to its perfections, will dominate a scheme—that is, of course, if other furnishings are simple.

The important thing to remember in attempting to make one beautiful thing the nucleus of a scheme is that simplicity will enhance its beauty more effectively than any attempt at elaborate display.

If you have only one lovely piece of furniture, set it apart. Give it space, concentrate every other detail of the room into relationship.

Fine form and rare colouring hardly ever need assistance from extraneous things; that is why a room can be almost bare and still be beautiful if the few objects displayed in it are of genuine artistic worth.

Sooner than fill a house with a number of objects chosen in haste, the person who has a real feeling for beauty will collect furniture and decorative objects patiently and with infinite care. It will be of little importance that the house is only sparsely furnished in the beginning so long as the empty spaces are reserved for pieces that will be a source of joy and inspiration for evermore.

The Chinese porcelain flask, above, is sufficiently lovely in itself to inspire an entire scheme of decoration. The embroidered silk panel above it is in colouring, execution and design a work of art that requires no explanation

The interior on the left which we produce with the kind permission of the Victoria and Albert Museum expresses all that is traditionally fine and dignified in interior decoration. From the exquisite detail of the carved Adam's mantel to the perfect blending of colour in the Persian rug, the scene is one of beauty

FROM ONE

Wide doors between rooms give many opportunities for picturesque glimpses, and the furniture can be so arranged that it forms a pleasing picture with the doorway as a frame

Sliding doors between rooms are invaluable for the ease with which several rooms may be thrown into one, and the vista is continued by the lay-out of the garden

AMONG Sir Christopher Wren's plans for rebuilding London after the Great Fire, there were many noble avenues and fine streets forming architectural vistas, with, in each case, some fine architectural monument, such as a church or a public building, at the far end.

This idea that every vista should be closed by an architectural feature of the greatest nobility is now one of the accepted principles of town-planning. And although Wren's dream of an ideal London was never translated into fact, there are many opportunities, on a smaller scale, for expressing this idea of a vista leading to something really worth while in the home itself.

The hard-and-fast distinction between various rooms is much less in evidence in the modern home than it used to be.

We have many kinds of dual-purpose room, from the sitting-room-dining-room and hall-lounge to the boudoir-bedroom. We furnish alcoves and bays for uses different from those obtaining in the larger interiors they adjoin. And where rooms are still separate, we favour wide sliding or folding doors, so that two rooms may easily be used as one.

All this tends to make us more conscious of the vistas which exist within the home itself and which, even in the smallest house or flat, are capable of very charming effects.

In planning the furnishing and decoration of our homes, it is therefore necessary nowadays to think of the various rooms not as separate and self-contained units, but as components of a decorative whole.

To some extent the planning of effective vistas is the duty of your architect. Where there is a long view, he should provide that the eye is led to rest on an important feature, a fireplace, door, window, or some built-in furniture. But where there are no structural features you may complete the vista by placing a dignified and fairly important piece of furniture at each end of the architectural avenue.

In many houses there are delightful archways which serve to mark off one part of the house from another. Sometimes there may be an arch between the lounge and dining room, or between the entrance hall and the chief living room. An excellent position for a comparatively simple arch is on the first-floor landing.

The pointed arch, with its suggestion of other-worldly aspiration, is hardly ever seen in domestic architecture, but the rounded arch, with its urbane charm, expresses comfort and a contented outlook.

In houses where an architectural feature of this kind exists, the whole of the furniture should be arranged so that each room forms a perfect artistic composition when looked at with the archway as a frame.

At the far end of each room, there should be an architectural feature or a piece of furniture of comparative importance. This provides the central focus-point of the picture, or the culmination of the vista.

This, undoubtedly, is one of the surest ways of getting dignity and artistic coherence into the home.

Moreover, in a house of comparatively modest size an impression of considerably greater spaciousness is created, because the box-like sub-division of the various rooms is, to a large of extent, annihilated.

SIMILAR effects are obtainable even in houses where rounded arches are absent, and where the ways between rooms are the rectangular or column-and-lintel type.

True, the rectangular aperture may lack something of the graciousness of the arch, but the rectangle is often necessitated nowadays by modern methods of construction, the use of steel joists or reinforced concrete architraves. With a house of this kind, nevertheless, you can still decorate and furnish so that the alluring vista and the cogent termination are created.

When the furnishing and decoration of your home have been especially planned to provide the most effective vistas

ROOM TO ANOTHER

By G. Baseden Butt

Modern methods of artificial heating are now so efficient that there is no longer need to seal the windows and keep all the doors tightly shut, even in the worst of seasons, in order to maintain a comfortable temperature.

It is by no means uncommon for the modern house of moderate size to be planned with its principal living rooms in a line. First the sitting-room; then, in the centre, the lounge-hall; and then the dining-room, the kitchen being to one side of this last room, the general plan of the house being L-shaped. This arrangement is ideal for contriving really effective vistas.

If wide sliding or folding doors are installed between the various rooms, you have a clear view, when the doors are opened, from one end of the sitting-room to the opposite end of the dining-room. Perhaps at one end there may be French doors giving on to the terrace or the garden.

There is no reason why an interior vista should necessarily terminate with the house. If the French doors are appropriately placed, the design should be carried on by the layout of the garden.

From this point of view it is sometimes possible to effect a very real improvement by making judicious alterations to the garden rather than to the house.

The laying of new paths need be neither difficult nor costly. Often the arrangement which gives the best vista from indoors is also the best from a practical gardening standpoint.

When the garden walks continue the lines of a vista which exists within the house, the ideal arrangement is for the pathway to lead to a garden seat, a summer-house, or a decorative feature such as a sundial or a formal lily-pond and fountain. This feature, once again, provides a satisfactory ending.

A handsome period dining-room has its dignity enhanced when seen through this archway. The furniture is for the most part in William and Mary style

possible, the practical and æsthetic advantages are perhaps enjoyed most intensely during the spring and summer months.

There is then every incentive not only to throw open French doors and windows, but to keep the doors between rooms open too.

The house is thus always cool and airy. You move from room to room with greater freedom, and from every point the furnishing and architectural ensemble form an artistic composition.

But even in the winter it should be quite possible to keep open the doors between rooms if the house has been well planned. It is only in a badly planned house, in which the doors are wrongly placed or too numerous, that draughts are liable to be caused.

Even in a small cottage many a delightful view is possible if the furniture is arranged to the best advantage. This picture shows the corner of a cottage bedroom from the first floor landing. Incidentally, the walls and ceiling here are pale buff and the staircase balustrade is painted black and red

(Oliver Law, A.R.I.BA.)

A bathroom treated as an alcove adjoining the principal bedroom. The bath is partly sunk and the surrounding walls are lined with mauve tiles. The walls are in old gold water paint and the alcove is screened with curtains of wine red and gold damask lined on the bathroom side with waterproof material

(H. W. Parnacott, A.R.I.B.A.)

BOOKS:

Reviewed by
Arnold Palmer

Sunlight and Limelight

RICHARD OKE, *author of "The Boy from Apulia," a study of Barbarossa's grandson, Frederick II, the salient character of the first half of the XIIIth century*

THE publication of *Oil Paint and Grease Paint* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 21s.) was delayed for a few days. A few days more and the author, Dame Laura Knight, would have been described on the dust-cover as R.A., and not A.R.A. But there would have been no change in the book itself; because, though her art and her reputation have never been stationary Laura Knight has remained, throughout, her same self. A quotation from the last chapter but one will illustrate how much there is in her yet of the little girl who starved and fought and froze in Nottingham years ago. She goes annually to the Malvern Theatrical Festival, and " one year Hugh Walpole sat next to me at table; for two meals I managed to exist in the rarefied atmosphere of intelligent conversation; then, being able to bear pretence no longer, I said, 'I have never read anything, I don't know anything, and I am sick of pretending, so let's start all over again.' "

All painters, perforce, observe light. Laura Knight likes it, as she likes everything, strong. Sunlight, limelight, naphthalight, she has followed them all; and if she has painted a few grey days, it is because she lives in England; and if she has painted circus horses in the greenish-yellow light of their stable-tent, it is because, with her appetite for work, she had to do something in the mornings before the show started. All her pictures, the least successful as well as the most, reveal her determination, her energy, her zest for living; and these are the qualities which distinguish her autobiography. Painters always write well, far better than musicians, for descriptive prose is more nearly concerned with the projection of visible phenomena than with rhythm. Mrs. Knight is no exception, and her book is full of vivid phrases. Somewhere, for instance, she mentions the living-room of a French farmhouse, where " early in the morning the Venetian shutters drawn to keep out the sun tinged the interior with green, as under water." There are scores of similarly effective images.

SHE is one of the few living artists to study the anatomy of the horse. Mr. Lowes D. Luard is another, and his book, *The Horse: Its Action and Anatomy* (Faber and Faber, 15s.) will interest all owners, trainers and riders of horses. Written from the point of view of an artist, and not a veterinary surgeon, it is a treatise on the mechanism of the action of the horse rather than a complete anatomical guide. It will be, to the ordinary reader, none the less attractive on that account, even though it advances no theories (such as may be found in Major-Gen. Sir John Hills' well-known work) as to where swiftness lies. There are 80 illustrations, twelve of them coloured.

The horsey Mr. Luard is not interested in spotting winners, whereas M. Ambroise Vollard, who gives no sign of knowing one end of a horse from the other, has long lived by it. Monsieur Vollard's winners have been painters. He was one of the first dealers to buy Renoirs, Cézannes, Rouaults, Bonnards, and Picassos; and if he does not tell us of the pictures which he bought cheap and is still trying to sell cheaper—well, perhaps he has never guessed wrong, and so there aren't any. His *Recollections of a Picture Dealer* (Constable, 18s.) is the most pleasant and readable of books. It greets the world in English, not having yet appeared in any other language, even French, and there are times when one wonders, so chatty and untechnical are its pages, whether it has not been written, or written down, for Anglo-Saxon readers only.

Fashions in Monarchs

MISS EDITH SITWELL

"Victoria of England":
by Edith Sitwell
(Faber and Faber, 15s.)

LYTTON STRACHEY, Mr. Philip Guedalla, Mr. "Dodo" Benson, and now Miss Edith Sitwell—who can doubt any longer that, in the smartest set of our historical biographers, one simply must to-day be Osborne-minded? Those erstwhile favourites, Henry VIII, Elizabeth, and George IV, all are dead, dead as last year's modes and far deader than Queen Anne. Only Queen Victoria is fashionable; more, she is (and how she would have despised the notion!) positively *chic*. Meanwhile her Royal Son, waiting in the wings, draws presumably nearer to his cue. The Moving Finger, with its fountain pen, will soon be beckoning him " on." He, of course, was proud of his *chic*. What, then, will they do with him, these silver-chimed biographers? We may well wonder; but you and I, assured that the seventh Edward will be cast for some unlooked-for rôle, and made up to defy detection, don't have to worry.

ACTUALLY, Miss Sitwell makes no very original contribution to either our knowledge or to the current estimate of the great queen, but from the recognised authorities she has composed a highly readable story of the reign. The setting is particularly well rendered; the central portrait, good as far as it goes, may strike some readers of the Letters as not going, in several respects, far enough. But if sometimes overwritten in an oddly amateurish manner (" Outside, the shadows running over the grass seemed like children dressed in mourning for someone they had never known, playing some game they had learned in far-off gardens. In a little while those shadows would grow graver, deeper, and colder, and would speak to her in their unknown tongue of the secrets that would soon be hers" —whom does Miss Sitwell hope to impress by repeated passages of this sort?) the book is for the most part direct and vivid and, in the chapter on the wage-slaves, moving.

For so well produced a volume, fifteen shillings is not out of the way.

M. AMBROISE VOLLARD, whose "Recollections of a Picture Dealer" is the most pleasant and readable of books. It contains any number of good stories and some surprising ones

DAME LAURA KNIGHT, D.B.E., R.A., author of "Oil Paint and Grease Paint." Painters always write well, and Mrs. Knight is no exception to the rule. Her book is full of vivid phrases

The famous Parisian dealer never tells us just why he bought Degas and Gaugin when the other dealers were refusing to touch their works. That was forty years ago. We can all see, now, why he bought them; but they must have looked very different then. It is all very well to tell us how, the first time he saw a Cézanne (it was in the window of a colour shop in the rue Clauzel) he longed to go in and buy it; but it isn't quite enough. There is plenty of evidence that, at that time, even the most enthusiastic amateurs of painting were puzzled by Cézanne. Was Monsieur Vollard really unconscious of any difficulty whatever? Was he forty, or even fourteen, years ahead of the best of his fellows?

But though I regret that Monsieur Vollard, with all the knowledge at his disposal, should have written quite so popular a book, I must hasten to add that I have found his reminiscences highly enjoyable. He has any number of good stories, and some surprising ones. Cézanne, being a slow worker, and exasperated by the impossibility of keeping flowers fresh, used artificial ones for his still lifes. Renoir couldn't imagine why anyone read Flaubert when they could read Dumas. But best of all I like the reply of Rouault when the author met him burdened with files, rasps, burnishers and emery paper. "What's all that for? Etchings? Aquatints?" "I don't know what they will be called. They give me a copperplate. I just dig into it. . . ."

TO turn from oil paint to grease paint, from canvas in a gilt frame to canvas framed by the proscenium arch gives me no trouble at all. I am merely changing one pleasure for another. The real difference between Sir George Arthur's *From Phelps to Gielgud* (Chapman and Hall, 15s.) and the volumes previously mentioned consists no more in subject than in approach. Dame Laura, Mr. Luard, Monsieur Vollard are all professionals. Sir George is an amateur—of the theatre. For 65 years he has seen almost every important production in Paris and London, and he has seen them from the front. Indeed, it seems safe to guess that he has always paid for his seat and his programme; if so, he has a right to speak. He does not abuse that right, for he speaks almost always of his pleasures, seldom of his disappointments. Not an important work, his book will give sentimental but deep delight to all old playgoers. Even if I find myself in frequent disagreement with him, I enjoy the silent controversy, for the temper of his book is perfect. (*Cont. on p.* 108)

New Novels

"The Exile": *by Pearl S. Buck*

(Methuen, 7s. 6d.)

THE story of an American woman who, marrying a missionary, goes with him to China and slowly learns, under the influence of that country, that she has mistaken her vocation.

"Run of a Comedy": *by Paul Dornhurst*

(Stanley Smith, 7s. 6d.)

WRITTEN by an actor, this story of stage life is realistic, modern, and clever, though the author's apparent unawareness of his hero's complacent egotism seems to argue a certain insensitiveness. But it may be truer, as well as safer, to say that Mr. Dornhurst has drawn a faithful portrait of an actor.

"A Daughter of Satan": *Anonymous*

(Newnes, 7s. 6d.)

AN old-fashioned melodrama, all about gipsies and beautiful temptresses. The publishers claim, already, that it is the worst book of 1936, but they are probably optimistic.

"Three Sisters Flew Home": *by Mary Fitt*

(Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 7s. 6d.)

A "CLASSY" thriller. But the attempt to create an atmosphere of horror and suspense is too elaborate and defeats its object.

"Hell's Bells": *by Marmaduke Dixey*

(Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.)

THIS novel begins with extreme brilliance, but presently either its sparkle or our spirits fade. Mr. Dixey's clean, stinging, incisive prose would surely be better suited to the short story.

"The Wheel Spins": *by Ethel Lina White* (Collins, 7s. 6d.)

MISS WHITE'S story of a mystery in a Continental express is ingeniously constructed and admirably told. In the earlier chapters she shows that she possesses a light touch and a detached attitude, and when uncomfortable things begin to happen she proves extremely skilful at creating and working up suspense.

"The Thirteenth Guest": *by S. W. Powell*

(Selwyn and Blount, 7s. 6d.)

COMING from the same pen as *Autobiography of a Rascal*, this story of a Bloomsbury boarding-house falls a little short of expectations. It is carefully composed, conscientiously written, and easy enough to read; but what has happened to the zest that distinguished the *Autobiography*?

"And Berry Came Too": *by Dornford Yates*

(Ward Lock, 7s. 6d.)

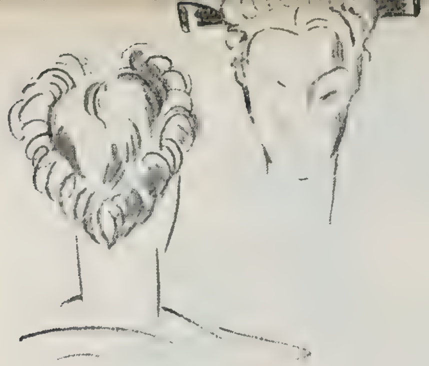
EIGHT stories about a group of bright young things, told in Mr. Yates's familiar manner.

MISS ETHEL LINA WHITE

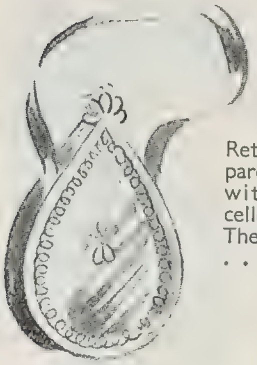
Spring Fashions From Paris

By Jean Burnup

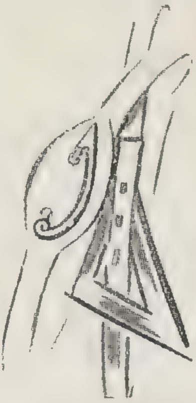
Editor, Woman's Department



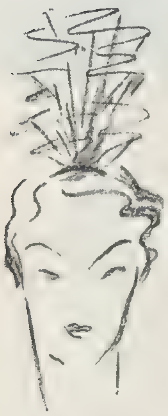
The Margot, heart-shaped coiffure. For evening, little fans, worn Japanese style... . Lanvin



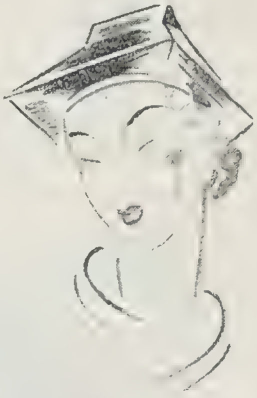
Reticule-like transparent evening bag, with decorated cellophane sides. The rest of red silk. . . . Schiaparelli



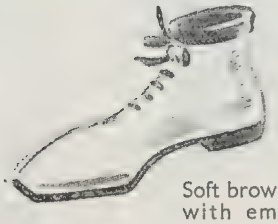
Suede belt fastened with huge gold safety pin. . . . Patou



Black tulle evening headdress. . . . Molyneux



Pagoda beret . . . . Bruyère



Soft brown sports boots with emerald ankle roll, kid laces, sole and heel . . . Jodelle

Sleeves

All Paris designers think like one about sleeves. Practically every sleeve at the Collections is broad, high and hunchy at the shoulders. We are thankful, because broadened shoulders pretend our hips are narrow. Coat sleeves are set in with shirring, a few pleats, or shaped seams. Dress sleeves have general top fullness, or run to a point above each shoulder.

Many encroach into the bodice area, making a pinched chest. In some cases, the material is drawn across the chest through raglan-like bands, and continues as draped top sleeves (see Lucile Paray's blue and white print on page 58).

The favoured lengths are just above or just below the elbows.

Hearts

Margot, play of the moment in Paris, gives us the heart-shaped hairdressing you see on this page. Its heart-shaped bodices and club-patterned materials evidently started trains of thought.

Schiaparelli went on to think about valentines. She shows hat brims and buttonholes with doyley-like edges. Her prints are patterned with love letters. Jackets pointed at the front, Eton-like at the back, show further development of the heart feeling.

Skirts

Suit skirts are shorter, about an inch, and very slender and straight. Occasionally there is a rounded slit at each side, sometimes one or two inverted pleats front and back, sometimes a slight widening towards the hem. Afternoon dresses are last year's length, quietly flaring to the hem from a bias cut, or with centre front or centre back fullness controlled by godets or flat gathers.

Jackets

There are four distinct types. The swagger, with swinging back fullness or insets of pleating. The straight box jacket, from bolero to wrist length. The little fitted type, often Eton-boyish. The Classic, nearly always double-breasted. You'll see all silhouettes on the facing page.

Pleating

There are miles and miles of accordion and sun-ray pleats on view. Chiffons are pleated into entire evening gowns. Rochas does exquisite pleated chiffon blouses to wear with afternoon suits, or sets pleated black satin into the sides of a woollen swagger for more swing.

Pleated sections are cunningly set into afternoon and evening dresses, for ease without bulk. Molyneux puts a pleated ruby chiffon evening cape over a white dress. Lanvin makes an all-over pleated silver lamé swagger evening coat.

Prints

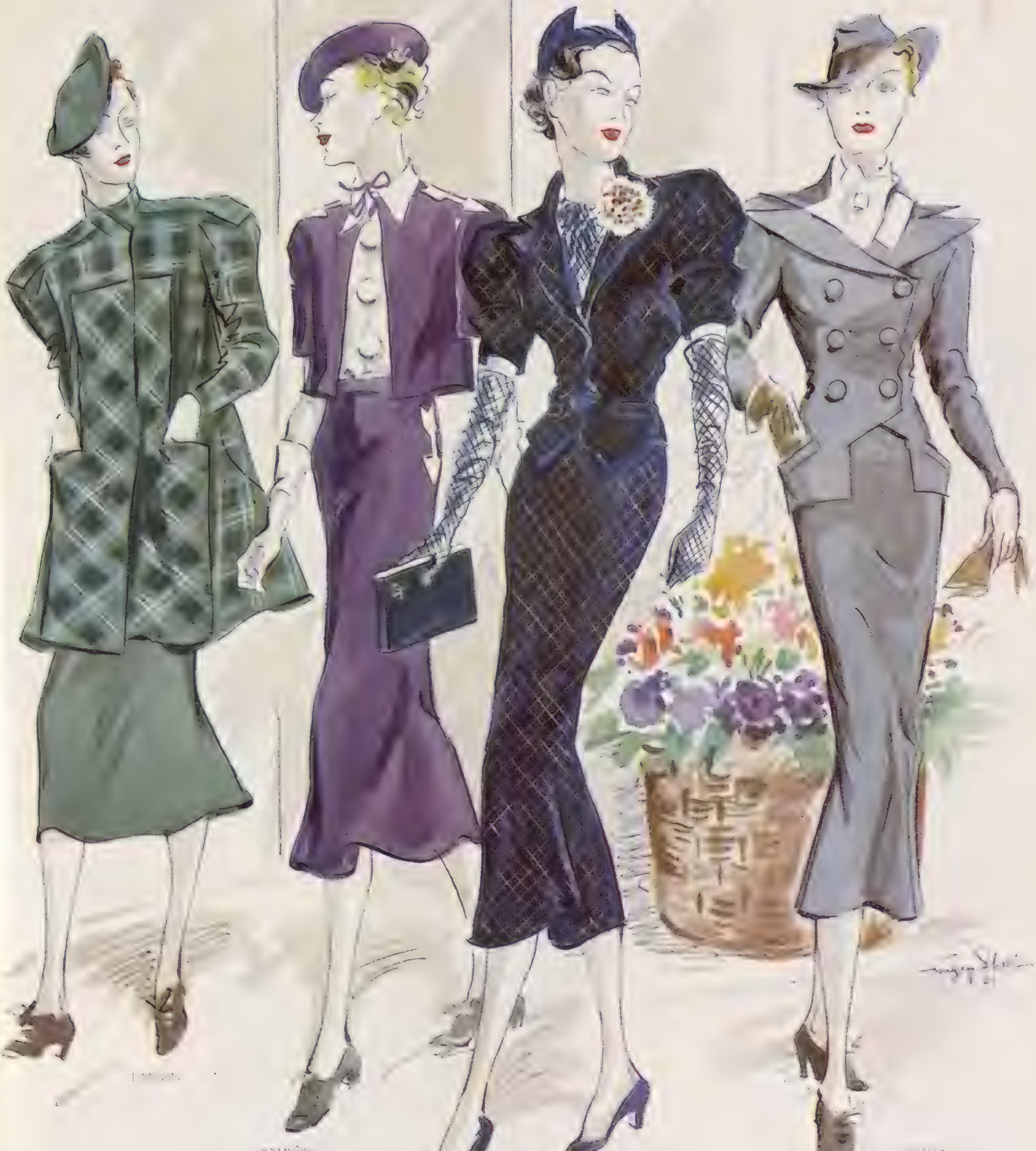
Favourite blossom for flowered prints is the marguerite, but prints have gone further than the garden this year, and don't care about being pretty, so long as they are novel. They have gone up in the air, under the sea, into the country, the jungle, anywhere, everywhere.

So you have peasants and natives, birds, beasts and fish, stamps, love letters, songs and music scattered over plain grounds.

A black silk by Molyneux is carelessly sprinkled with white M's in every type the printer knows. Piglets and rabbits run about afternoon frocks.

(*Continued on page* 141)

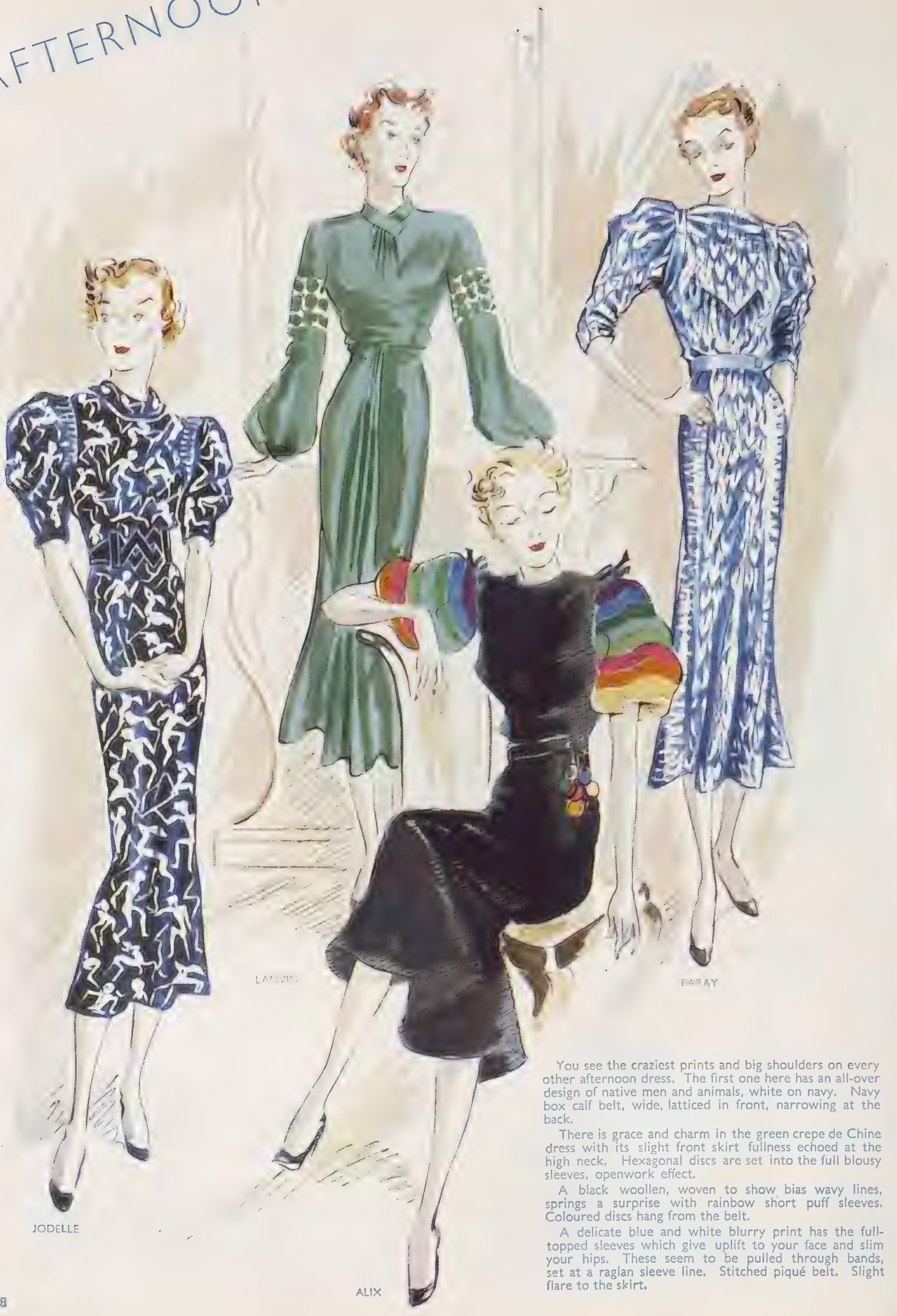
MORNINGS



Take your pick of four lines, all good for town suits. Swagger, Short and Straight, Fitting, with Eton Back, and Classic With A Difference. Skirts, notice, are all shorter.

The eucalyptus green swagger coat has piled shoulders and clever straight and bias use of the plaid. Plain skirt. The violet woollen suit is young, cunning. Large embroidered white woollen arrows decorate shoulders and hips. The blouse is thin white woollen. Next, a saucy little jacket with an Eton boy back, short built up sleeves. Material is navy woollen with a minute gold thread worked diamond-wise. Blouse and gloves are coarse navy net. The buttonhole is many coloured flowers on a small celluloid doiley, like a valentine. New and dashing cut is given to a classic tailored suit by using high, wide revers and cutting a square from the front. Grey woollen, with white at the neck.

AFTERNOONS



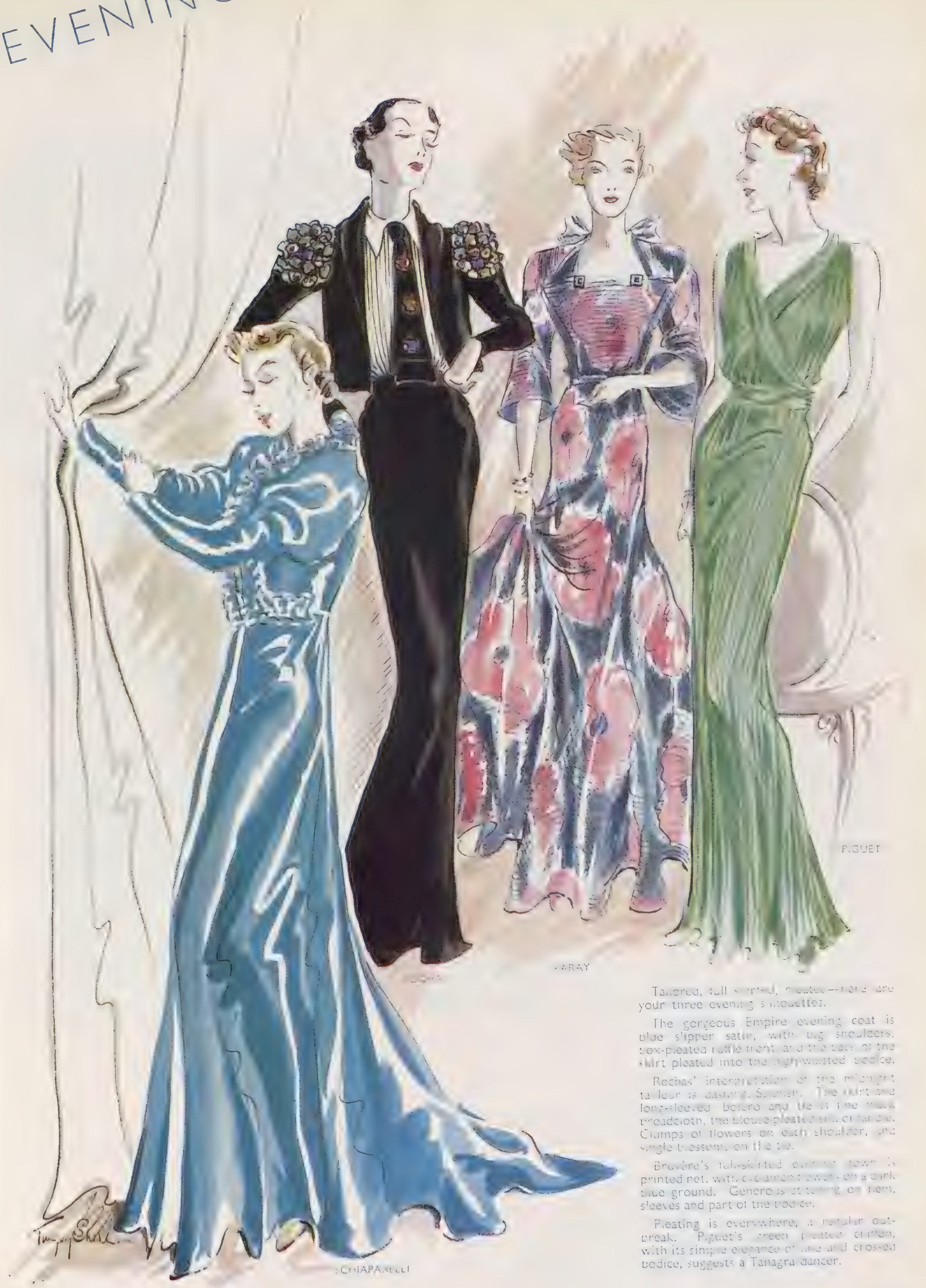
You see the craziest prints and big shoulders on every other afternoon dress. The first one here has an all-over design of native men and animals, white on navy. Navy box calf belt, wide, latticed in front, narrowing at the back.

There is grace and charm in the green crepe de Chine dress with its slight front skirt fullness echoed at the high neck. Hexagonal discs are set into the full blousy sleeves, openwork effect.

A black woollen, woven to show bias wavy lines, springs a surprise with rainbow short puff sleeves. Coloured discs hang from the belt.

A delicate blue and white blurry print has the full-topped sleeves which give uplift to your face and slim your hips. These seem to be pulled through bands, set at a raglan sleeve line. Stitched piqué belt. Slight flare to the skirt.

EVENINGS



Tailored, full skirted, pleated—here are your three evening silhouettes.

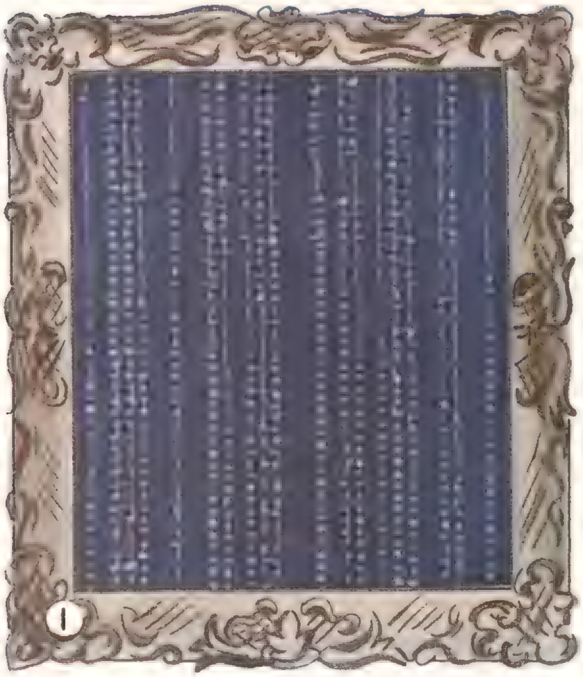
The gorgeous Empire evening coat is blue slipper satin, with big shoulders, box-pleated ruffle front and the back of the skirt pleated into the high-waisted bodice.

Rochas' interpretation of the midnight tailleur is dashing, Spanish. The skirt and long-sleeved bolero and tie is fine black broadcloth, the blouse pleated silk organdie. Clumps of flowers on each shoulder, and single blossoms on the tie.

Bruyère's full-skirted evening gown is printed net, with cyclamen flowers on a dark blue ground. Generous shirring on hem, sleeves and part of the bodice.

Pleating is everywhere, a regular outbreak. Piguet's green pleated chiffon, with its simple elegance of line and crossed bodice, suggests a Tanagra dancer.

SPRING FABRICS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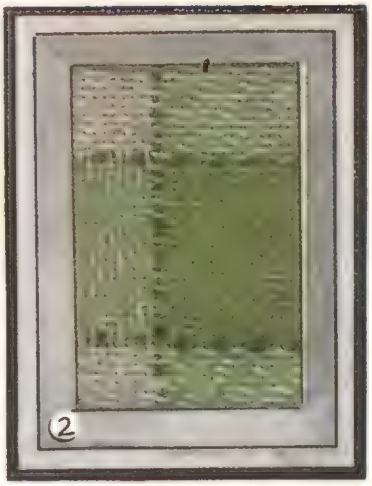
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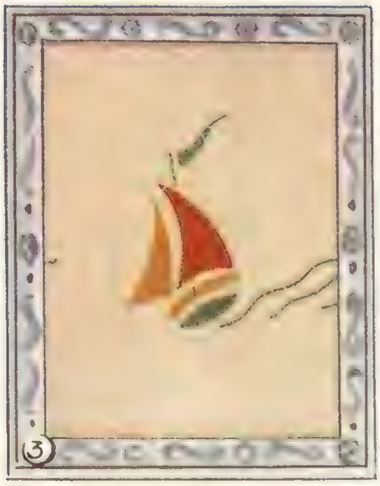
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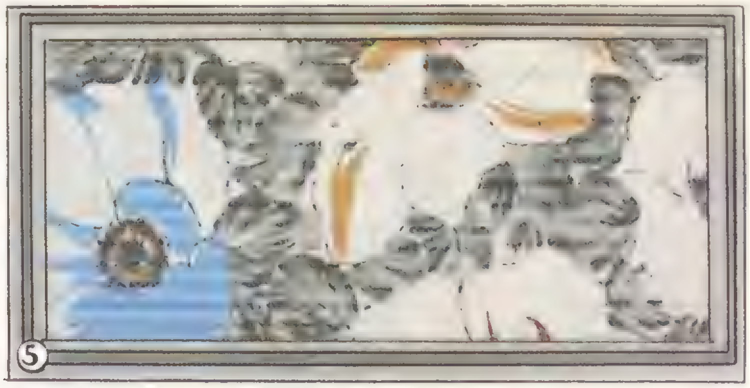
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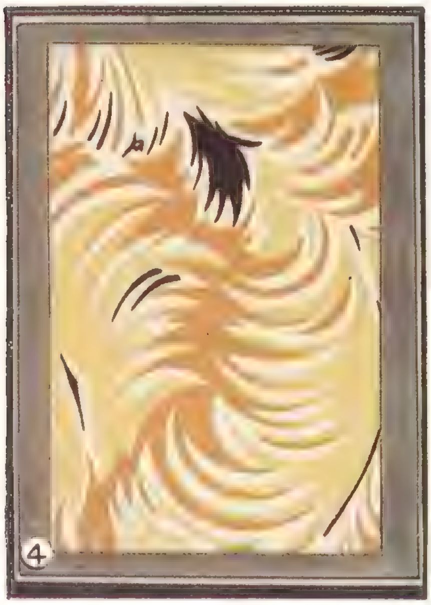
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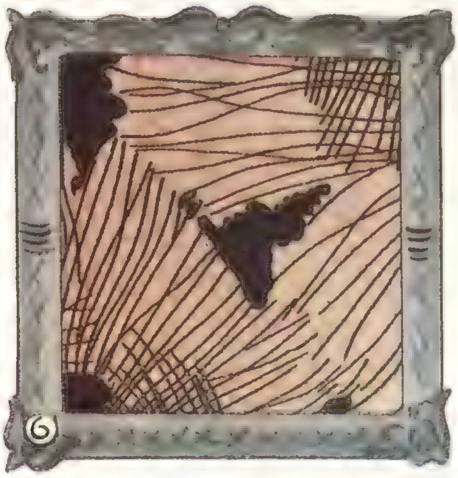
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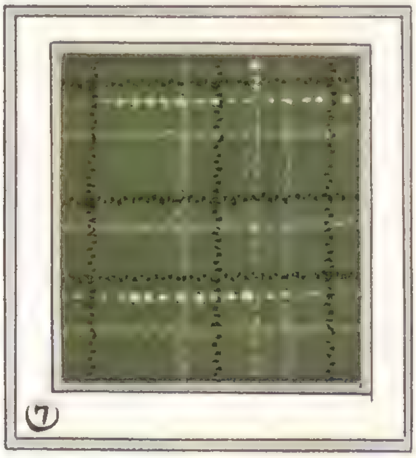

⑦

1. Fine navy woollen with a grey thread making uneven stripes. 4/11 a yard. By Viyella House.

2. Smooth green and grey check tweed. By Courtaulds.

3. A green and red bird and another, smaller boat complete the design of this gay cruising fabric. It is printed Fergoray, looks like linen, doesn't crush, drapes well. 1/11½ a yard. Other background colours. By Ferguson's.

4. The prettiest feather design, printed on crepe satin. Many colours. 3/11 a yard. By British Celanese.

5. One of the attractive new designs in the famous Robia crease-resisting voile. The Robia pattern books are an eye feast. By Tootal.

6. Printed satin, black on pink, making a spiky design. There are many other lovely colour mixtures. 3/11 a yard. By Courtaulds.

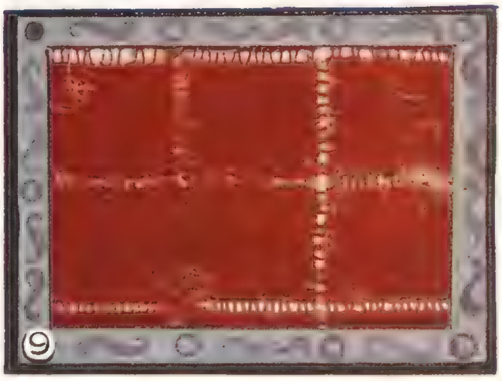
7. Irregularly checked woollen, white, black and grey on a green ground. 4/6 a yard. By Viyella House.

8. Honeycomb crepe, a soft wool-like fabric, perfect for early spring dresses. This grey-green is typical of the other subtle shades in the range. 5/11 a yard. By British Celanese.

9. Buryl Manifyl, Chinese red woollen growing white hairs, evenly checked, with irregular, raised white thread. 29/11 a yard. By Rodier, from Marshall and Snelgrove.

. A rayon dress fabric, printed marocain, with a soft woolly finish. 2/11½ a yard. By Ferguson's.

EXHIBITION



14
15
GUINNESS

11. [illegible] stripe. [illegible] a yard. [illegible]

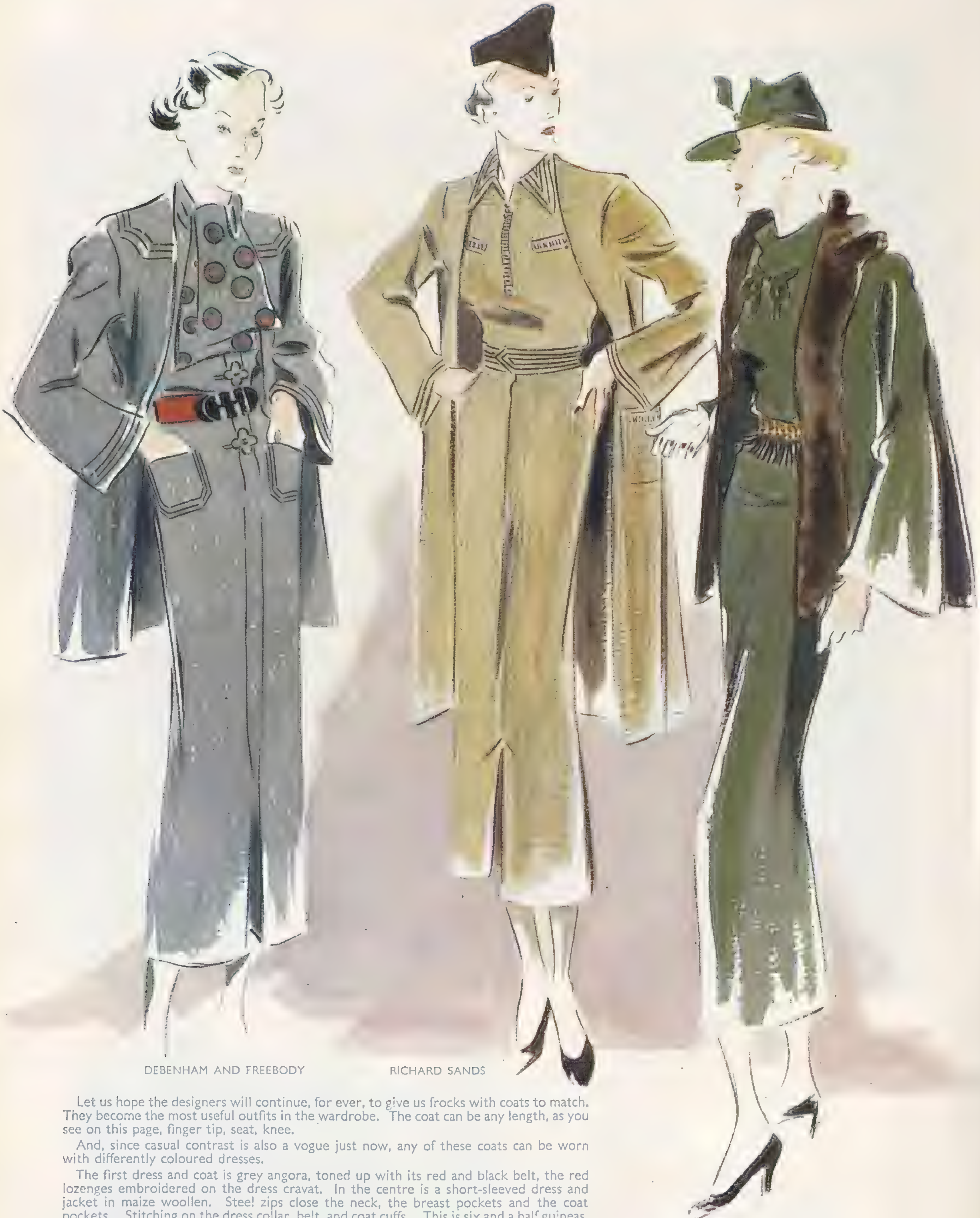
12. Lyons, [illegible] colour, [illegible] thread, [illegible] other [illegible] a yard. [illegible]

13. [illegible] Suiting, [illegible] a yard. By [illegible]

14. [illegible] fabric [illegible] a yard. [illegible]

15. [illegible] a yard. By [illegible]

JACKETS ACCOMPANY FROCKS



DEBENHAM AND FREEBODY

RICHARD SANDS

MARSHALL AND SNELGROVE

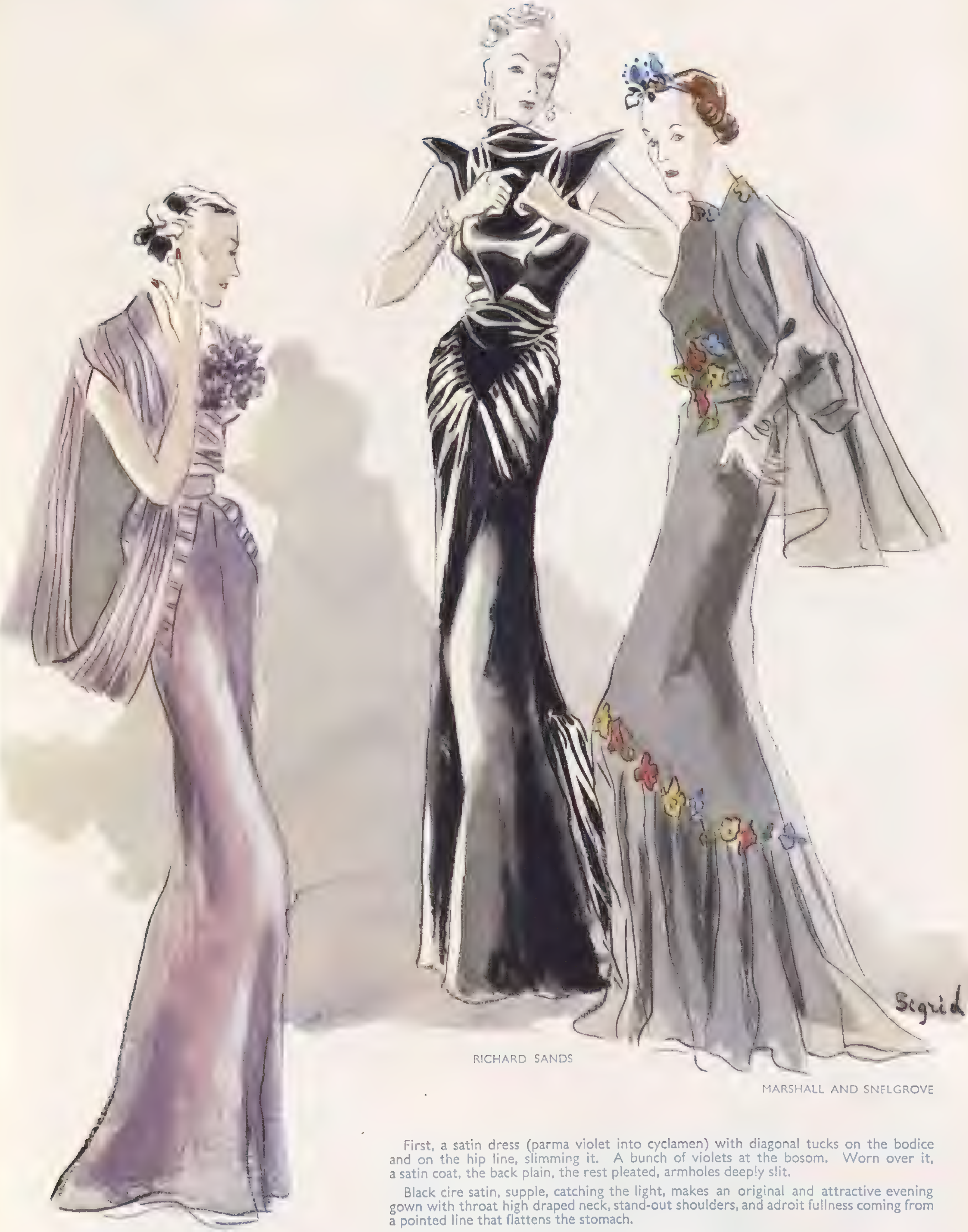
Let us hope the designers will continue, for ever, to give us frocks with coats to match. They become the most useful outfits in the wardrobe. The coat can be any length, as you see on this page, finger tip, seat, knee.

And, since casual contrast is also a vogue just now, any of these coats can be worn with differently coloured dresses.

The first dress and coat is grey angora, toned up with its red and black belt, the red lozenges embroidered on the dress cravat. In the centre is a short-sleeved dress and jacket in maize woollen. Steel zips close the neck, the breast pockets and the coat pockets. Stitching on the dress collar, belt, and coat cuffs. This is six and a half guineas, and can be made in any colour.

Third, a suave, elegant outfit, in reseda green woollen, beaver trimmed. The dress belt is gold lame, with a silken fringe ; the coat sleeves are wide, and its back swings.

DRESSING UP . . .



RICHARD SANDS

MARSHALL AND SNELGROVE

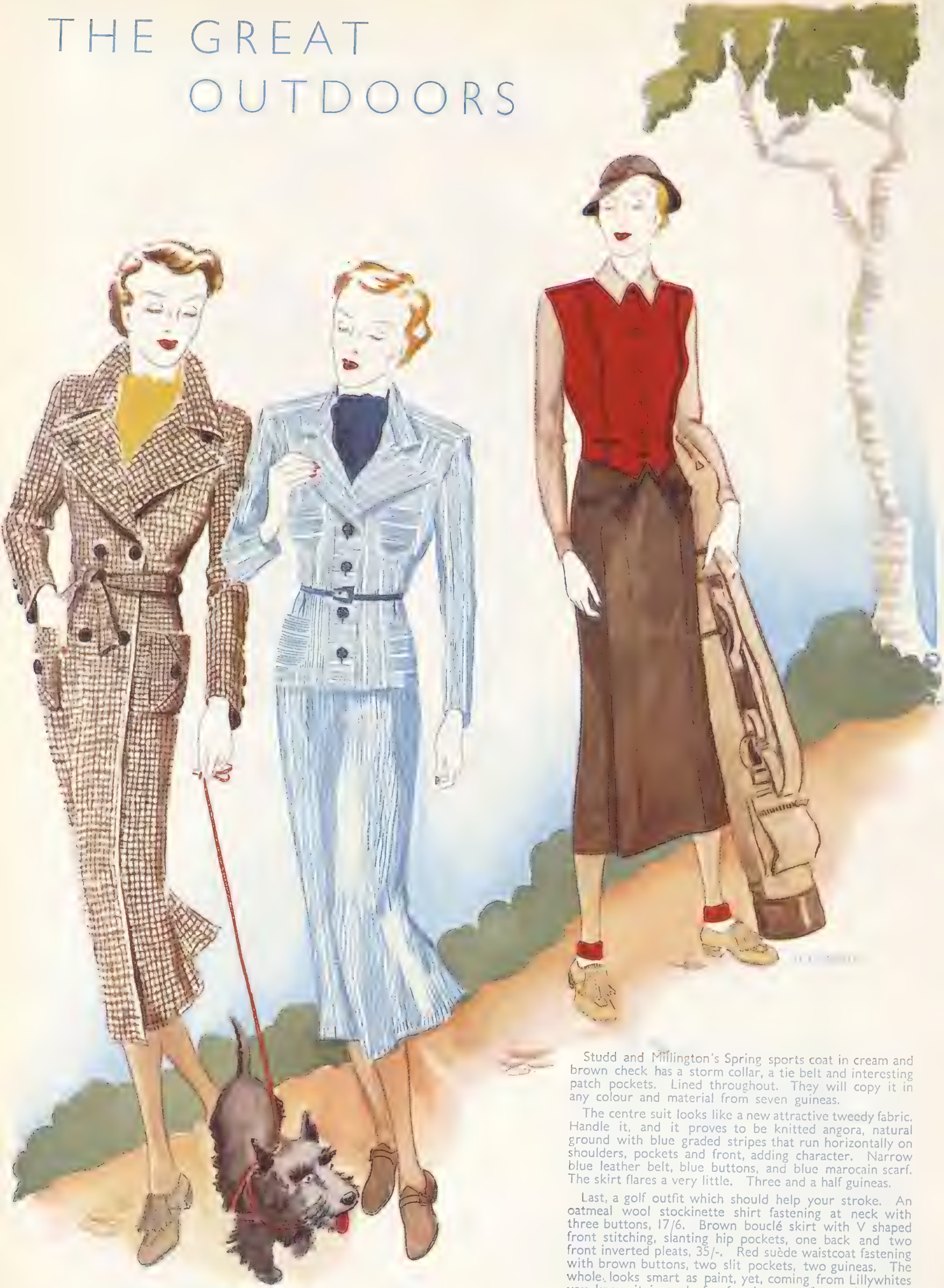
DEBENHAM AND FREEBODY

First, a satin dress (parma violet into cyclamen) with diagonal tucks on the bodice and on the hip line, slimming it. A bunch of violets at the bosom. Worn over it, a satin coat, the back plain, the rest pleated, armholes deeply slit.

Black cire satin, supple, catching the light, makes an original and attractive evening gown with throat high draped neck, stand-out shoulders, and adroit fullness coming from a pointed line that flattens the stomach.

Third, a black chiffon gown over a black slip, high necked in front, slim to the knees, then quietly full, the fullness dipping at back. The coat swings out at the back. The flowers are appliqued.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS



STUDD AND MILLINGTON

FEMINA

Studd and Millington's Spring sports coat in cream and brown check has a storm collar, a tie belt and interesting patch pockets. Lined throughout. They will copy it in any colour and material from seven guineas.

The centre suit looks like a new attractive tweedy fabric. Handle it, and it proves to be knitted angora, natural ground with blue graded stripes that run horizontally on shoulders, pockets and front, adding character. Narrow blue leather belt, blue buttons, and blue marocain scarf. The skirt flares a very little. Three and a half guineas.

Last, a golf outfit which should help your stroke. An oatmeal wool stockinette shirt fastening at neck with three buttons, 17/6. Brown bouclé skirt with V shaped front stitching, slanting hip pockets, one back and two front inverted pleats, 35/-. Red suède waistcoat fastening with brown buttons, two slit pockets, two guineas. The whole looks smart as paint, yet, coming from Lillywhites you know it is made for freedom, comfort and practical golf wear.

Special Mentions From London's Dress Shows

Henry Bridburg—Two or three beautifully built classic tailor-mades. (Women who, rightly, wear a good deal of tailored suits know that Bridburg cutting and fitting, and, ultimately, wearing, is something to gloat over.) An ermine three-quarter length summer evening coat to glorify anyone. A black heavy silk dinner dress with a short high-shouldered pale pink tailored evening coat.

Digby Morton—Lovely, unusual colours and colour combinations like crushed grape with bright green, rusty brick red used with oatmeal, creamy yellow and mauve, gunmetal blue with grey and mauve, purple with red and mauve.

Short jackets, waist fitting with series of tucks. Loose jackets with wide sleeves, turn back cuffs of contrasting colour. Very full backed three-quarter coats in plain woollens, lined with bright-coloured plaids. Day skirts, short, fitting close. Any fullness coming below knees in knife pleats or one inverted pleat.

Suede and checked or striped woollen waistcoats to suits. One woollen jumper with a jabot of coloured ribbons at high neck. One cocktail suit, the coat and skirt in silver lamé, woven with black, the blouse red chiffon velvet, buttoning high at the back of the neck, then split to the waist.

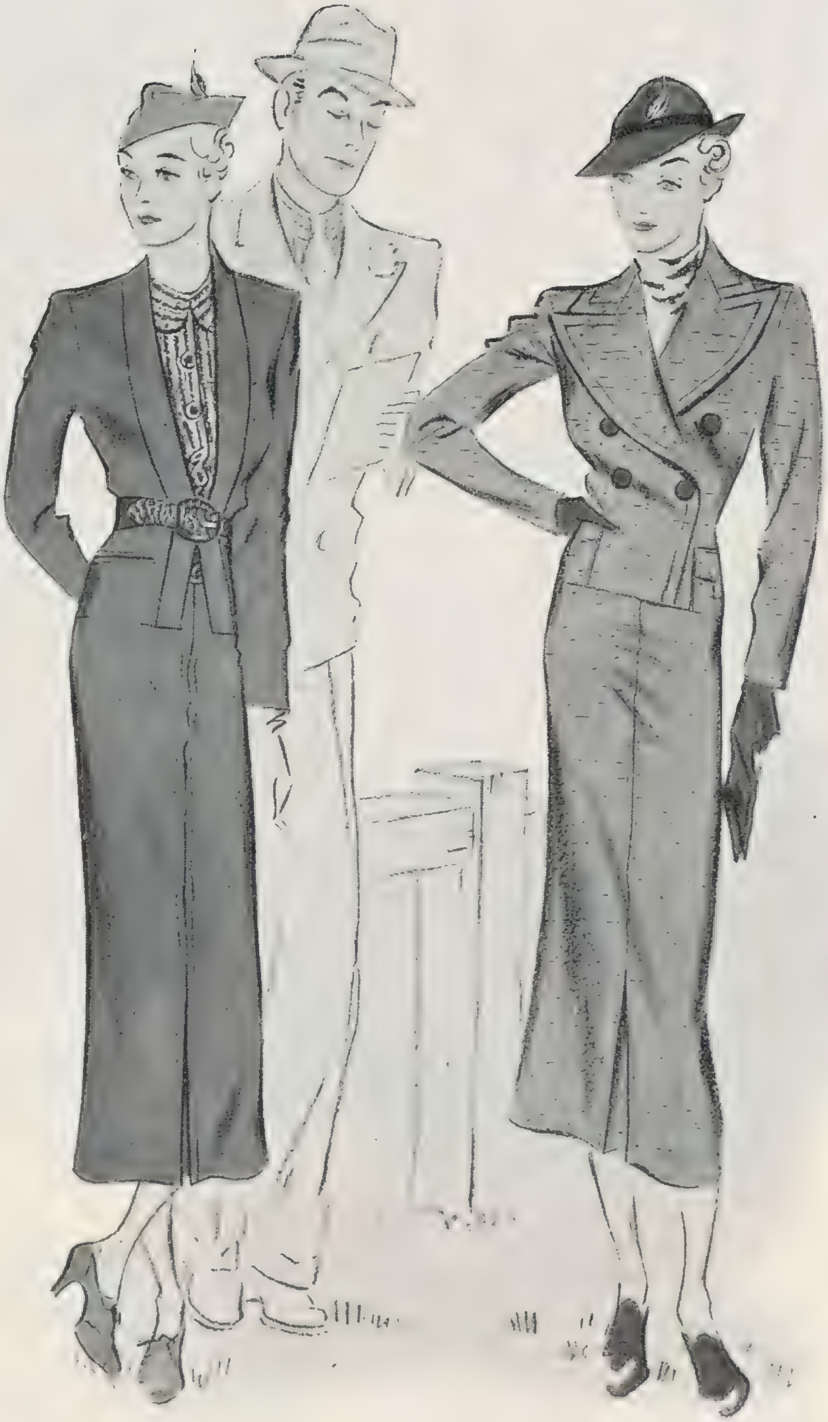
Peter Russell—A white box cloth jacket like a bus-driver's coat, black stitched with black seal trimming down front, lined with black taffeta. A black wool lace jacket with black taffeta lining. Gloves of the same material as dresses. Bracelets and necklets of same fabric or trims of dresses and coats.

A black day dress with little white frills showing beneath the hem. Woollen and silken day skirts, short, straight looking, but actually bias cut, so giving to the figure. At the hem there is a series of slits with pleated inlet godets of georgette. Effect is of tiny pleats all round edge of skirt. Fetching, and obviously a development of this designer's taffeta-petticoat-beneath-each-dress idea. First you knew the slip was there by the rustle. Then its frilled or pleated hem showed beneath your skirt. Now the skirt has its own frilly business.

Evening dresses of net, crystal pleated. This is a diminutive form of accordion pleating, folded flat against itself. Effect is skin-tightness, until you move, then it floats out, with grace. Fullness at backs of evening dresses. Some very full in chiffon or net worn over skin-tight moiré silk slips. Tulle mantillas wrapped round the face.

Debenham & Freebody—A heavenly evening frock and pleated coat in parma violet satin (it is drawn on page 63). A black woollen dress and coat, the coat lined yellow, the dress sashed. A grey angora town

(*Continued on page* 128)



The Little Suit For Sports Watching

(Left) Bright blue angora coat and skirt with a blue and red striped jumper, roll collar and navy lizard belt. The coat back is cut à la Norfolk, yoked, with two inverted pleats. *Henry Bridburg*

(Right) Beige-grey, light flecked woollen with high wide revers. The coat has a stitched belt at the back, and a back yoke controlling slight fullness. *Lillywhites*

I'll Tell You all I Know . . .

By Mary Young

If any of the subjects discussed on these pages are the answer to your own problems, write to me, at "Britannia and Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, and enclose stamped envelope.

Mary Young

A SHORT time ago I wrote about eyelashes. Now I'm going to write about eyelashes again. (Why not? It's my page, isn't it?) Anyhow, if you're bored, read no further. But if you are what the cliché-writing girls call a true daughter of Eve, you will lap up every word about anything that tells you how to acquire, with the greatest ease, long, thick dark eyelashes.

This is it. An eyelash ointment which you smear lightly along your lids, every night. The results are really quite out of the ordinary. How extraordinary you can judge for yourself when you read the label on the box begging you not to put too much on for the first few days, in order that the growth may not be too rapid. You will judge even better when you look in the glass at the end of a few weeks' regular nightly application.

This ointment is not new. It has been helping to grow lovely eyelashes for some years now. What is new is that it comes to you now in a small half-a-crown size, enough to last about a month.

Up at the place where this ointment grows, they are constantly working out new ideas for making us lovelier. Newest is a ten-minute cream face pack.

You smooth it on, lie still and quiet for ten minutes, then simply wipe it off with a cleansing tissue. So there is no wretched business of mopping and scraping off the cream which spoilt the idea of face packs for many women.

And afterwards? Your face is cleansed, toned, muscles tightened, and your skin feels fresh and smooth, like a baby's. A 2s. 6d. tube gives you about six goes.

FAT people are supposed to be the non-worriers of the world. Fat and comfortable, fat and jolly, they say about them. It may be so about fat men, and a few fat women who no longer care. But I must report that all the over-weight women I know worry half their time, and what about? About being over-weight.

After trying out exercises, massage, diets, this and that, they are inclined, poor darlings, to give up the ghost, because the stern discipline seems to take all enjoyment from life.

But suppose, my over-weight friends, you could slim in complete safety, with no diets, no exercises, no trouble? Suppose you were told that simply by rubbing a lotion gently into your skin for a few minutes every day you would definitely get slimmer?

That, you would say, would be a different story. And so it is, a remarkable story. I think I'll start a fresh paragraph to tell it to you.

IT began in America a few years ago with the discovery that a certain natural element possessed astonishing properties for flesh reduction. It continued with a group of scientists getting together, worrying out the problems of how to evolve a formula that would be practical for general, everyday use.

For years they experimented and researched. Finally, they got their formula. It was marketed in America and was an instant wow, mainly by word-of-mouth recommendation from men and women who had used it successfully.

Now it has been brought over here, and already in this country people are beginning to talk about it, people who have been unsuccessful with other reducing methods.

It is essentially vegetable in content, and contains nothing to irritate the skin. It only reduces excess flesh. And you get results in under a month—big results.

ALSO from America comes something to rave about in foundation garments.

This is a new all-in-one (or, if you prefer it, a belt and brassière), soft and gentle on the body, but with something really like control about it—control, uplift and support that you've not before experienced outside of heavy boning and tight brocade.

The secret is what the makers call a retention thread woven into the garment, reducing the give, and increasing the control.

You don't notice it as far as comfort is concerned, because your comfort has never been better looked to. But you do notice how your stomach is flattened, and your hips and diaphragm flattered.

The brassière part of the garment is clever, too. There is flatness between the breast sections which accents the uplift.

Belt preferers will find that the belt has a loose waist cuff, so that the body doesn't pouch over the nipping in at the waist. As for the flat suspenders, they are the best I have seen yet, practically invisible.

SOMETIMES, week-end cottage hunting, you find something that seems like heaven. Everything is perfect, including price, but alas, you are miles from the gas main and electric cable.

Not that you would mind candles and lamps at night; they are pleasant in the country. But how about cooking? The range is too hot in the summer, and oil stoves on which some women manage to cook delicious food just don't work that way for you. If only there were gas laid on. . . .

Well, you can take the cottage. You won't even have to trim the lamps. And you can cook your dinner over the newest gas stove, with gas that has been delivered to you . . . in a bottle.

Yes, indeed, to-day the gas man who comes to read the meter has a clever brother in the gas man who calls and delivers light and fuel for the month.

However isolated your house is, you can have bottled gas delivered to your door, gas that can be fitted and adapted to any standard type of gas stove.

You can install it in one room, or through the whole house, for a single ring, or for cooker, radiators, water-heaters and all lighting. It is not expensive.

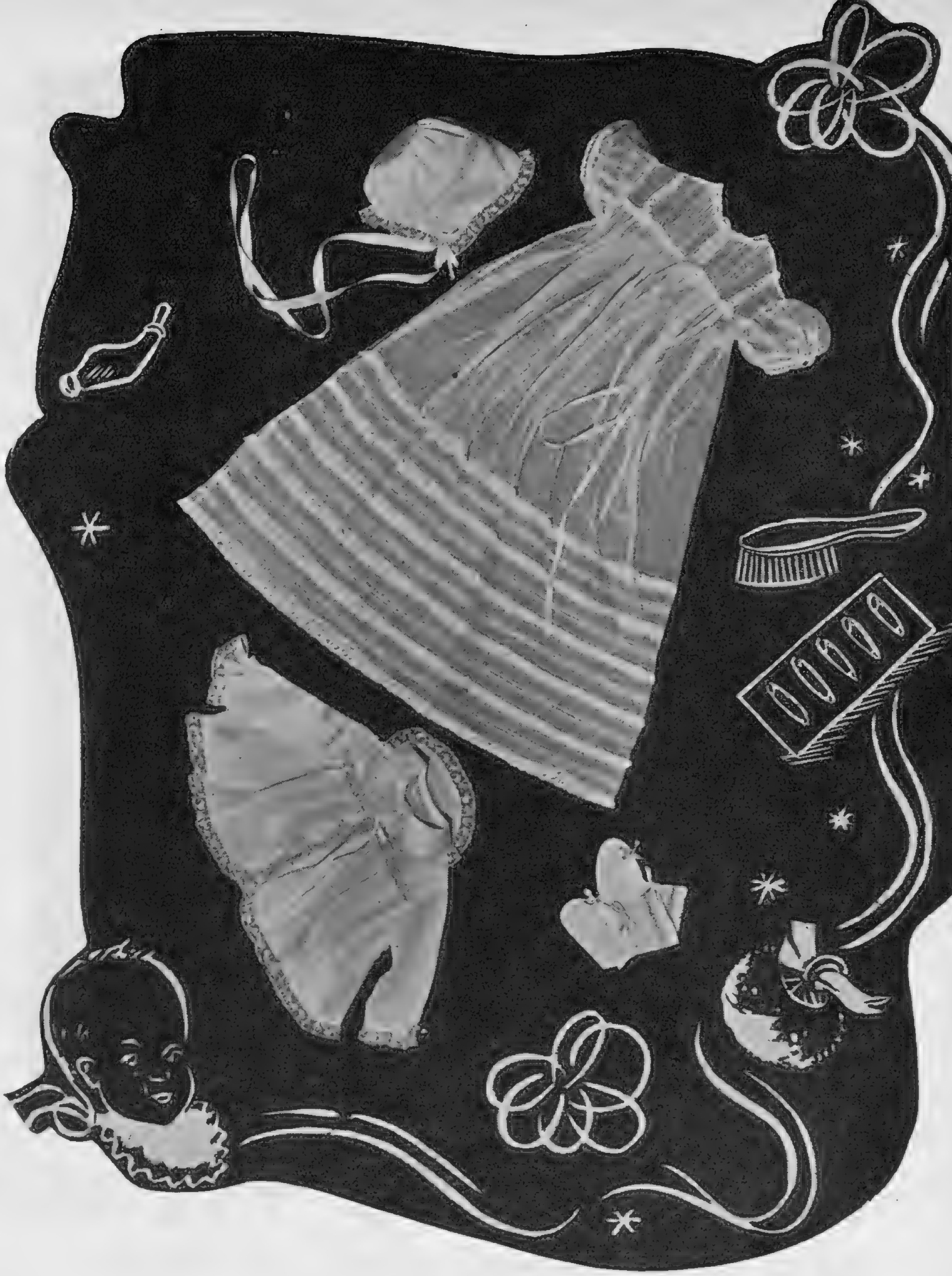
IF you want to be kind to an invalid, present her with an elbow rest. It may sound like a joke to you, but ask anyone who lies in bed for any length of time whether their elbows get red or painful when they read in bed.

This elbow rest is a soft pad with two adjustable straps for fixing it to the elbow.

Who Nameth *this* Child?

All you want to know about baptising the baby —and the party after

By Cecilie Leslie



Lovely Baby Clothes from the Treasure Cot Company. Christening robe is white net with pin tucks and gathered Valenciennes lace. Rosettes of white ribbon. Price, with an underslip of Jap silk, 24/6. White crepe de Chine matinee jacket, lace-edged, pink ribboned. Hand-made, 24/9. Bonnet to match, 13/6. White silk and wool booties tied with blue bows. Hand knitted, 3/3

LAMBS and the first bluebells herald the rush of christening parties. More babies are born in springtime than at any other season of the year.

When that difficult question "What shall we call it ?" has finally been settled, the long business starts of arranging for the christening.

It is, first of all, the father's duty to announce the new arrival in *The Times, Daily Telegraph*, or *Morning Post*. He fills in the correct answers to the time-honoured formula of :

> SMITH. *On April 10th,* 1936, *at the White House, Arundel, to Mary (née Jones) wife of Tom Edward Smith—a son.*

For lazy friends who do not read their "Births" there are a series of announcement cards presided over by a stork which declare :

I arrived on ....
I am a ....
My eyes are ....
I weigh..........................

You can get them at Treasure Cot in Regent Street.

If all goes well it is usual to hold the baptism ceremony six or ten weeks after the birth.

By the fifth week, I felt well enough to call on the vicar to discuss plans and to fill in the necessary forms. The most convenient time for him fell immediately before or after a church service. I chose 12.30 p.m. on Sunday, since it was conveniently near luncheon.

If you particularly want an afternoon service your vicar would probably be quite willing to arrange one to suit you.

This decided, there is a form to complete. Among the data you must provide the names of sponsors. As everyone knows, it is customary to choose three god-parents. For a boy, two god-fathers and one godmother, and for a girl two godmothers and one godfather.

But though this is usual, it is not the rule. Five god-parents were chosen for the Duchess of Kent's baby, Prince Edward; four godfathers: the late King George V, King Edward VIII, Prince Nicholas and the Duke of Connaught, and only one godmother, the Queen.

These facts decided, I sent off my invitations. Here again Treasure Cot reduced letter-writing to a minimum, with some amusing invitation cards.

FROM lavender sachets we now shake out the family christening robes and shawl. If, however, no such heirlooms exist (my case), then there's an extremely happy morning to be spent buying them.

Most baby shops have an extensive range of these gossamer robes. Four or five guineas is a top price to pay for christening robes. You can buy pretty ones in hand-made muslin and Irish hand embroidery for 25s. 6d. and 30s. (Treasure Cot).

Though some people like pale pink and blue robes, I personally think nothing looks more lovely than white.

In autumn, winter and spring, the mother's outfit should be her neatest afternoon clothes. In summer she may dress as for Ascot in ankle-length chiffon and a large brimmed hat. Men, of course, in morning coats and top hats. Nurse wears uniform.

It is as well to advise inexperienced god-parents the exact extent of their duties. Most important point of all is punctuality, for if anyone is late, someone must be hurriedly mustered to stand proxy.

Only the godparents and nurse stand before the font, taking up their position opposite the vicar at the start of the ceremony. The nurse stands near the vicar, on his left and hands him the child when he indicates the moment.

When the vicar asks "Who nameth this child ?" one (*Continued on page* 103)

Embroidered Waistcoat

YOU WILL NEED:

5 ozs. of 3-ply wool.

1 pr. of Double Century Knitting Pins No. 10.

1 pr. of Double Century Knitting Pins No. 11.

4 Buttons.

Embroidery wool in several shades (1 skein each).

MEASUREMENTS:

From top of shoulder to lower edge, 21 ins.

Across back underarms, 16 ins.

Across half front, 8 ins.

Tension, 8 sts. to 1 inch.

ABBREVIATIONS:

K., Knit; P., Purl; St., Stitch; Sts., Stitches; Pat., Pattern; Dec., Decrease; Inc., Increase; Tog., Together; Beg., Beginning.

KNIT into the backs of all cast-on stitches.

BACK:

Begin at lower edge with No. 10 pins. Cast on 120 sts. Knit into back of first row.

1st row. *K. 2, P. 2, repeat from * to end of row.

2nd row. P.

3rd row. As first.

4th, 5th and 6th rows. P.

These 6 rows complete one pat. Continue in pat. until work measures 4½ ins. from start. Change to No. 11 pins. Work for 2 ins. Change to No. 10 pins and continue in pat. until work measures 12½ ins. from the beg.

SHAPE ARMHOLES:

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Then cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 92 sts. Continue until armhole measures 8 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDERS:

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Now cast off the remaining 44 sts. for the back of the neck.

RIGHT FRONT *(when worn)*:

Begin at lower edge with No. 10 pins. Cast on 52 sts. K. into back of 1st row. K. one row. Work as follows for shaping:

1st row. K. twice into first st. K. 1, P. 2, K. 2, P. 2, turn.

2nd and every alternate row. P. to the last st. P. twice into last st.

3rd row. K. twice into first st. P. 1 (K. 2, P. 2, 4 times), turn.

5th row. P. twice into first st. P. 27, turn.

7th row. K. twice into first st. P. 1 (K. 2, P. 2, 9 times) turn.

9th row. K. twice into first st. K. 1 (P. 2, K. 2 11 times), P. 2.

11th row. P. twice into first st. P. 57, turn.

12th row. As 2nd row. (64 sts. now on pin).

Now continue in pat. (as for back of waistcoat) until straight edge of work measures 4½ ins. Change to No. 11 pins, work 2 ins. Change to No. 10 pins, work until armhole level 12½ ins. (end on 1st row of pat.).

ARMHOLE AND FRONT SHAPING:

Armhole end. Cast off 4, P. to end of row.

Next row. K. 2 tog., *P. 2, K. 2, repeat from * to end of row.

Next row. Cast off 2. P. to end of row.

Next row. P.

Next row. Cast off 2. P. to end of row.

Next row. K. 2 tog. P. 1, *K. 2, P. 2, repeat to end of row.

Next row. Cast off 2. P. to end of row.

Next row. *P. 2, K. 2, repeat from * to end of row.

Next row. Cast off 2, P. to end of row.

Next row. K. 2 tog. P. to end of row.

Next row. Cast off 2, P. to end of row.

Next row. P. 1, *K. 2, P. 2, repeat from * to last st., P. 1.

Next row. K. 2 tog., P. to end of row.

Next row. K. 2 tog., K. 1, *P. 2, K. 2, repeat from * to end of row.

Now continue in pat., dec. at front edge 1 st. every 4th row (keeping to pat.) until 24 sts. remain.

THEN SHAPE SHOULDER:

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows.

LEFT FRONT:

Work as for right front with decreasing for front, armhole, etc., on opposite side (omitting the first K. row).

BIND:

No. 11 pins. Cast on 7 sts.

1st row. Slip 1, *K. to end of row.

2nd row. Slip 1 (plainwise), P. to last st., K. 1.

Repeat these 2 rows for 90 inches. Cast off.

Make 2 strips for armhole 15 inches long. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP:

Sew up side seams. Sew up shoulder seams. Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Press bind. Now fold, bind and stitch very neatly all round, leaving spaces at 3 inch intervals for buttons. Sew binds round sleeves.

EMBROIDERY:

Trace small designs on to tissue paper. Tack into position. Embroider over tracing with the varied wools. Then tear away the paper.

OCCASIONAL FURNITURE

SOME women have the happy faculty of investing every detail of their apparel with character and charm. The same quality is noticeable in their homes. Details of decoration—even the smallest matters of arrangement have a quality which sets them apart.

This care for detail is probably one of the most important assets to possess. Look after the small things and the big things will look after themselves applies to decoration too.

Occasional furniture plays an important part in the assemblance of a furnishing ensemble.

Time was when the term suggested pieces of no practical or æsthetic value other than that of supporting a collection of knick-knacks. Now, though the description remains, the implication is entirely changed.

Modern occasional furniture is practical in every sense. No better way of giving balance to an arrangement of furniture can be found than by the discreet introduction of occasional pieces.

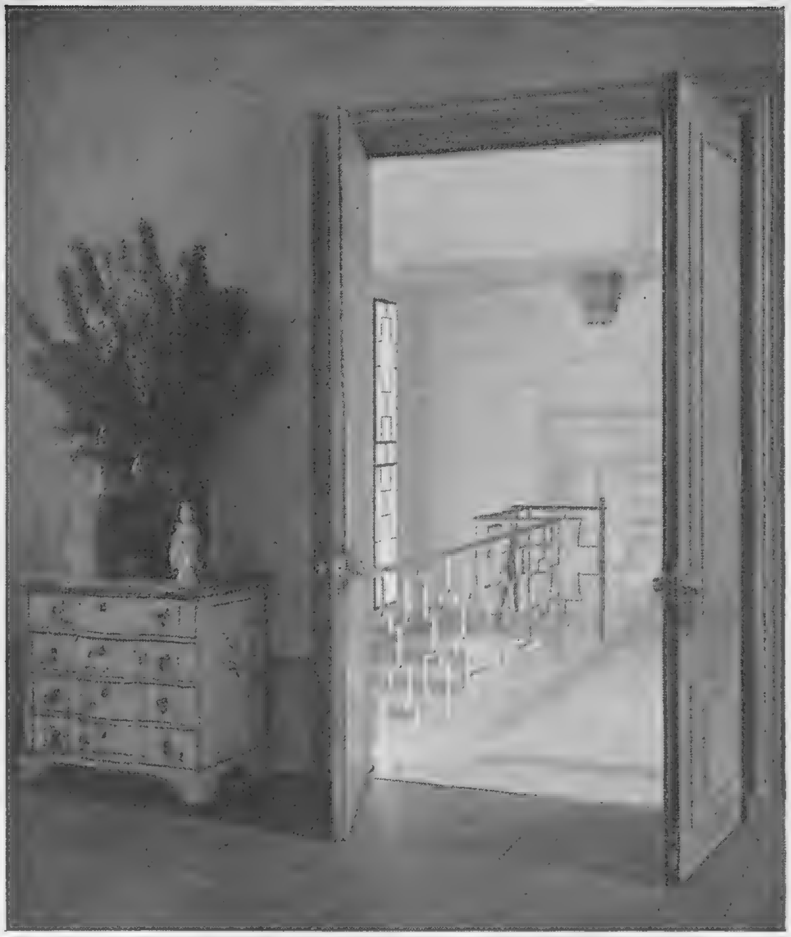
The effect of a tall bureau is perfectly enhanced, for instance, by a small table, low and gracefully proportioned, situated to one side.

A bare expanse of carpet can be effectively broken up by placing a stool, a table, or some delicate item of furnishing in the correct position.

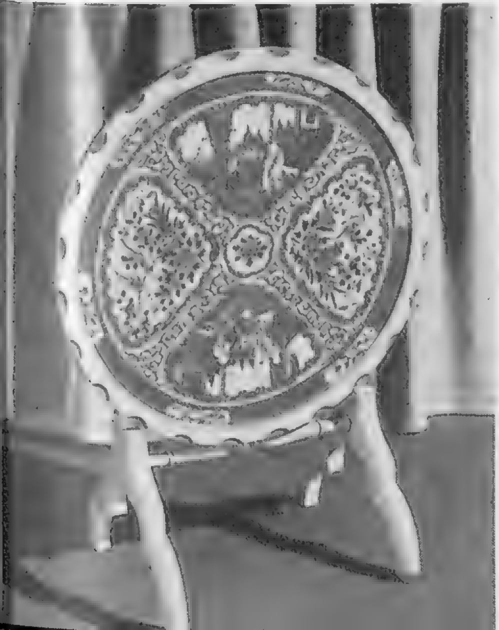
This does not imply a random distribution of pieces. Each one should be carefully chosen for its height and shape in relation to the pieces around it and to the proportion of the room, as well as for its practical value.

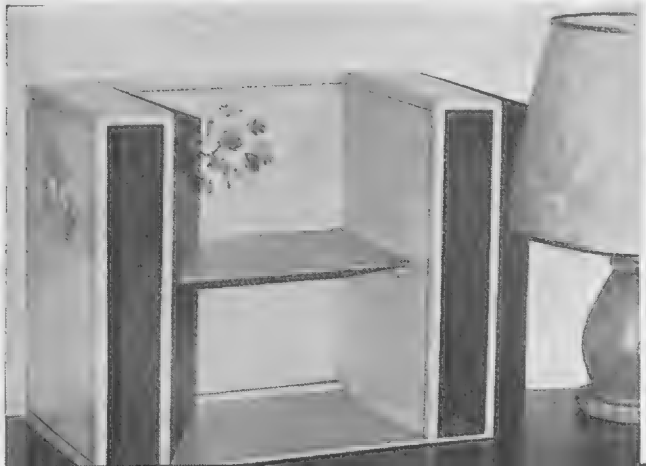
In the larger photograph on this page the illustration shows the uses of a beautifully proportioned lacquer chest to enhance the height and dignity of a doorway. This arrangement has been thoughtfully studied, though the effect is one of careless charm.

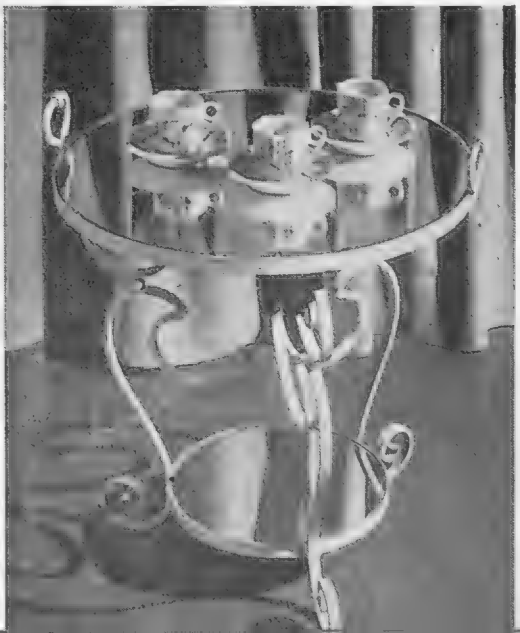
This year's Ideal Home Exhibition, which opened on March 24th, makes a special feature of small pieces for small rooms. The many furnishing schemes of different character which are shown at the Exhibition show the importance of occasional furniture and to what practical uses the modern designer has brought it.



The dramatic effect of the doorway shown above is enhanced by the painted chest seen on the left of it. The shallow outline of the chest is in direct contrast to the height of the door, but the correct feeling of balance is restored by tall spikes of bloom massed in the glass holder. On the left below is a table screen—a piece of furniture for occasional use which is decorative at all times. The colouring is cream and gold and the price £3 15s.: from Hamptons. Centred at the bottom is a directory holder—an attractive small piece in pale green colouring. Price £1 2s. 6d.: from Hamptons. Right, a wrought-iron coffee table with mirror top: Waring and Gillow, price £6 15s.







Eggs sur le Plat—excellent served with Chipolata Sausages

Just Egg Dishes . . .

But How Different

I ALWAYS think it a pity that so many English cooks do not realise how useful an egg dish can be for luncheon.

If you are at all afraid that the meal is in danger of being short, a dish of eggs can be made so quickly and, in the case of unexpected guests, will often save the situation.

Perhaps it is because the average cook has a very restricted repertory of egg dishes. Once she has thought of scrambled eggs—usually a hard and yet watery mixture piled on a piece of sodden toast—poached eggs, or hard-boiled eggs with a curry sauce, there the matter ends.

As a matter of fact, there is practically no limit to the number of egg recipes. The few I have chosen for this article are only examples of the many different types of dishes which are so useful and so suitable as the first course of a luncheon or an informal supper party.

Devonshire Fried Eggs

Fry some rashers of streaky bacon and then fry the eggs very crisply in the fat. Keep the eggs and the bacon hot in the serving dish and then fry some fillets of fish in the same fat. Salt cod soaked overnight, cut in pieces and dipped in batter before frying, can also be used.

This dish is often served in Devonshire for breakfast, but is much more suitable for supper.

Fried Eggs à l'Orientale

Fry the eggs in very hot butter, sprinkle them with salt and pepper and turn them carefully so that they are crisp on both sides. Serve with a Béchamel sauce well seasoned, to which you add a good pinch of powdered saffron.

Eggs Otéro

This recipe was given two months ago, but you cannot leave it out of any egg article.

Take some large evenly sized potatoes of the floury kind, scrub them clean, dry them and put them in a hot oven to bake, turning them over occasionally.

When they are done, remove them and cut off about one-third from the top. Scoop out most of the flesh and put in a tablespoonful of cooked spinach mashed through a sieve.

Break an egg into each of the shells, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and put them in a fireproof dish in a moderate oven for two minutes. Now pour a little melted butter over each egg and return to the oven until the eggs are set.

Variations

Eggs can be served in these baked potato shells with various seasonings: with chopped prawns, with a little curry sauce, with a spicy sauce, or quite simply with chopped herbs.

Tomatoes also can be used as shells, in which case you must have large firm tomatoes and almost bake them in a buttered fireproof dish before putting in the eggs.

Eggs sur le Plat

These eggs, so popular in France, are not really fried, and it is hard to find an English name for them.

They are always cooked and served in small individual dishes large enough to hold two eggs and made of metal or fireproof china or glass.

First make the dishes hot, melt a little butter in them and break in the eggs carefully. Season with salt and pepper, and start cooking on top of a slow fire. When the whites begin to become solid, pour a little melted butter over the yolks and finish cooking on the top shelf of the oven.

The whites should be set, but not really hard or leathery, and the yolks soft with a white film over them.

Many things can be used to garnish "*œufs sur le plat*": a thick tomato sauce made with fresh tomatoes, kidneys or mushrooms separately cooked; chipolata sausages; grated cheese.

If you are using bacon or ham, the best way is to cook these first in the dishes—without letting them become crisp—and to break the eggs into them, finishing in the oven in the way described above.

(*Continued on page* 129)

EATS For Easter

By A. H. Adair

EASTER
19
36

LET us go back into the past and search old cookery books for seasonable recipes for Eastertime.

Simnel cake was known centuries ago. This is confirmed in a letter to Dr. Lister, eminent physician in the days of Queen Anne. Here is a passage which proves it, giving us some interesting information about sugar at the same time.

> *"Seeing the Icing of Cakes at Woodstreet Corner, and the Refining of Sugar, was but an Invention of Two hundred Years' standing, and before that time our Ancestors sweetened and garnish'd all with Honey, of which there are some Remains: In Windsor Bowls, Baron Bracks and large Simnels sent for Presents from Litchfield."*

Unfortunately the good Doctor's correspondent does not tell us how the honey icing was made, so we shall have to be content with our own.

Still, simnel cake you can have, and hot cross buns and salt cod for Good Friday will help to make you feel thoroughly traditional.

Salt Cod à l'Espagnol

Take a piece of salt cod and soak it in cold water for twelve hours. Wash it in several waters and put it in boiling water for about five minutes. Now cut it up carefully into pieces about three inches square, removing all bones.

For every pound of salt cod have two medium-sized onions, chop them and cook them in olive oil until soft and nicely browned. Peel four tomatoes, cut them and remove the seeds and chop the tomatoes, adding them to the onions. Cook for a few minutes more together. (The photograph below shows the ingredients for this dish.)

Now take a fireproof dish and put in the pieces of salt cod, well drained, also the tomatoes and onions, adding a little pepper. Take a small tin of red sweet peppers (pimentoes), wash them under the cold tap, drain them well and lay them on top of the other things in the dish. Cover with a buttered paper and cook in a moderate oven for about twenty-five to thirty minutes.

It is now possible to buy fillets of salt cod already boned and trimmed and packed in boxes. This saves a great deal of tiresome preparation.

Roast Lamb, Easter Sauce

Although nobody likes roast lamb and mint sauce more than I do, there are other sauces which are excellent and provide a little change. Here is a very simple but excellent combination.

Having roasted the joint, serve it with a sauce poured over it and with the gravy from the roast handed in a sauce-boat. For the sauce, you take carrots and onions in equal proportions and boil them separately until well cooked. Drain them thoroughly and keep them hot.

Meanwhile make a white sauce as follows. Put a tablespoonful of flour into a saucepan with the same quantity of butter. Stir this over a slow fire until the butter melts, and work it well into the flour.

Cook for a few minutes, and then add, little by little, hot milk. Season with salt, pepper and grated nutmeg, and go on adding milk, whipping the sauce persistently until you have enough sauce the consistency of thick cream, letting it simmer all the time.

Chop the onions finely and cut the carrots into small, neat dice. Put these vegetables into the sauce and make the whole thoroughly hot together.

With this I would serve potatoes only, roast or mashed, as a green vegetable would be quite unnecessary.

Simnel Cake

Take a quarter of a pound of butter, the same amount of castor sugar, and the same amount of flour. Cream the butter, work in the flour and the sugar, mix well together and then add, little by little and stirring all the time, four eggs well beaten.

Clean and rub in flour, half a pound of currants and the same quantity of seedless raisins. Add these to the mixture, together with two ounces of finely chopped candied peel and a few glacé cherries.

Stir well together and put enough of the mixture into a well-greased cake-tin to make it not quite half full. Then put a thin layer of almond paste on top and afterwards the rest of the cake mixture.

Bake in a moderate oven for about two hours and a quarter, and then put a roll of almond paste all round the edge of the cake, slashing it all round to give the effect of a twisted rope.

Return to the oven for another twenty minutes, and then remove the cake from the tin.

When the cake is cold, (*Continued on page* 129)

A Feature drawing your attention to Reputable Advertising Products to whose merits we are glad to give Editorial Endorsement

We Confidently Recommend . . .

Anglo-Indian Colonels forget their livers and help themselves lavishly to the "Green Label" chutney which they insist shall accompany their favourite curry dish

IT is curious that in our daily toilet the majority of us completely neglect the eyes. We brush and comb our hair, brush our teeth, wash face, hands, neck and body and manicure nails, but the eyes, which do so much work for us throughout the day, are, in most instances, completely ignored.

People are, however, gradually becoming more eye conscious, and once they realise the importance of eye hygiene, an eye bath will be as essential a part of toilet equipment as a tooth or nail brush.

Germs can enter the system through the eyes, so the regular use of a safe antiseptic lotion in times of epidemic is well worth while. Specks of dust and dirt, so small that they do not actually cause any pain, can set up irritation and inflammation and do lasting harm.

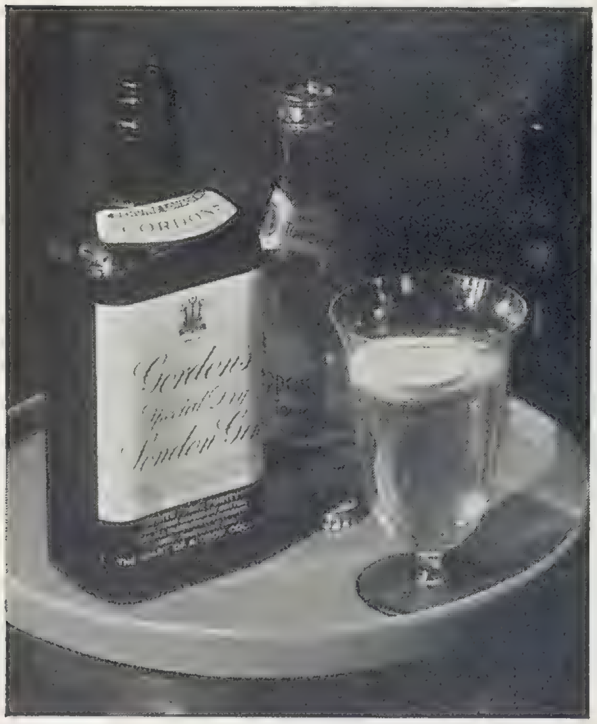
Bathing with a good medicated lotion should be an essential part of the daily toilet routine. For this purpose Optrex can be thoroughly recommended, being soothing and tonic in its action and absolutely harmless and safe.

The Art of Making Up

The discreet application of correct make-up will always enhance good looks and will perform miracles for those who have no special claim to beauty. But remember, discreet and correct are two important words. Really subtle make-up is an art which is not understood by everybody.

Those who are in any doubt about their cosmetics would do well to write for Leichner's free "Guide for Perfect Make-up." It is printed in colour and shows the various shades of rouge, powder, eye shadow, lipstick and eye cosmetic which are best suited to different types.

It also gives valuable hints on the application of make-up and a complete price-list of all the Leichner preparations, which have been recognised as innocuous aids to beauty for over sixty years.



Gordon's Gin, Schweppes Tonic Water and a slice of lemon are three health-giving ingredients which, when combined, produce a deliciously refreshing and thirst-quenching drink

Mango Chutney

Every country has contributed something to gastronomy, and it is to India that we owe the introduction of chutney into England.

The name is derived from the Hindu "chatni," a hot sweet condiment prepared from slices of the delicious mango fruit, oriental spices and other ingredients selected for their aromatic, stomachic and appetising properties

It is less than a hundred years since Indian condiments were first exported to England, and among these was the now famous "Green Label" Indian Mango Chutney, the appetising qualities of which are due to the fact that it is still made from the original recipe, which includes large quantities of mangoes.

These are gathered from young trees to ensure soft, non-stringy slices, and no apple pulp or other kind of cheaper fruit is used.

A special chutney spoon is given in exchange for a number of the discs, one of which is contained in the lid of every bottle of "Green Label" Indian Mango Chutney.

" . . . a very pure spirit . . ."

Gordon's Gin is perhaps best known as "the heart of a good cocktail," which indeed it is, but its medicinal value must not be overlooked, and it is a fact that it contains important properties which are beneficial in eliminating impurities from the system and aiding the digestion.

On the back of every bottle is a label reproducing *The Lancet* report on it, which begins on a convincing note: "According to our analysis this is a very pure spirit."

As a long drink with tonic water, ginger beer, lime juice and soda or soda water, and as the basis for a really good cocktail, Gordon's Gin is indispensable, while those who are not expert at cocktail mixing can, with confidence, rely on the excellence of Gordon's ready mixed Genuine Gin Cocktails in their attractive shaker bottles.

Gimlet Cocktail, Piccadilly, Martini, Manhattan and Fifty-Fifty are some from which choice can be made.

Orange Gin and Lemon Gin are two other favourites in the Gordon family. Either is excellent as the basis of a cocktail and deliciously refreshing when taken as a long drink with the addition of soda, tonic or barley water.

(Continued on page 160)

THE CHARM OF ROSEBANK FABRICS

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THE new ROSEBANK ranges are as beautiful and tasteful as any of their forerunners. Ask for the new ROSEBANK booklet, showing interior decoration schemes. In case of difficulty write to the manufacturers.

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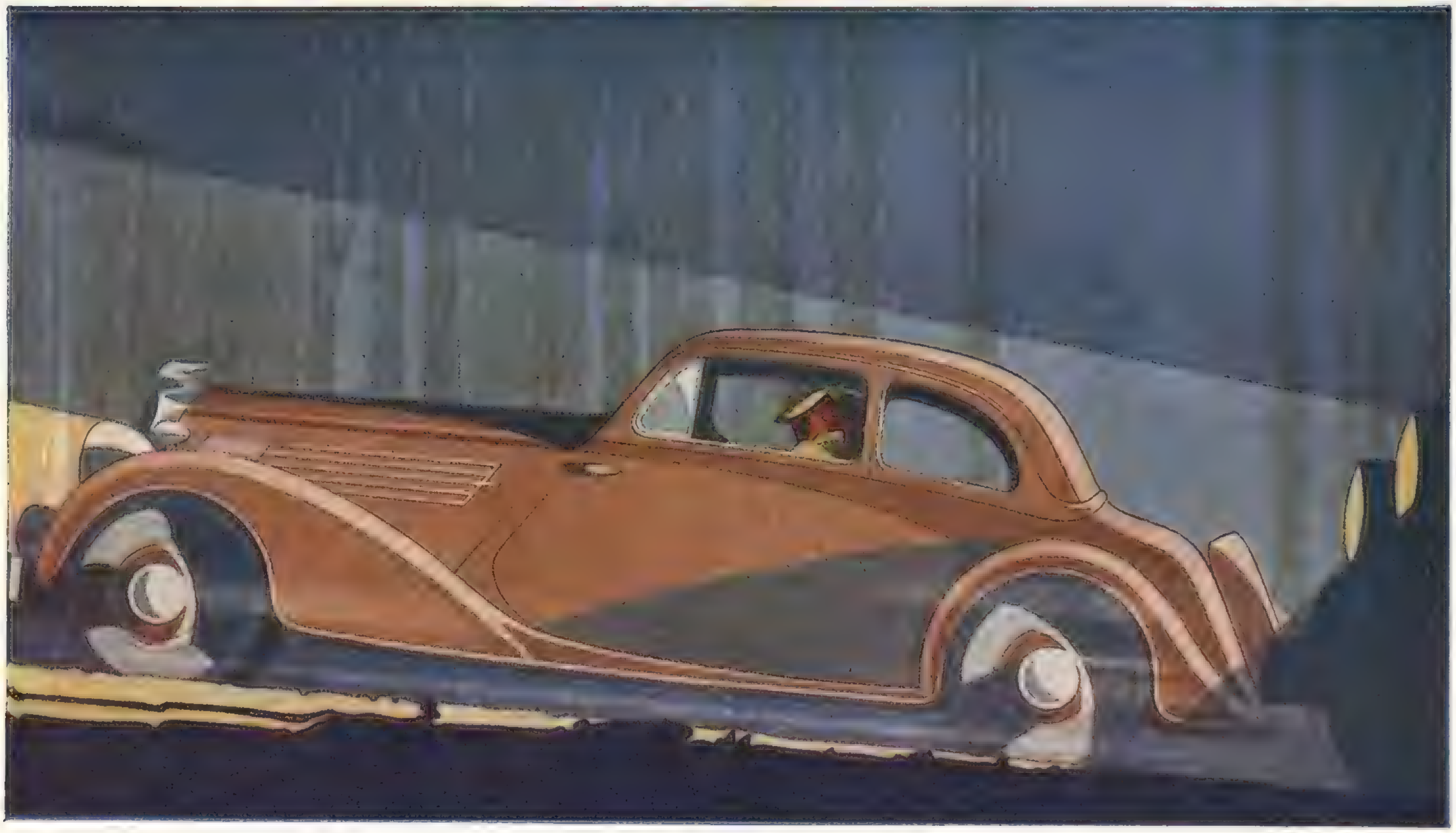

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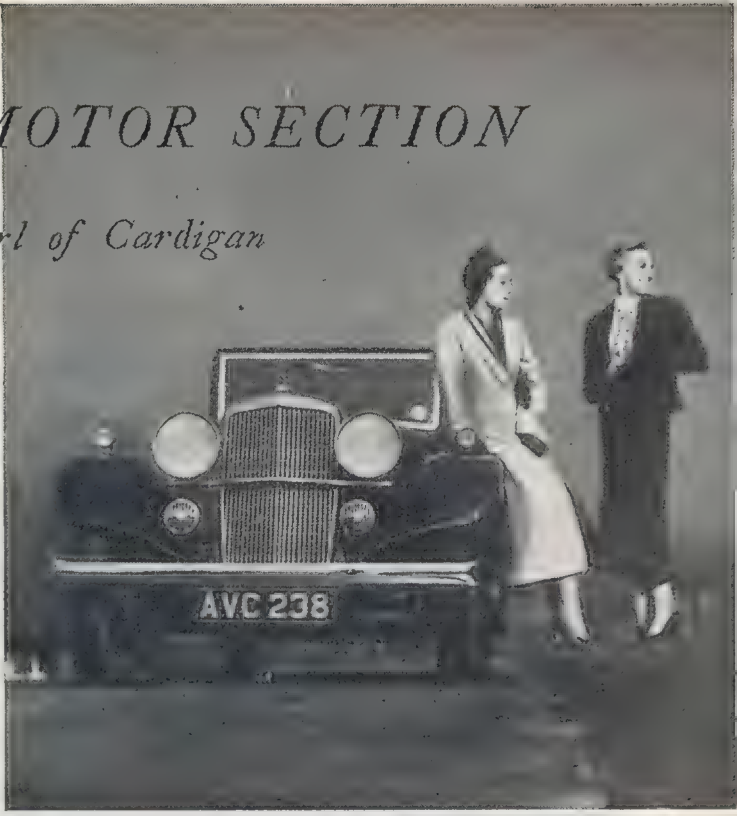
SPECIAL SPRING MOTOR SECTION

Conducted by the Earl of Cardigan

THIS "Flying Standard" is an example of the new series of cars which is being produced in addition to the ordinary Standard range. It is the 12 h.p. model



A VERY handsome car. The Alvis "Crested Eagle" Limousine. This car has a 20 h.p. engine and many specialised features

New Cars

Which are now on the market

THE spring is surely the ideal season for buying a new car. All the 1936 models are now not only open to inspection, but can be supplied from the dealers' stocks at a few days', or even a few hours', notice. The only difficulty is, with so many sound and attractive propositions on the market, to be able to decide upon a choice.

For most of us £ s. d. must often be the prime consideration. Those who are able to write a four-figure cheque will, I imagine, make a special study of the 1936 Rolls-Royces. There can surely be no finer car than the big "Phantom III," with its 50 h.p., twelve-cylinder engine. This is—and is likely to remain for some time—the last word in luxury and in refinement. More moderately priced is, of course, the popular 25 h.p. model. This is a wonderful car for its medium power, and can easily carry seven-seater coachwork. The chassis price is £1,050, and there is a saloon at £1,555.

A combination of high performance with exceptional flexibility is offered by the Bentley. The celebrated 3½-litre car is being continued, but it is also now available with a larger 4½ litre engine. This will be good news for those who revel in really high speeds and acceleration of an impressive order.

When one thinks of sports cars of the first calibre the name of Lagonda comes naturally to mind. Elsewhere in this issue I have tried to give some account of the latest 4½-litre Lagonda open touring car. There are, of course, many other styles of coachwork for this remarkable chassis—a good example is the "pillarless" saloon, which sells at £1,085. This, owing to its special construction, is a wonderfully easy car to get in and out of and emphasises the determination of the Lagonda designers to pursue comfort and convenience as earnestly as the more virile and exciting qualities.

A notable and attractive sports car takes a leading place in the new Alvis range. This is the 3½-litre model, of which Messrs. Alvis are making the chassis only. In addition to speed, a very high degree of refinement is achieved. Outstanding features are the three carburettors which feed the six-cylinder engine, the independent front springing, and the all-synchromesh gearbox. Special bodywork is designed by many of the leading coachbuilders.

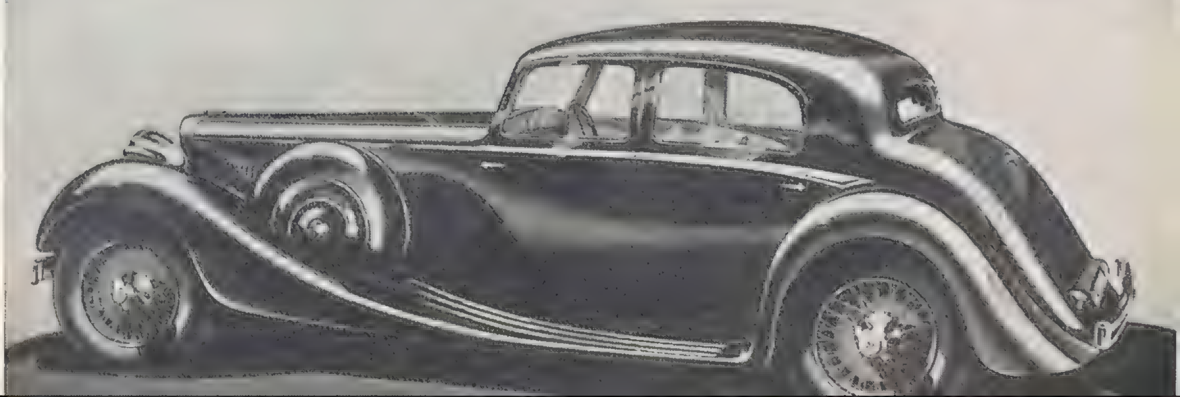
There are several other Alvis models, all of which display a marked individuality. There is the 14 h.p. "Firebird," with a high-efficiency four-cylinder engine. There is the "Silver Eagle," which is a "six" with a rating of 17 h.p. Finally, there is the "Crested Eagle," with a 20 h.p. engine and many specialised features. This is a very handsome car, which is capable of carrying seven-seater coachwork. A limousine is available at £900.

Among the cars manufactured by the Daimler group of companies there must be something to suit almost every purse. There is a Daimler "straight eight," for instance, of 32 h.p., which is a car of the most luxurious type. With limousine coachwork it sells at around £1,500. There are other Daimlers of 15 and 20 h.p., Lanchester models ranging between 18 and 11 h.p., and B.S.A. cars of 12 and 10 h.p., of which the lowest-priced example sells at only £235.

All these cars have a number of excellent features in common. All (except the B.S.A. "10") have

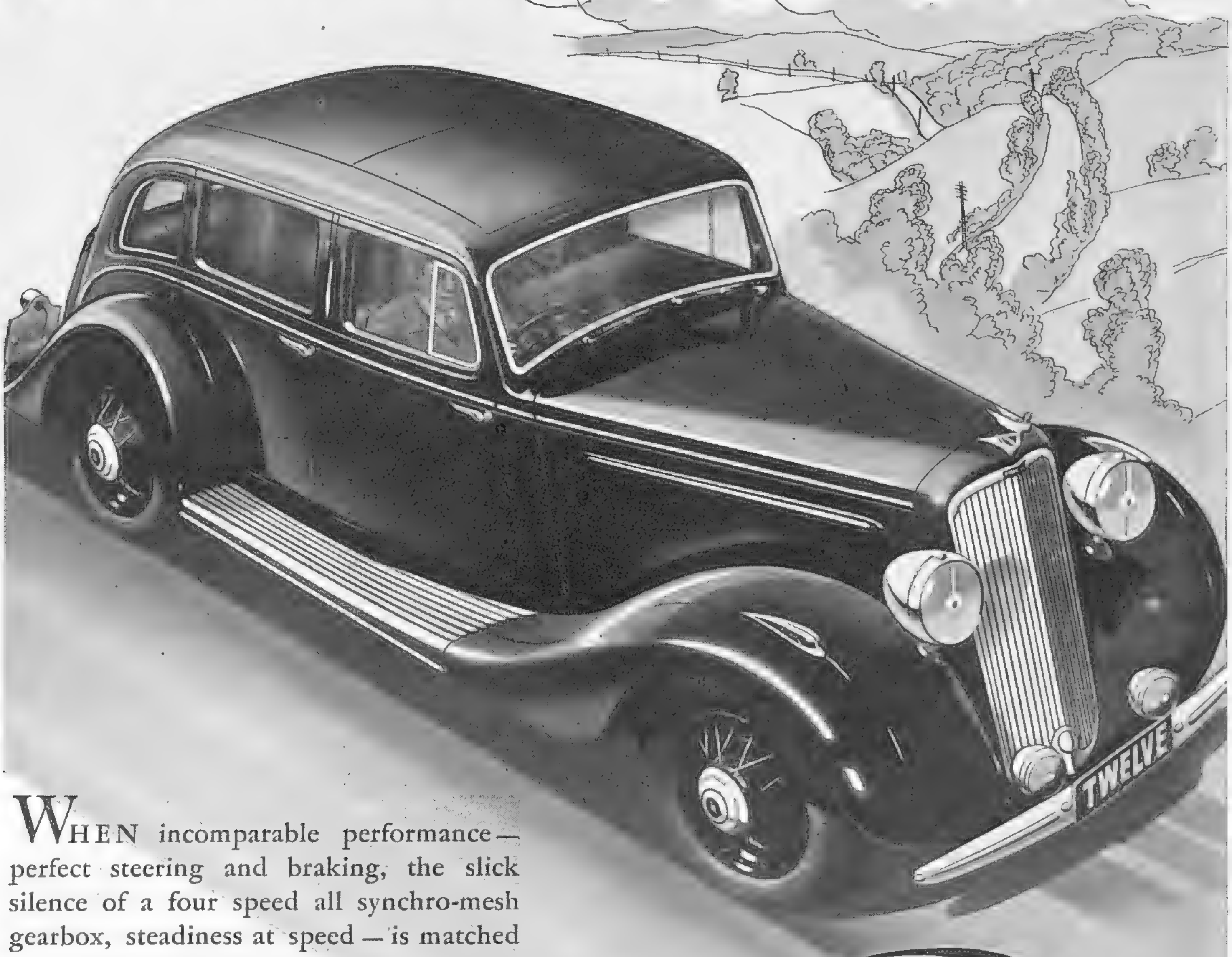
(*Continued on page 77*)

A BIG, powerful car is this Wolseley "Super-Six" Coupé. It is one of a new series of Wolseley models which are sure to achieve great popularity



THE new S.S. 2½ litre 6-cylinder "Jaguar" four-door saloon. This car is extraordinarily cheap at £380

THE 'TWELVE' THAT PERFORMS LIKE A 'TWENTY'...



WHEN incomparable performance—perfect steering and braking, the slick silence of a four speed all synchro-mesh gearbox, steadiness at speed—is matched with the dignity and exclusiveness always associated with Humber, there is good reason for the enthusiasm of the experts. *"Would put to shame many cars of twice its power"* said the HON. BRIAN LEWIS. And the Motoring Correspondent of the "Evening Standard" wrote *"The furnishings and general comfort reminded me of models costing £600."* May we send you fully illustrated brochure?

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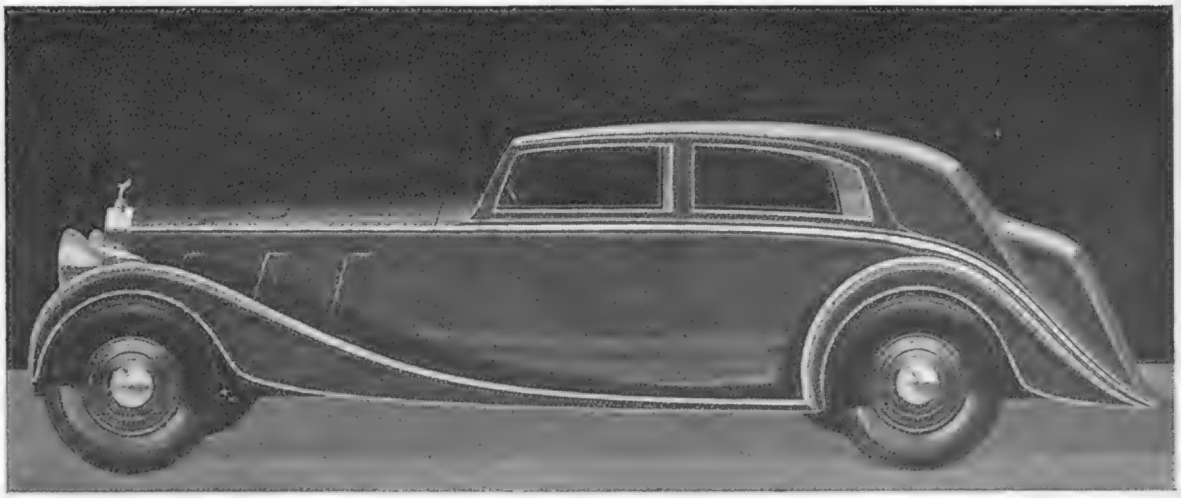
overhead-valve engines which run exceptionally quietly and smoothly. All have the famous Daimler system of transmission, consisting of a pre-selective gearbox and a "fluid flywheel." This combination makes driving virtually foolproof, besides giving the technical virtues of a very quick gear-change and an ultra-smooth getaway. The fluid flywheel also has a "cushioning" effect which should prolong the life of the transmission as a whole.

ANOTHER group of cars which should have a very wide appeal is that which includes the Humber, the Hillman, and the new Talbot. The Humber models are of 27, 18 and 12 h.p., all the larger cars having independent front-wheel suspension. Synchromesh gearboxes are standard, but, again on the larger cars, the de Normanville epicyclic gearbox is available at extra cost. This is an excellent gear, operated in the normal fashion, i.e., not by pre-selection. Prices range from £975 for the Pullman Sedanca de Ville down to £285 for the 12 h.p. saloon.

There are several high-powered Hillman models in addition to the ever-popular "Minx," which now appears in a new form, having been redesigned throughout. Special interest attaches to the new Talbots, and notably to the new "Ten," which will recall to many old motorists the famous 10 h.p. Talbot of earlier days. The other models are of 18, 21 and 24 h.p., the last-named being known as the "3½-litre." A very notable car should be the limousine model, having the 3½-litre engine with a longer wheelbase. Those interested in design should observe (a) the wheel track, (b) the layout of the rear axle.



A NOTABLE example of the latest 12-cylinder "Phantom III" Rolls-Royce. The sports saloon coachwork was specially designed by Messrs. Jack Barclay Ltd., who have been responsible for many attractive combinations on this and other high-grade chassis

MANY 1936 cars are showing originality, but none more boldly than the new Chryslers. These are cars of 24 and 28 h.p., having six-cylinder engines. There is also a 34 h.p. "eight." A serious effort is made to achieve a proper streamline form with the saloon models, and one quite excellent result of this is that all the passengers are seated within the wheelbase, thus enjoying the full benefit of the suspension system.

Another very attractive feature is the automatic "overdrive." This, in effect, is an auxiliary, automatic two-speed gearbox, giving the car six ratios in all. For example, there is a normal top gear of about 4 to 1, and also an "overdrive" top gear of about 3 to 1. There is little or nothing new to learn in the way of manipulation, and it is easy to see that there must be a very real advantage in the matter of quietness and also of economy. Independent front springing is standard and prices range from £365 upward.

AMONG other cars which are sure to command attention are the new Hudsons and Terraplanes. There are two Hudson models—one an eight-cylinder of 29 h.p. and the other a "six" of 22 h.p. Both cars are very commodious, being wide enough to accommodate six passengers without any overcrowding, and the luxurious seating is an outstanding feature. Both engines are extremely flexible; synchromesh gearing is employed, and the powerful brakes are operated on the hydraulic system.

The Terraplane cars consist of two six-cylinder models, one of 17 and one of 22 h.p., known as the "Six" and the "Big Six" respectively. Here, again, we find that roominess and comfort are the salient features, allied with the capacity for a really convincing road performance. Prices throughout the Terraplane and Hudson range are very moderate. There is a Terraplane saloon at £299 and a Hudson eight-cylinder saloon de luxe at £425.

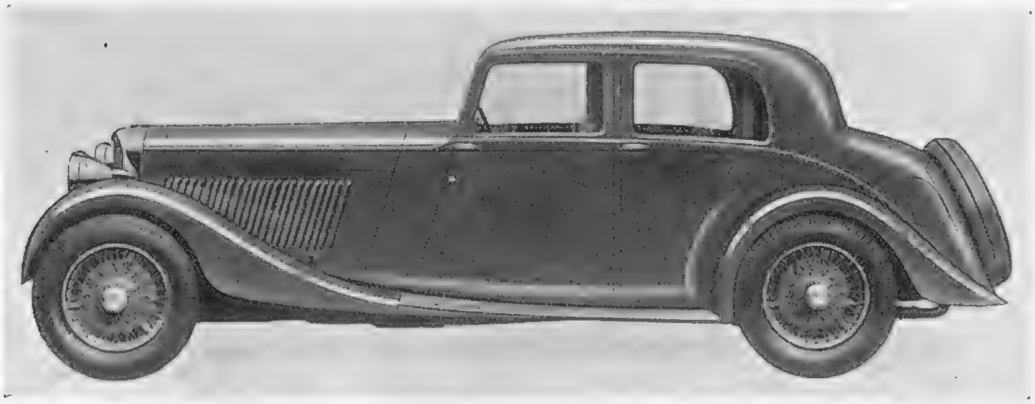
Luxurious motoring at moderate cost is the keynote of the new Studebaker programme. There are two main Studebaker types, known as the "Dictator" and "President" models. The "Dictator" is a six-cylinder car of generous proportions and of ample power. An automatic "overdrive" gear is a transmission feature which is optional. There is one saloon model which sells at only £298.

The "President" is a larger car, having an eight-cylinder engine. It is of special interest by reason of its independent front suspension. Again, an "overdrive" is optional, the main gearbox being of the synchromesh type. The brakes are hydraulic and the chassis is big enough to take coachwork of the most spacious type. Several body styles are listed; all of them at £448.

An English car which ably meets the demand for more comfortable motoring is the Vauxhall. Remarkable value is offered by the "Big Six" model. This is available with either a 20 or a 27 h.p. engine and in two chassis sizes. With the 27 h.p. engine and on the long-wheelbase chassis seven-seater coachwork is easily carried. An impressive example is the "Grosvenor" limousine at £550, while there is a saloon model available at the low figure of £325.

The Vauxhall "Light Six" is a popular model of (*Continued on p.* 79)

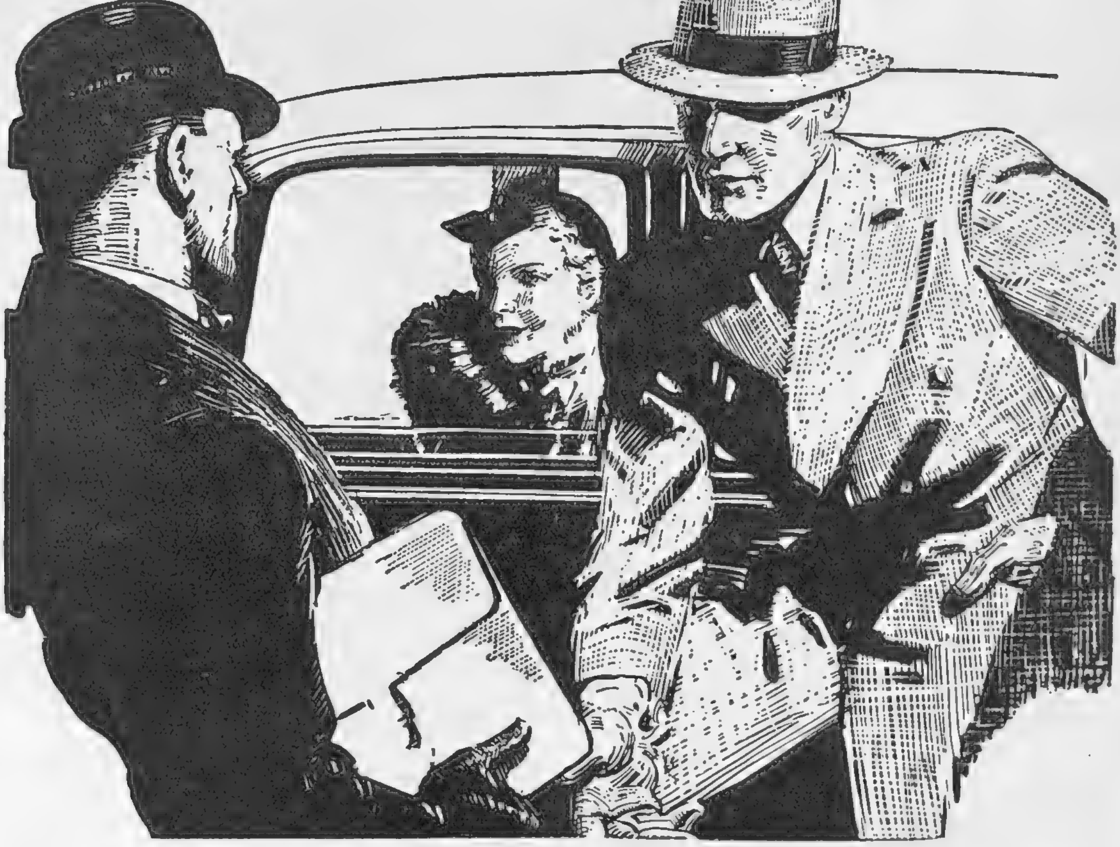
THE 18 h.p. Humber is a new model which should soon become a firm favourite with the motoring public. It is a development of the earlier "sixteen" and is here seen with handsome drophead coupé coachwork



A VERY handsome car is this 3½ litre Bentley, with saloon coachwork by Messrs. Park Ward and Co. An excellent feature is that coachwork and chassis are so perfectly proportioned

BE SURE YOUR CAR IS MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

Discussion on light cars . . .



"I'm thinking of buying a new car."

"Get an Austin Ten-Four like mine; better still, get the new Austin Ten-Four—the Sherborne. Or of course, if you want the lowest all-in motoring costs, the Seven's obviously your car."

"But there are other light cars, you know, besides the Austin."

"Yes, but none so economical and dependable. It's easy to confuse value and mere size. Remember, Austins have the value. For one thing, look how they last; and their dependability! Why, I heard the other day of an Austin which had covered 200,000 miles and is still in perfect running order.* How's that for workmanship and dependability?"

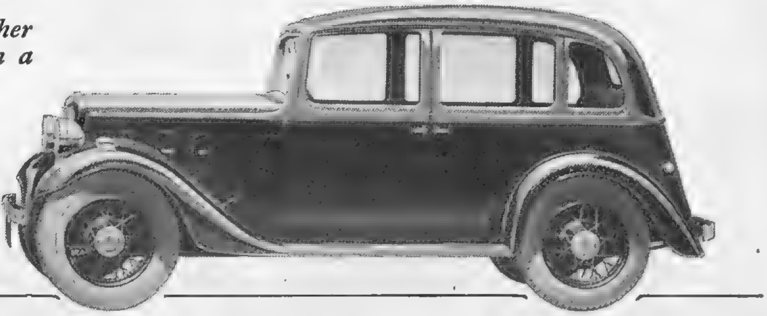
"Sounds too good to be true."

"It's a fact, though. And take economy. With the Seven, for instance, you can travel with four up for a penny a mile. Why, my own Ten-Four costs very little more to run. Besides, Austins always command a high resale price—and that's a sure test of a car's reputation."

"So you think my safest course is to *INVEST*?"

"Safest—soundest—and most economical."

**Fuller particulars of this performance, together with others equally convincing, are contained in a booklet "Correspondence" free on request.*



The Ten-Four Sherborne Saloon as illustrated. Price at works, **£178.** *Sherborne Fixed-Head Saloon,* **£162.10s.** *Lichfield Saloon,* **£168.** *Lichfield Fixed-Head Saloon,* **£152.10s.** *For full particulars of all models write for new catalogue, or call on the nearest Austin Dealer.*

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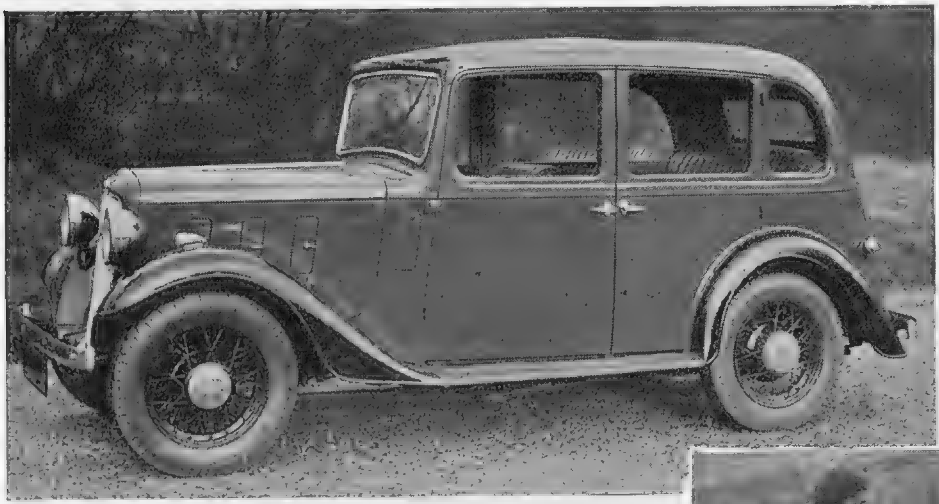


ONE of the many attractive smaller models of the Austin range, this "Sherborne" saloon on the 10 h.p. four-cylinder chassis is listed at £178

12 or 14 h.p. The chassis is of interesting design, including independent springing for the front wheels. The engine in each case is an overhead-valve unit of high efficiency and the gearbox is of the synchromesh variety. Many types of coachwork are supplied, and it should be noted that for 1936 the Vauxhall Company is making a speciality of all-weather models, among which the Wingham Cabriolet and the Tickford Coupé are deserving of special attention.

BY those who wish to enjoy a really wide choice of models the new Morris range must be carefully studied. The latest six-cylinder cars represent quite remarkable value for money, as, for example, the 25 h.p. saloon at £265. Other Morris "sixes" are of 21, 18 and 16 h.p. All these cars are luxuriously equipped, and a notable feature is that "Jackall" hydraulic jacking is a standard fitment. The upholstery is pneumatic and the amount of coachwork space is generous.

There are three four-cylinder models, of 8, 10 and 12 h.p. These cars again, with the exception of the "eight," have the advantage of hydraulic jacking. The 10 and 12 h.p. models are of sturdy build and comfortable size, having a very satisfying road performance. The 8 h.p. Morris is, for its modest power, a wonderful little car, selling at a price which brings it within the reach of almost everyone. The saloon model is listed at £120.

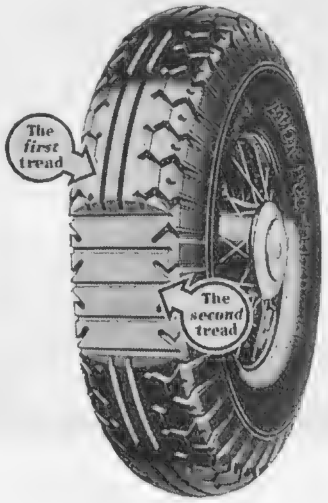
Wide variety and keen value for money characterises the Austin range of cars for 1936. There are six-cylinder models of 14, 16, 18 and 24 h.p. and four-cylinder models of 12, 10 and 7·8 h.p. The six-cylinder cars are fitted with hydraulic jacking, and all have four-speed synchromesh gearboxes. An interesting feature is that on the 16 and 18 h.p. chassis the Hayes gearbox is available at extra cost. This is a unit which may have a great future, as its action is almost entirely automatic, i.e., it makes gear changes of its own accord.

THE four-cylinder Austins are cars of a smaller but thoroughly efficient type. All have a useful turn of speed and are very fully equipped, both as regards coachwork refinements and practical chassis details. The Austin "Seven" is an ever-popular model, which is now slightly increased in size and fitted with roomier bodies than before. A good example is the "Ruby" saloon, which, with sliding head, sells at £125.

The Wolseley programme for 1936 is a very enterprising one. There are three models which are already well known and familiar, namely, the "Fourteen," the "Wasp" and the "Hornet." Of these, the "Wasp" has a four-cylinder engine, while the "Fourteen" and "Hornet" are of the six-cylinder type. In each case the engine is an overhead-valve unit of high efficiency and the gearbox, giving four speeds, is of the synchromesh variety.

In addition to these cars we have the new Wolseley "Super Sixes." These are larger models of handsome appearance and generous accommodation. All are fitted with "Jackall" hydraulic jacking and have engines of advanced design, incorporating twin carburettors. Their horse-power ratings are 16, 21 and 25. Of special interest is the 25 h.p. chassis, which is designed to carry luxurious limousine or landaulette coachwork. The seven-seater Wolseley is a car of fine quality and represents first-rate value at £725.

A STURDY little car which is capable of going anywhere. This Morris "Eight" two-seater is seen against a wild background on the shores of Loch Awe



ONE of the new ideas in tyre construction. This Avon cover is built with two treads. When the first tread wears down the second appears, and this gives the tyre additional non-skid mileage

MODERN cars are well equipped, but here is a valuable item which is sometimes omitted. It is an inspection lamp, of Lucas manufacture, having a sufficient length of flex to enable it to extend its light to any part of the chassis. At night it has an infinite number of uses

FEW firms are offering a wider choice for 1936 than the Standard Motor Company. There is a Standard "Nine," a "Ten," a "Twelve," and a "Light Twelve," a "Sixteen," a "Twenty" and a "Light Twenty," apart from the range of "Flying" Standards, of which more anon. The 9, 10 and 12 h.p. models have four-cylinder engines, while the 16 and 20 h.p. engines are "sixes." Prices are very reasonable—for instance, the "Light Twelve" saloon costs only £195—and there are a great many refinements which will be appreciated. "Telescopic" steering columns, adjustable for length, may be mentioned in this connection.

The "Flying" Standards are cars of more sporting design and performance, based on the 12, 16 and 20 h.p. chassis. The coachwork is streamlined and the effect is decidedly attractive. "Flying" Standard prices range between £259 and £315, and a remarkably good turn of speed is to be anticipated from these specialised models. No less than 80 m.p.h. is claimed for the "Twenty."

Those who seek a really high performance at moderate cost will not fail to examine the new S.S. "Jaguar" cars. These have overhead-valve engines of marked efficiency and give a first-rate account of themselves on the road. The 2½-litre "six," which can do its 90 m.p.h., is really extraordinarily cheap at £385. The smaller car, with a 12 h.p. four-cylinder engine, is priced at £100 less.

The side-valve S.S.1 and S.S.2 models, of 16 and 12 h.p., are being continued. The S.S.1 is also available with a larger engine of 20 h.p. These are cars which are established in popularity and are known, among other things,

(Continued on page 89)

ADELPHI

A new 6-LIGHT five-seater by Riley. Room and Vision on a grand scale. Powered by either the famous four-cylinder 1½ Litre or the 6-cylinder 15 h.p. engine. Every Riley feature, including Pre-selectagear, Lever-free Front, Inter-axle Seating. The finest all-purpose Riley ever built.

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Riley

"Running in the New Car"

By The Earl of Cardigan

A "POPULAR" Ford Saloon in Epping Forest. This two-door saloon is priced at exactly £100, but it may be said that this very low figure is by no means the only reason it earns the designation "popular"

THERE are few pleasures to which there is not some penalty attached. Certainly, in the case of buying a new car, one's natural pride of possession is to some extent mitigated by the necessity for treating it with elaborate care for the first few hundred miles of running. It is probably a faster car than one's previous one—and yet one must begin by driving it considerably more slowly.

This is quite contrary to the new owner's natural inclination. It is only human to want to know just what a car is capable of doing—whether, with a good run, it can climb such and such a gradient in top gear—or whether, over such and such a stretch of main road, it really has the speed that is claimed for it. Performance, we know, is not everything; but it is pleasant to be able to say, "Of course, with my *new* car, I can do this, or that, or the other."

We must, however, face the fact that it is really essential for any new car to be quietly driven in the first instance. The engine and other units may, to some extent, have been "run in" on the test bench; but this process is never fully completed in any factory that I know of. Bearings remain on the tight side, pistons fit their cylinders too closely, and many other parts have as yet insufficient freedom.

It is obvious, I think, that this must be so. If a bearing, for instance, was a comfortable fit when first assembled, it would be decidedly "sloppy" after some hours of running. Only by fitting too tightly in the first place can it hope to be "just right" after a little original wear has taken place.

Here are a few suggestions for those who may be "running in" a new car for the first time.

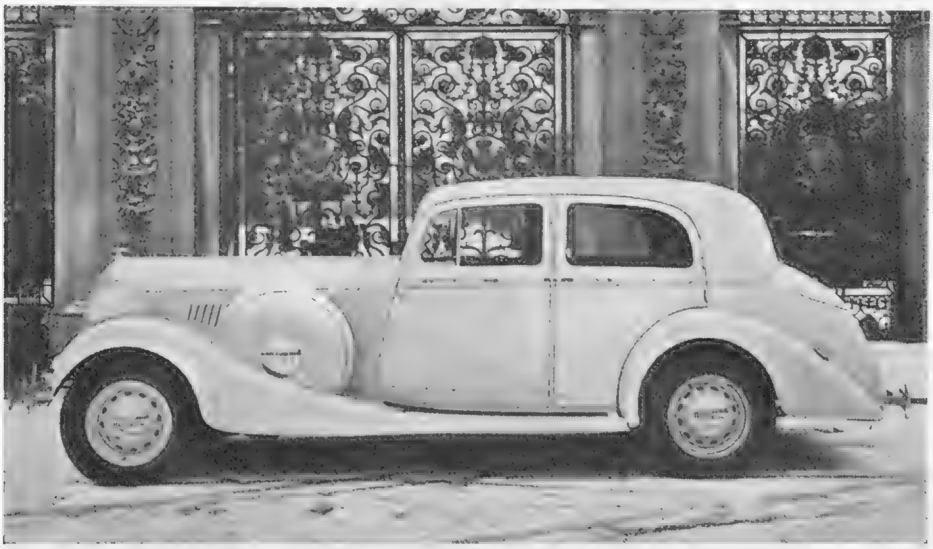
The manufacturer's instructions as to the maximum speeds permissible should be obeyed in the spirit rather than in the letter. For instance, if one is enjoined to keep down to 35 m.p.h. for the first 500 miles, there will be no harm in an occasional little burst of 40 m.p.h. after 400 miles or so has been recorded. This will, indeed, do the car far more good than suddenly to jump from 35 to 70 m.p.h. as the 500th milestone is passed!

Similarly, if 35 m.p.h. is the recommended maximum for top gear, the driver must use his own common sense to decide on an appropriate maximum for third or second gear. A third gear maximum of 20–25 m.p.h. would suggest itself.

After the first few hundred miles, it will be a good plan to go round the whole car with a spanner, or have this done at the local service station. If any nuts or bolts are going to work loose, this is the period when they will do so. If they are re-tightened at this stage, it is very unlikely that they will try to work loose again.

During the "running in" period, particular care should be taken never to drive the car, other than very gently, when the engine is cold. A cold engine does not get the proper benefit from its lubrication system, owing to the thickness and sluggishness of the oil. A new engine likewise is not ideally lubricated, owing to the working parts fitting together so closely. It follows that an engine that is both cold *and* new is likely to be very poorly served in the essential matter of lubrication.

Here again, we see that it is the spirit of the manufacturer's recommended speed limit which counts. We could obey the letter of it by driving the car out of its garage in the morning at a brisk 35 m.p.h., perhaps with some vigorous "revving" in a low gear—"just to get it warmed up quickly!" This would perhaps not be contrary to the instruction book; but it would certainly be contrary to common sense.



A NEW Hudson Eight Special Sports Saloon. A commodious car, wide enough to accommodate six passengers without any overcrowding

THE lubrication question being so vital, it is a good plan to drain the sump and refill with fresh oil at more than ordinarily frequent intervals during the car's early life. For one thing, there is a greater risk at this time of minute "foreign bodies" accumulating in the oil supply. We have seen that all bearings, etc., are tight; therefore there is an abnormal amount of wear going on; therefore tiny particles of metal are continually being set adrift, to find their way into the oil in the sump.

Obviously, if this process were allowed to continue, the oil would, before long, become very foul indeed. The only remedy is to change it frequently, at least until the engine may be thought to have settled down, or become effectually "run in." Incidentally, the best oil will be found, in the long run, to be an economy. To use "unknown" brands is a risk which, in view of the possible damage, simply is not worth taking.

The restraints of the "running in" period, of course, bear least heavily upon the man who is lucky enough, or wise enough, to be the owner of more than one car. Quite a number of people now make a practice of keeping two cars—generally one large and one small one—and it is by

(*Continued on page* 89)

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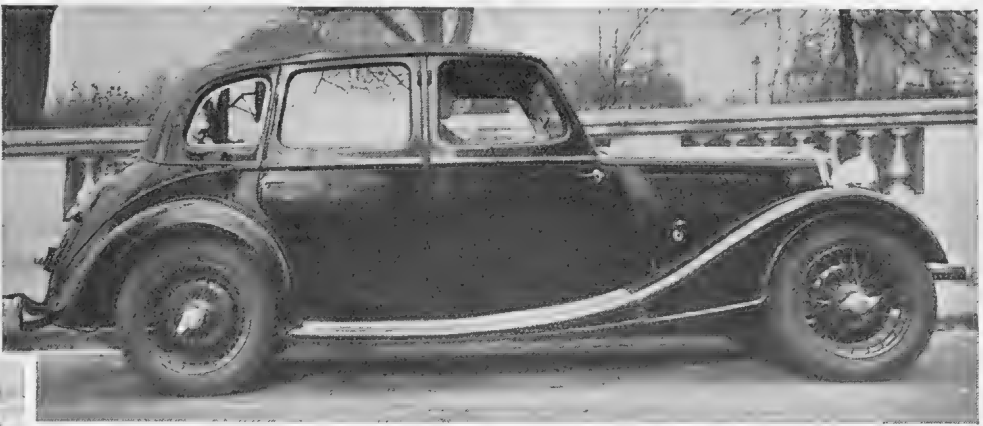
An Attractive New Riley

The 1½ Litre "Adelphi"



THE "Adelphi" saloon makes the 1½ litre Riley a bigger and more luxurious car than ever before. The chassis has been slightly enlarged since last year, so as to take this new style of coachwork

Left:

THE engine is a typical Riley unit, having overhead valves. It turns over at high speed, but is always commendably smooth in its running

THE instrument panel is neat, and includes a speedometer of extra large size. The control lever for the pre-selective gearbox is on the steering column, just beneath the driver's hand

AMONG the various Riley models with which we are now familiar there is probably none more popular than that which is termed the "1½ litre." This is a 12 h.p. car, having a highly efficient four-cylinder engine which gives it a really first-rate road performance.

The ordinary motorist would have been hard put to it to suggest how last year's edition of this 12 h.p. Riley could have been substantially improved. To the Riley Company, however, there seemed to be one obvious line for investigation. Could not the 1½ litre chassis be made a size larger, and, if so, could it not carry a more luxurious type of coachwork?

The new 1936 edition gives the answer. There is now an increase of 3½ inches in the car's wheelbase, and of 3 inches in its track. These figures may seem small; but it is wonderful how helpful a few extra inches can be when the additional space is utilised to the very best advantage.

There is no doubt, in this case, that the 1936 coachwork is substantially more roomy. One does not have to go round it with a tape measure in order to appreciate the difference. Not only is there extra space for feet and knees and elbows, but the whole design of the "Adelphi" coachwork is on new and generous lines.

Briefly, the "Adelphi" saloon is of the six-light variety, having three separate windows on each side. (Former Riley saloon models have been of the four-light type.) It is open to argument whether this is an improvement from the point of view of appearance; but undoubtedly it has the effect of making the interior brighter, and of giving the back-seat passengers an added sense of spaciousness.

The extra width makes the car a genuine five-seater, which is a decided advantage. All passengers have plenty of head-room, and all can stretch their legs to an ample extent. At the back, there is a really large luggage boot, which will accommodate with ease a good collection of suitcases.

The engine, although it presumably has a slightly greater load to pull, does its work just as well as ever. This is no trivial praise. The maximum speed is a full 70 m.p.h. in top gear, with a corresponding 50 m.p.h. in third. These are high figures for a 12 h.p. car of the ordinary "family" type.

Acceleration is good, and a likeable feature is that the engine combines a (*Continued on page* 87)

THERE is a luggage-boot of very useful size. It can be closed and locked, except when very bulky articles are carried. There is a separate recess to enclose the spare wheel

Right:

THERE is a really generous amount of space at the back of the "Adelphi" saloon. With the arm-rest raised, three passengers can sit abreast. The quarter-lights are hinged to give draughtless ventilation

The 1½ Litre Riley in Brief

Engine: Four cylinders with overhead valves; 11·9 h.p.

Transmission: Four-speed pre-selective gearbox, with automatic friction clutch.

Performance: Third gear, 50 m.p.h.; top gear, 70 m.p.h.

Springing: Semi-elliptic; good, especially at higher speeds.

Steering; Light, accurate.

Brakes: Efficient, of mechanical type.

Coachwork: Very comfortable and spacious.

Price: "Adelphi" model, £350.

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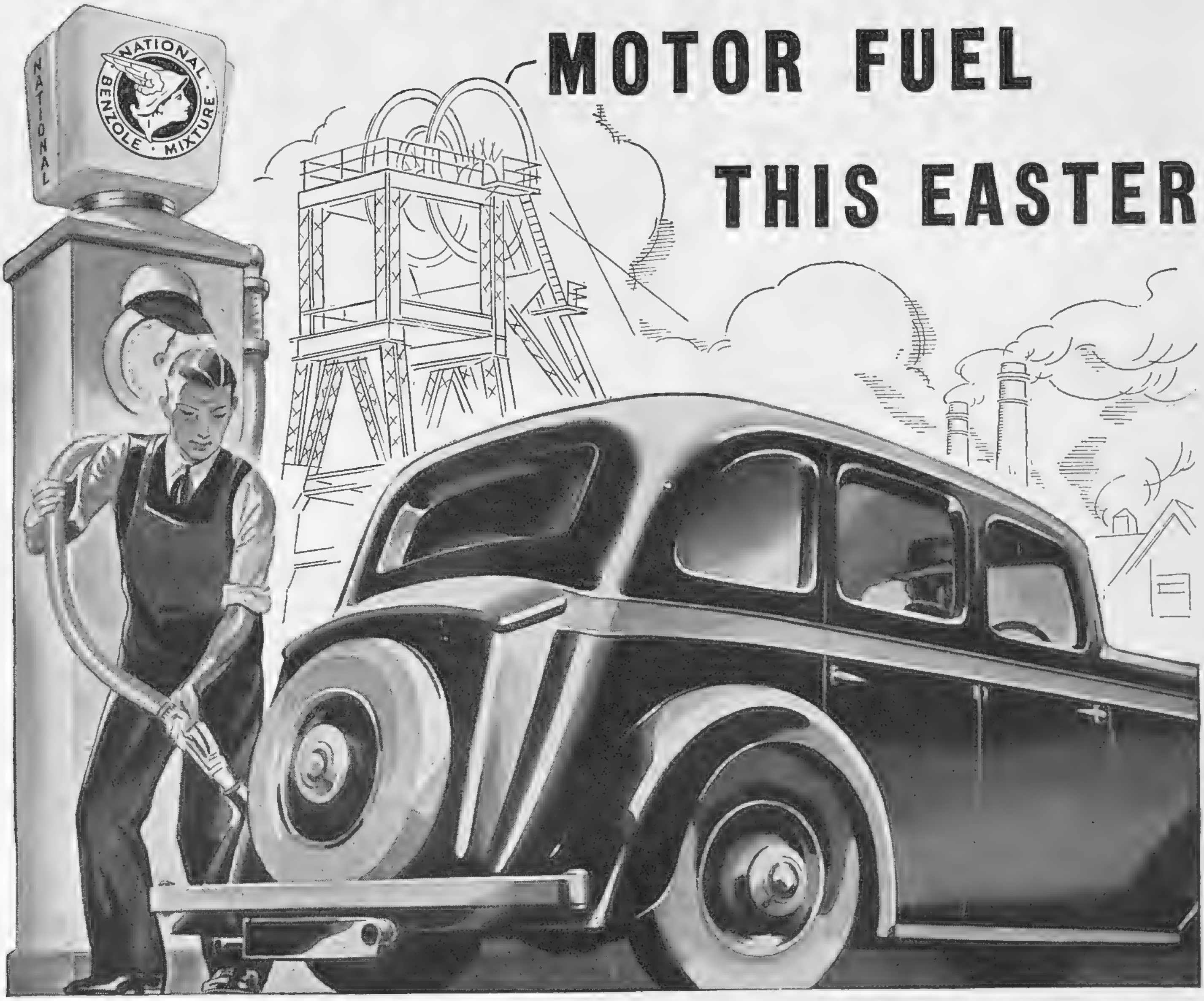

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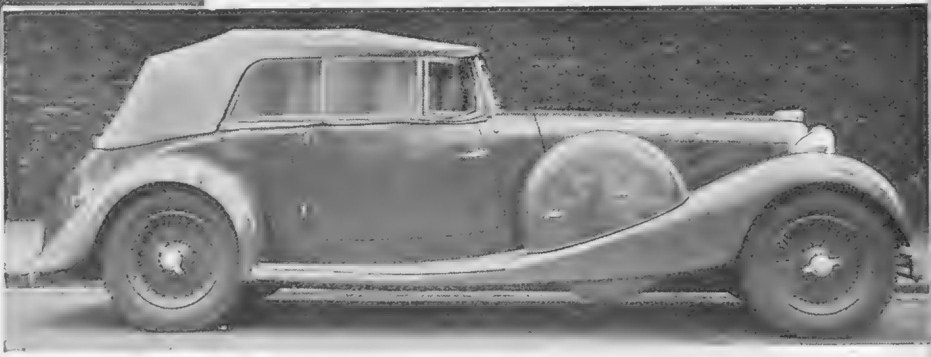
A Car *of* Brilliant Performance

The New 4½ Litre Lagonda

THE 4½ litre Lagonda is a strikingly handsome and well-balanced car, with an appearance befitting its outstanding road performance. In touring trim, it has a maximum speed of no less than 100 m.p.h.



WITH hood and side screens up, the open touring model is converted into a weather-proof car which gives full protection to all its occupants. This model, with complete equipment, sells at £1,000 exactly

IT is by no means easy to discuss in calm and dispassionate manner a car which belongs genuinely to the 100 m.p.h. class. One can scarcely avoid being dazzled by so spectacular a turn of speed, and by the tremendous power which is its natural concomitant. One is in danger of being blinded to the existence of other qualities, which may be no less vital to the comfort and well-being of the car's eventual owner.

Knowing this, when I recently tested the 4½ litre Lagonda, I made a deliberate effort to preserve the critical, unbiased outlook. I believe that I succeeded—but with no other result than to gain a real enthusiasm for this latest embodiment of 100 m.p.h. motoring.

The fact is that the Lagonda is far more than merely a very fast car. It is also a docile car—a comfortable car—a car which behaves just as well and handles just as pleasantly as any steady-going "family" saloon. It is built to appeal, not to the speed merchant alone, but to everyone who can appreciate an engineering proposition of sheer all-round excellence.

One's first impression, naturally, is of power in abundance. The six-cylinder engine is rated at just over 29 h.p. Its power output at full throttle is not stated—but the figure must be very high indeed. As the "revs" increase, the car fairly surges forward, reaching its maximum performance at about 4,000 r.p.m.

IT will give some idea of the tremendous speeds available when I say that 60 m.p.h. can be attained *in second gear*. Here is the mile-a-minute, which represents good going for the average small car, accomplished by the Lagonda in the same ratio as that in which it can start from a standstill! In third gear 80 m.p.h. presents no difficulty, while with top gear engaged the speedometer needle will go soaring right up to the 100 m.p.h. mark. All this, be it noted, is the performance of an engine doing its work easily, smoothly, and with a remarkable degree of silence. There is no suggestion of strenuous effort—rather one feels that the car is taking these high speeds "in its stride." It is a refreshing and heartening sensation.

In traffic it is quite possible to crawl along in top gear (3·66 to 1) at a mere walking pace—such is the flexibility of this remarkable power unit. Again, there is no sense of strain, although naturally the best results in the way of acceleration are not thus available.

(Continued on page 87)

The 4½ Litre Lagonda in Brief

Engine: Six cylinders, twin carburettors, two magnetos, overhead valves, 29·13 h.p.

Transmission: Four-speed gearbox, third and top ratios synchro-mesh. Final drive, 3·66 to 1.

Performance: Third gear, 80 m.p.h.; top gear, 100 m.p.h.

Springing: Semi-elliptic, with controllable shock-absorbers, giving exceptional road-holding.

Steering: Light and very accurate.

Brakes: Girling type, highly efficient.

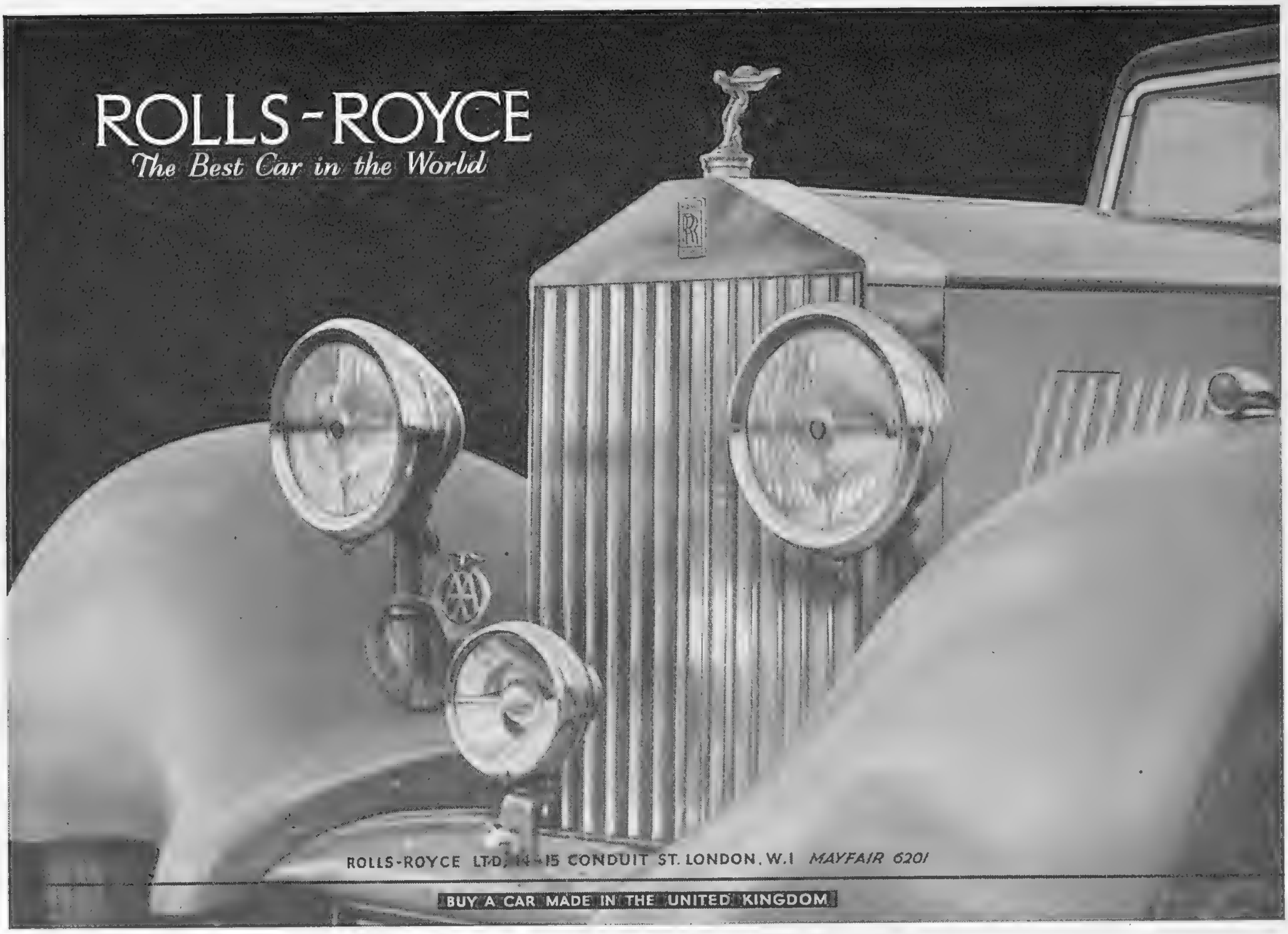
Coachwork: Really comfortable fore and aft.

Price: Open touring car, £1,000.

THE instrument panel is neat, and the driver is comfortably seated. A novel feature is that the "spare wheel" on this side is a dummy containing, in addition to the tool kit, the control for the "Jackall" hydraulic jacking system

THERE is a useful luggage locker, with a platform for heavy baggage. From this angle one sees how neat is the arrangement of the hood and tonneau covers when the car is open

THE engine is of tremendous power, although straightforward in design. It is remarkable for its flexibility as much as for its speed capacity



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Gear-changing is made simple by the synchro-mesh mechanism of the third and top gears. Second gear is of the "old-fashioned" type; but it presents no difficulty when once one has noted that it is a somewhat higher ratio than the conventional "second."

The springing, for so fast a car, is exceptionally good. For technical reasons it is a great achievement to make a car ride comfortably at 100 m.p.h. and at 10 m.p.h. also. The Lagonda people do it by means of controllable shock-absorbers, which may be set—the control is on the steering column—to give hard or soft suspension at the discretion of the driver.

Road-holding with this Lagonda model is magnificent. I do not think that I have ever known a car to give such an impression of "running on rails," even when taking curves at 70 or 80 m.p.h. One expects a sports car to be good in this respect, but Lagonda cornering is definitely something quite out of the ordinary.

The steering, likewise, one expects to be good and definite. Actually, it earns much higher praise than this, for it is also very light and easy in action. As for its accuracy, one has a wonderful sense of confidence at speed, in the knowledge of being able, without effort, to drive a front wheel over the proverbial sixpence!

The brakes are of the excellent Girling type, and are amply efficient, even for the very high speeds involved. This is as it should be—for the Lagonda must be classed as one of the select few cars which, owing to their abnormal ease of running, are apt to lure the driver (unless he looks continually at his speedometer) into travelling a good deal faster than he may intend.

The really fast open touring car does not always excel in comfort; but here again the Lagonda is something quite out of the ordinary. It gives a very comfortable driving position, even for the tall man who prefers to sit well back, and provides also luxurious seating for the back-seat passengers. Clever design has enabled the back seat to be set much lower in the car than is usual, and thus there is much greater protection from the wind.

There is a full set of side screens, and these are of efficient type. Aided by the hood—which incidentally gives plenty of head-room—they provide quite genuine protection against all sorts of weather. Altogether it may be said that the coachwork has entirely escaped the usual "skimping" process to which the conventional sports car is subjected.

There are any number of good minor features—all of a practical and genuinely useful type. Finally, the open tourer sells at the eminently sensible figure of £1,000 exactly. For those who like to travel both fast and far, enjoying the refinements of luxury motoring the while, it is really difficult to think of a more satisfying investment.

END

An Attractive New Riley

(*Continued from page* 83)

remarkable capacity to "rev" with the ability to turn over at all times with absolute smoothness. Although it is only a four-cylinder unit, it is quite free from any roughness or period of vibration.

The gearbox is of the epicyclic (pre-selective) type, having the control lever on the steering column. All the four ratios are, of course, absolutely fool-proof, and extremely rapid changes can be made. This rapidity of operation is undoubtedly one of the great virtues of the epicyclic system.

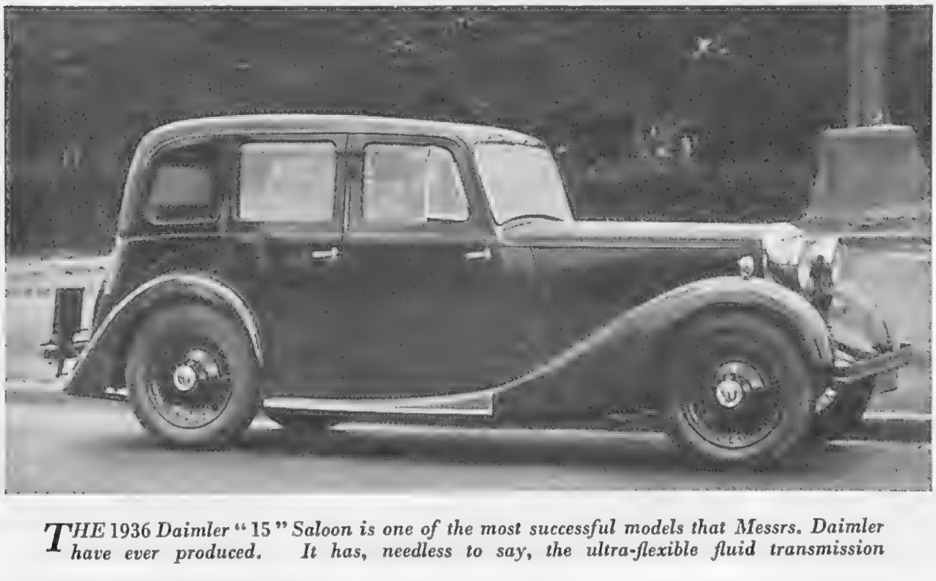
In addition, the Riley has an automatic clutch, so designed that it engages whenever the engine is speeded up, and disengages as soon as the engine speed is reduced to a "tick-over." It should be emphasised that the effect is quite different from that of a free-wheel. The car does not "coast" unless the gears are put in "neutral"; but, on the other hand, it is impossible to stall the engine inadvertently. The clutch disengages always just in nice time to avert this.

Similarly, it is impossible for the car to be started in a jerky manner. I made the entirely unfair test of asking the automatic clutch to get the Riley going, in second gear, from a standstill on the stiff gradient of Netherhall Gardens. It accomplished this quite satisfactorily—although, of course, the period of "slipping" was greatly prolonged.

The car steers very nicely, and is well sprung—particularly for the higher speeds. For slow running, the suspension may be thought a little hard. Good road-holding is an admirable feature—and one is reminded, in this connection, that the Riley Company has a considerable racing history behind it. It is very noticeable that cars which have been raced are always above the average in the matter of stability.

The brakes are very efficient and act with a light, but satisfactorily progressive, pedal pressure. There is an automatic system of chassis lubrication, by which the majority of essential points are fed with lubricant. This is permanently in operation whenever the car is in movement on the road.

A good minor point is that from the driving seat both the front wings are readily visible. I am sure that drivers of limited experience will appreciate this—although it is nowadays something of a rarity. Altogether, there is no doubt that this 1½ litre model, with its various chassis and coachwork developments, is more than ever calculated to satisfy the most exacting of 12 h.p. motorists. The price, which includes a very full equipment, is £350.



THE 1936 Daimler "15" Saloon is one of the most successful models that Messrs. Daimler have ever produced. It has, needless to say, the ultra-flexible fluid transmission

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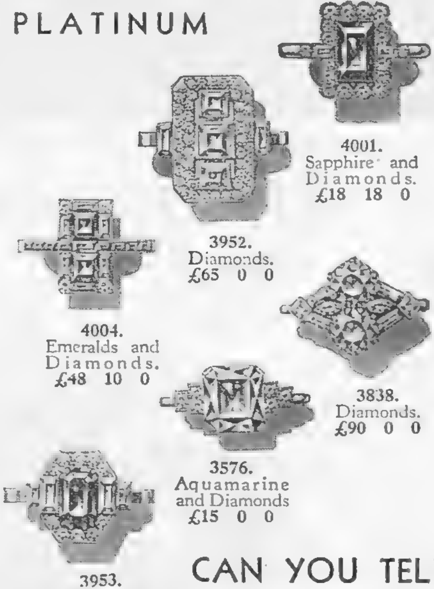

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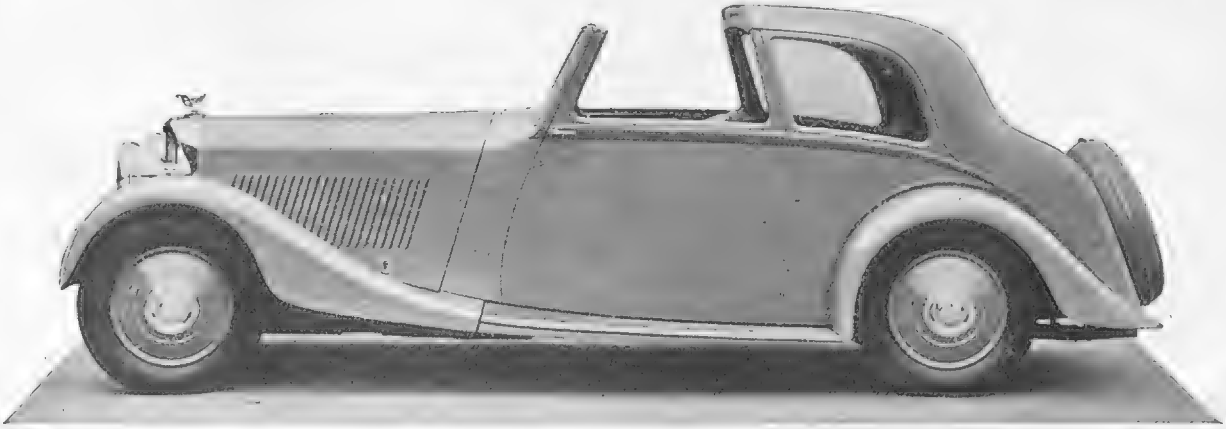

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New Cars—which are Now on the Market

(*Continued from page 79*)

for their very smart and impressive appearance. They are, of course, even more moderately priced than the new "Jaguars."

Nowadays, when it is a question of high performance at low cost, a car to be reckoned with is the "V-8" Ford. The original "V-8" caused a sensation when it appeared, and was famed for its exceptional acceleration. More recently, a "V-8" of lower power has been introduced, which gives greater economy while carrying on the tradition of vigorous pulling. The engine, in this case, has a rating of 22 h.p., and the four-door saloon is listed at £230.

There are two smaller Fords, one of which, known as the "Popular" model, has a four-cylinder engine of 8 h.p. The two-door saloon is priced at exactly £100; but it may be said that this very low figure is by no means the only reason why it earns the designation "popular." The other small Ford is known as the "de Luxe" model, and has a 10 h.p. engine. An outstanding feature is the rate of acceleration, which is quite abnormal for a "ten." Prices range from £135.

Cars of small or medium size which, by reason of their quality, are sure to make a wide appeal are being manufactured by the Rover Company. For 1936, the main Rover models will be of 10, 12 and 14 h.p. The 10 and 12 h.p. cars are powered by four-cylinder overhead-valve engines, which are notable for their extreme smoothness of running. Gearboxes provide four speeds, and are assisted by a free-wheel mechanism. The latter may be set at the discretion of the driver, so that automatic "coasting" may be obtained when, and only when, it is desired.

There is a specialised version of the 14 h.p. model, known as the "Speed Fourteen." The engine has three carburettors, with a high compression cylinder head, so that a performance well above the average is obtained. The normal 14 h.p. Sports Saloon is a particularly handsome-looking car which sells at £318, while the Streamline Coupé, on the "Speed" chassis, tops the list of Rover models at a price of £415.

Singer cars for 1936 may be divided into two categories. There are, in the first place, the cars of every-day type, which are of 9, 11 and 16 h.p. The "Nine," which is known as the "Bantam," has a four-cylinder engine with a three-speed synchromesh gearbox. There are saloon models available from £127 10s. The 11 h.p. car is likewise a "four," but with a four-speed gearbox. The 16 h.p. model is a "six," and this is a car of very comfortable size, luxuriously appointed. A feature of the transmission is the "Fluidrive" unit, which makes for extreme flexibility. This is used in conjunction with a gearbox of the pre-selective type.

Then there are the Singer speed models, of 9 and 13 h.p. (1½ litres). These are cars which really can "go," and which should appeal to the enthusiasts. Like all the Singers, they have overhead-valve engines with overhead camshafts. The 1½ litre two-seater speed model is priced at £350, while the equivalent car on the 9 h.p. chassis is listed at £215.

Space does not permit of this list being indefinitely extended; but I have said enough, I hope, to show that the motorist who sets out at the present time to buy a new car is in a peculiarly happy position. All the well-known firms are offering an extremely wide choice, prices are more reasonable than ever before, and there are many recent models of advanced design which are now just coming into full production.

One further point should perhaps be mentioned. The wise buyer will not overlook the special facilities which the big distributors, with their extensive showrooms and large reserve stocks, have to offer him. At the premises of these big firms, a very great number of different models are gathered under one roof, where they may be subjected to the most detailed examination. Demonstration cars are available, and the demonstrators are skilled men who are able to deal with every sort of enquiry. Finally, should a car give trouble after purchase, it is a great asset to be able to call in the immediate aid of a competent "after-sales service" organisation.

Running in the New Car

(*Continued from page 81*)

no means necessarily a sign of great wealth or extravagance. The extra convenience is great, and the extra cost is not enormous.

For example, the two-car owner never has to hire a taxi on account of one car or the other being "in dock" for an overhaul. His running costs are not much greater, since it is not often that both cars are on the road simultaneously. His petrol bill may even be less, assuming that the small car is used more than the big one. The extra insurance is not expensive, since a considerable reduction of premium is made on a double insurance policy.

Finally, since it is unlikely that the two cars will wear out or become obsolete at the same rate, there will never be more than one in the "running in" stage at any one time. If a well-tried car can be used for urgent business, it is really no hardship to go quietly in the new one on occasions when there is plenty of time to spare.

Petrol Problems

It must always be very difficult for the new motorist, or the buyer of a new type of car, to decide what type of fuel he is going to use. It does not take long, of course, to decide that it must be a *good* fuel, and of some recognised and well-known brand. It is clear enough that the better-known varieties have not gained their existing reputations in any other way than by proving their excellence in actual running over a long period of years.

The effect that bad fuel can have on an engine has to be experienced to be believed. I have sometimes, abroad, unwittingly taken a tankful of "dud" stuff, and have known first-rate cars, as a result, to boil on the most trivial gradients and to be miserably reduced in power output.

In England, however, there are quite a number of fuels which are thoroughly good, and any of which may be used with confidence. Careful comparative tests may reveal a difference in the result, and it may be found that certain engines will favour either one or another.

One fuel, the merit of which should certainly be given most careful consideration, is National Benzole Mixture. It may not be generally known that benzole is a derivative of coal. In the case of National Benzole, all the coal used is of British origin. Thus every gallon of National Benzole Mixture which is sold is the direct result of work given to the British miner, and of money invested in a great and vital British industry.

Other things being equal, therefore, there must always be a strong incentive for patriotic motorists to use this particular fuel. A few trials will soon prove that other things *are* equal: i.e., that National Benzole is as good a fuel as any, and superior to many others.

To cope with the increasing demand, the National Benzole Co. are opening new depots and extending existing depots in many parts of the country. New depots are under construction at Ipswich, St. Albans and East Greenwich, and extensions will be made to the existing depots at Leeds, Preston, Nottingham, Peterborough and Sunderland.

These developments by the National Benzole Company will necessitate additional rail tanks and road tank wagons, as well as the equipment for the depots. All the material used will be British throughout.

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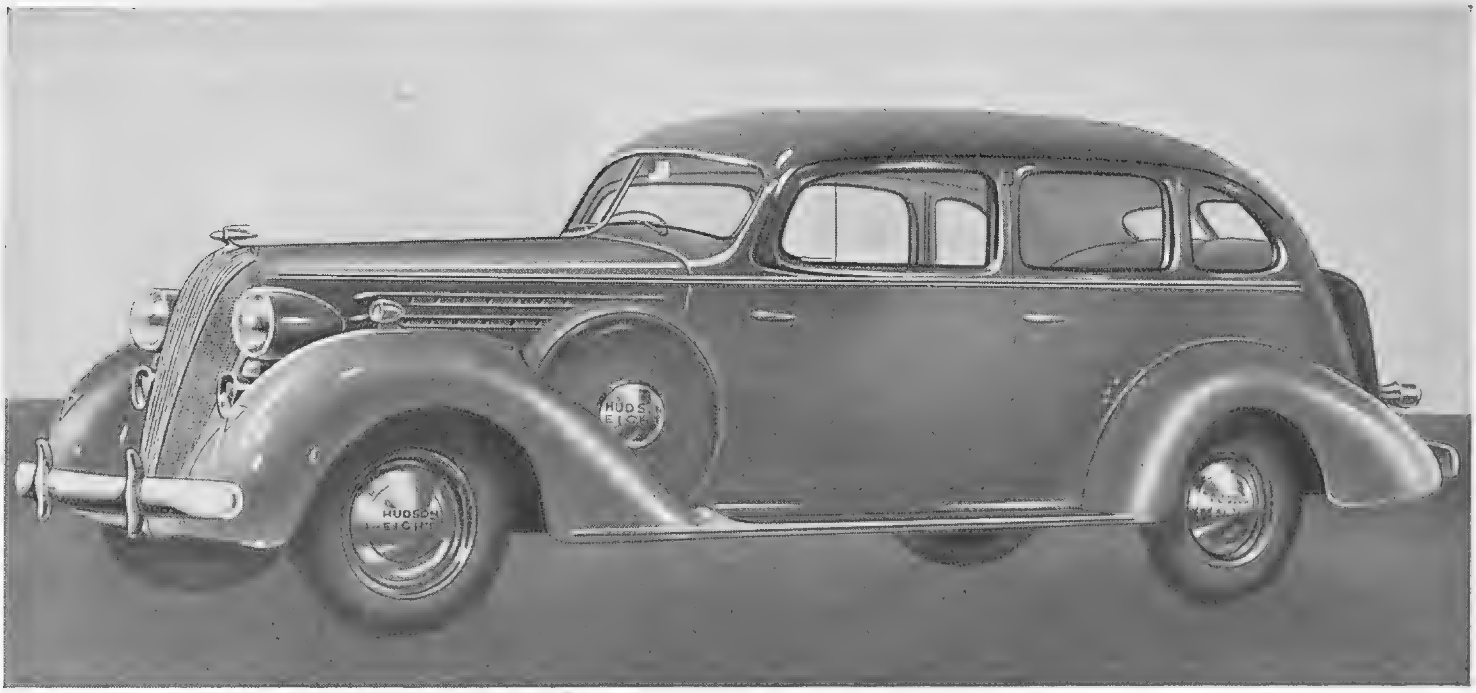

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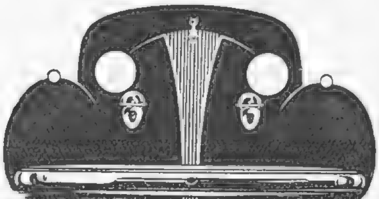

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The Silence of a Glider

cvs—89

The Doped Continent

(*Continued from page* 13)

expression has prevailed through thick and thin, where the intellect is not doped, "guided" or merely belaboured, are Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden. Outside of these it is a case of censors ever operating over Europe, either overtly, blatantly, cynically, as in Germany, Italy, Soviet Russia, or covertly, pussyfootedly, unadmitted, as in France, Czechoslovakia, the Baltic lands.

The backward glance that is always so necessary in order to gain perspective can be made singularly rapid with regard to this subject. The matter of censorship hardly arose until the Franco-Prussian War of 1870–71. Before that time newspapers and periodicals were not only few and far between, but usually semi-official organs; the reading public, the meagrest aggregate of perhaps ten or twelve per cent. of the population. Modern censorship as we know it was first introduced following the overwhelming defeat of the French at Sedan. Rightly or wrongly, the French Government held the *Temps* in a measure responsible for that disaster. The charge was that the leading Paris newspaper had published an indiscreet message concerning French troop movements and that this had been telegraphed to Holland and thence to German headquarters. So, for the remainder of the campaign, a military censorship was established not greatly dissimilar in its objectives from that which was to follow on the vastest scale forty-odd years after.

Between those two major European wars, 1871 and 1914, the long-drawn-out period of peace was instrumental in as good as abolishing continental censorship. The last to bow to the necessity of according freedom of expression was Tsarist Russia, early this century, although St. Petersburg never knuckled under fully. If it allowed foreign correspondents to tell the outside world what was supervening in Russia, it by no means always permitted Russians themselves to know.

Of censors and Press Bureaux in the last War it is unnecessary to say much beyond that as time progressed the initial idea of preventing military information from reaching the enemy underwent two profound modifications. About half-way through the War the censorship was definitely operating in the first instance to delay or even to withhold information which the authorities did not wish to have published abroad. The prime function of censorship had become one of covering up errors and of hindering anything that smacked of criticism. Towards the close, our pundits of the blue pencil proceeded one step further: it was realised that Press dispatches could have a positive value as well, that they could be used as propaganda to influence foreign public opinion. War and special correspondents were used accordingly, and it was from this advanced point that the first of the post-war dictators was subsequently to kick off.

For something like a decade after Versailles, censorship eased right away in most European countries—everywhere, it might be said, save in Russia, Italy, and the Spain of Primo de Rivera. And herewith so much must be recorded: while the continental Press was enjoying this (ultimate?) spell of freedom it abused the privilege in all too many latitudes. This constitutes another story in itself and cannot find a place here, yet the fact requires to be mentioned, in that it explains some, at any rate, of the severities that have followed. A pity to have to say so, but the foreign Press, though it never sinned as did the American, which has so far escaped free, asked for a good deal of what it has got; itself in no insignificant degree set those wretched scissors of censorship in motion and hastened the accouchement of people like Goebbels, Gayda and Co.

To-day things have travelled far beyond scissors and the smudging out of this or that on the printed page. Such is all *vieux jeu* now. Instead, journalists are caught young and, figuratively speaking, taken by the scruff of the neck and told what to do and what not to do. Our dictatorial friends (and not only they) have gone right to the source. They have chained the wrist that writes.

That is the extreme operation. Surveying the map of Europe before venturing out over it, one might say that in this transcending matter of freedom of the mind there exist three present-day variations of "treatment." There are the countries of complete mental subjection. There are the nations whose censorship is of the indirect, intermittent, less oppressive description, slippery and wangled but considerably less wanton and criminal, tending to be primarily defensive and protective in character. And there are the still-free lands.

Moscow was the first centre where the new-fangled, high-power propagandist censorship got under way after the Armistice, and it has been in operation so systematically ever since that we have almost come to take the visitation as a matter of course. All, foreigner and native, must write strictly according to the Bolshevik book of words. That the Soviets, whether for good or ill, could never have been reared without the resultant grim protective shield, without its mirages, inexactitudes, distortings, suppressions, is certain. The truth had to be largely shut out from Russians throughout the long incubation period now at last drawing to a close with the appearance of the first grown-up U.S.S.R. citizens who have never known anything else but the Soviet regime. The end justified the means, Stalin will say; what you do with the minds of men is of no consequence, provided the big objective be gained thereby. That, indeed, is the keynote in all dictatorial lands. For putting things crudely in a nutshell, giving the "low-down" on how the greater part of the Continent is coming to view the printed word and its mission, one could hardly improve on Dr. Goebbels: "The Press is no longer a barrel-organ out of which everybody is permitted to squeeze what melodies he likes, but a highly sensitive and far-sounding instrument or orchestra, on which and with which only those shall play who know how, and in whose hands the Führer himself has placed the conductor's bâton. The duty of a newspaper is not to inform but to shake up and spur forward, without indulgence in that liberal objectivity which seeks to be just to friend and foe, to one's own and to foreign nations."

Let us not seek to paint the foregoing lily; merely ponder the immense problems and perils for other countries which happen to think differently, that arise from such revolutionary doctrine . . .

By way of a close-up to the Soviet censorship: on the surface this sought from the outset to prevent the publication abroad of "inaccurate and untrue" statements about the regime, but deeper down was the determination so to contrive matters as only to present the rosy side to the home proletariat; the wide range of domestic flaws and fissures to be concealed from the masses, who were treated as so many children and not told anything. As sidelights, religion was derided, and Bolshevik pens so directed that nought save a never-ending spate of virulent misrepresentation flowed concerning the "capitalist" countries, notably to the effect that these, whatever they might say, were hedging in the new Russia with a view to overthrowing her by war. Only recently did Moscow begin to display a certain discrimination with regard to these wicked capitalist lands. Thus, Karl Radek, official penman, even believes it possible that the peace-paths of Soviet Russia and Imperialist Britain may be reconciled for the time being. However, the rest goes on—(*Continued on page* 93)

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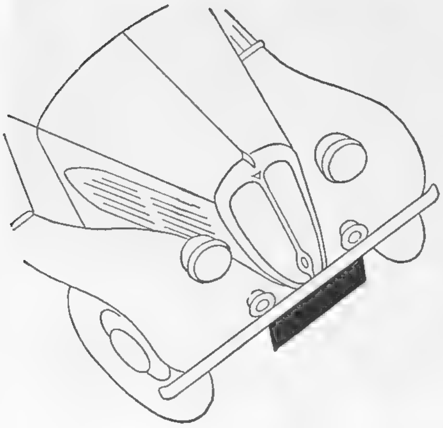

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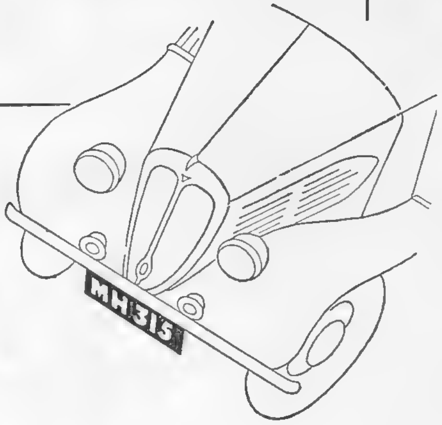

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anti-God; only the rosy side for home consumption, plus an extension of the hold over foreign correspondents. These are now held to account not only for any statements adjudged "malicious," but further for any attitude characterised by the authorities as "persistently unfair," that is to say, any marked tendency to dwell on the less favourable factors of Soviet life. Naturally there are ways and means of circumventing this blanketing ukase. A correspondent can telephone his information to a neighbouring land, or he may dispatch it by post. Yet it is hardly worth the candle, for, apart from possible eavesdropping or opening of one's mail, the Soviet in any case now holds correspondents responsible for all that appears in their papers, emanating from Russia.

Posterity may decide that the major success of Soviet censors was the instilling into tens of millions of mental adolescents (or less) the non-stop untruth that others on every side were preparing to attack them, for thus only could the spirit and magnitude of the Red fighting machine have been achieved—by riding roughshod over the human intelligence. In point of fact, since 1919, but one country has ever dreamt of campaigning against Russia, and that country has felt that way only since 1933, by which time the Red Army had already been monstrously swollen!

IN Germany intellectual freedom has been sunk without trace. The only truth the Third Realm now knows is that of the "spoken newspaper"—irrepressible word of mouth transmission of news. That, and the foreign Press, when the secret police has not confiscated it. Otherwise, nearly seventy million Germans are being led along to war blindfold and in blinkers regarding happenings in Germany no less than in the outside world. The Minister of Enlightenment makes no bones about what he is doing, namely, doping to the *n*th degree. Does the public rise up? Not at all. It docilely takes its soothing syrup in the interests of Race and of the Totalitarian State. Germans were never democratic. If, now, some do not accept the Nazi "*Weltanschauung*" or share the call-of-the-blood fever, they merely lose interest in what is transpiring around them.

There never has been such a newspaper landslide as in Hitler's Germany. Since his advent nearly 5,000 publications have ceased. Of the two varieties suffered to endure, the State-run newspapers and the so-called "coordinated" sheets which, if still privately owned, are under every bit as rigid a censorship as category one, it can only be said that they constitute so many publicity organs of the Government, forced alike in news and in comment to hymn the powers-that-be and to cover up their mistakes. "You must realise," observed a German colleague in this regard, "that we are building a different world on entirely new foundations. If the Press has been harnessed, that is because it is as necessary as the schools, the universities, the churches, the law, the army, the police. In fact it is the most important of the lot. Dr. Goebbels has found that out. He who also controls the films, the radio, the stage, has found out that, if the spoken word be the better revolutionary fighting weapon, for day-to-day business of government, the newspaper comes out on top as Indispensable No. 1."

And so each day the orchestra strikes up the refrain anew—and no Beecham was ever a greater autocrat of the baton than Goebbels. With drums beating and bugles blaring the German Press is marched into battle every morning in the approved style of war propaganda, the abiding and governing "directive" being that the Nazi State is at war against a world of enemies, open enemies abroad and sneaking enemies at home.

"News (one reads) is carefully sifted to stiffen home morale and to avoid giving aid or comfort to the enemy. Criticism of any kind is ruled out. Goebbels has said: 'The right of criticism belongs to the Nazi Party alone, and I deny it to all others.' In this spirit the Press is instructed and supplied with material almost all of which filters leisurely but with grimmest authority through the official German News Agency. In addition, there is a daily newspaper conference at the Propaganda Ministry when even such detail as type, headline, and the position of this or that item on the printed page will be decreed. Those attending will also be ordered to stress here and to minimise there, or to eliminate something else entirely. 'No mention must be made of the incident in Upper Silesia in view of existing good relations with Poland.' That sort of thing; a ceaseless stream of it."

If any difference there be 'twixt the blight of censorship as settled o'er the Reich and that obtaining in Fascist Italy, it is that in the latter country the orchestral baton, squashing and steering the Press, is in the hands of the Leader—the Duce—himself. The first editor by profession ever to control a nation elects to edit that nation without the remotest regard for the one true purpose of a newspaper, namely, to inform. Mussolini scorns fact and truth if the couple impinge even for a split second upon his State-building, war-waging, and moulding of a people. And it seems plainly to result that for the bulk of Italians whatever comes or does not come from the Duce . . . goes. What such contempt for, and regimenting of, the human mind may one day germinate in the way of mental robots is for the future to say. Meanwhile Mussolini has long had all his editors performing as so many gramophone records. The great man has only to signal his will, and every paper in Italy will next morning say any and everything against any and every country in the universe, as ordered. Without a doubt we have reached the limit of newspaper debasement with contemporary Rome; nor can the tale ever be surpassed for the good reason that there are no more excesses one can pass on to. It was left to a professional to turn on full current, to take the minds of forty millions into his keeping and loftily, even scornfully, to condescend: "Here—read this! It's all you're going to get. What? Tell you the truth? Of all the ideas! You just swallow what you're given and don't let me hear another word!"

EVERY Italian paper receives each day detailed instructions as to what may or may not be said and how to say it—what news and subjects must be treated and developed. The instructions have one merit in that not infrequently they reveal the dictator's mind. But they are not easily come by, outside the innermost fold. Here are three examples:—

> No more notice to be taken of the speeches of Hoare, Baldwin, and Eden.
>
> Attenuate the tone of the correspondence from Asmara, where Count Ciano is concerned, especially the headlines (Ciano—head of the Censorship, son-in-law of the Duce, and momentary rival in popularity to the latter).
>
> Comment on the telegram sent to the Duce by the rabbit-breeders and poultry farmers.

The Duce has to be a trifle less direct in his control of foreign correspondents. Officially these are not censored. Actually, they are very much. Certain messages, not agreeable to the regime, will be "delayed" or "mislaid" in transmission. Again, a correspondent will be warned and re-warned about his attitude, and finally expelled. Nor may any news of a military character (implying most of the news in current Italy) be transmitted without authority, whether it be true or false. Finally, the Duce avails himself to the full in regard to the confiscation of foreign newspapers lest his mental slaves become fleetingly contaminated by contact with objective truth. Nor will it ever do for them to be cognisant of foreign opinion in their regard, unless this be favourable. Practically the entire British Press that matters in the formation of international opinion is at this writing banned in Italy. Where, indeed, will

(*Continued on page* 95)

When other women cast envious glances in your direction, you may be sure that your complexion is a success—that you are using the *right* beauty creams and lotions. Gallant glances and masculine compliments may flatter, but it takes a woman's expert eye to tell you the *real* truth about your skin and complexion.

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"The Motor," February 18th, 1936.

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it all end? When the lid blows off, in Rome and elsewhere, as one inevitable day must happen? When people find out all that has been sedulously hidden from them, discover how they've been doped to the eyes year after year?

Spain may give the suggestion of an answer. When, after sixteen months of muzzling, the censorship was lifted, the newspapers of all parties set about the most violent exhumation of everything that had occurred while they had been gagged. The Left indulged in a veritable Marxian hymn of hate, day after day, as revelation of the horrors of the Asturias revolt were made. Conversely, the Right laid bare the grave financial misdemeanours of recent Governments, in which connection the *Sol* probably hit a nail on the head in averring that the irregularities would never have been permitted to reach the dimensions they did had the Press preserved its liberty to denounce their beginnings. A further extract from the *Sol* is worth giving verbatim :—

> "Although the censorship may erase both the pictured and written word or idea, it cannot prevent the evolution of thought. The most it does is to drive expression into a clandestineness prejudicial in the end to the cause it purports to defend, and the remedy thus becomes a grave infirmity. The gravest reproach that can be made to the censorship is its ultimate futility and the poisonous atmosphere it creates."

The censorship in Spain was known as Doña Anastasia (about the equivalent to our Dora), and now that the dame has decamped Spanish newspapers tell themselves they are going to be good. "We shall try to deserve our freedom. Liberty with responsibility." Yet so furious did the mutual recriminations wax, following Doña Anastasia's exit, that the police felt constrained to establish another form of censorship. Whole issues of the more violent papers were confiscated, so much so, that one morning the principal fire-eater appeared with the announcement: "We cannot afford to have 70,000 copies confiscated each day. Our readers must bide in patience until we are able to resume our Asturian revelations at some later date." But perhaps the wisest editor was he who proclaimed: "We have so much to say after the long confinement at high pressure that we do not know where to begin. Therefore we are not going to begin at all. Anyway, it all belongs to the past, and for us the motto is 'Forward!'"

CENSORSHIP approaching the extreme Fascist-Nazi pattern has been clamped down in the following nine other European countries: Austria, Hungary, Yugo-Slavia, Rumania, Bulgaria, Turkey, Greece, Albania, Poland. One would not say that any of these are as mentally imprisoned as Germany and Italy, or that the censorship is put to such unheard-of business within their borders. For one thing, it is not constant, the tendency rather being to resort to severe gagging only in crisis or a tight corner. Nevertheless one can hardly employ in these countries' regard a figure of speech other than "the wrist enchained." Their editors have to conform rigidly to government "dope" or else abstain. The newspapers are mere instruments of the regime, bolstering this up, varying only in degree of submissiveness. The peoples of these nine countries are being spoon-fed with specially prepared mental fodder appertaining alike to themselves and to the outside world.

Just as soon as a new would-be dictator decides to take over, he pounces on the Press. The technique of such coups has been well worked out by now. We saw it most recently in operation with Prince Starhemberg who laid about him in Vienna a short while after General Kondylis had done no less in Greece, bringing the Athens Press to heel. Where may the next blow fall? Very likely in one or more of the Baltic lands, with just a chance that it may supervene, of all places, in the land of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—only the first of which labels, by the way, fits anything like in with conditions in contemporary France.

At present Finland, Latvia, Estonia, Lithuania and France figure in Class 2, countries under an indirect and unadmitted form of censorship. Portugal and Czechoslovakia are others. What is the difference compared with Class 1? It stands forth fairly clearly. These second-group governments do not brutally lasso the Press in order to sustain at all hazards a specific form of regime, in order to hide cruelties, fake up the domestic scene, or savage foreign countries. The hand of censorship is a lighter, more amicable and less organised affair. It operates in the wings, you might say, and in particular is inclined to be genuinely defensive in character, in the main aimed at protecting one's own nationals. These nations will deny that they employ any censors as such, and this may well be the case; still, the effect is much the same. The censorship operates in a disguised and covert manner. Take, for instance, what is apt to happen in Paris where cable and radio companies are required "to seek instructions from the proper authorities" before transmitting certain types of news. Or, again, when correspondents telephone their news, there may be listening-in by expert Sûreté ears. At the time of the Stavisky riots, a colleague entered the Hotel Crillon to telephone London (the rioting was in progress just outside, on the Concorde). On his emergence, he was astonished to hear this, from a stranger: "I advise you not to continue sending your paper the kind of message you have just communicated."

Yet the real plague in France—a newspaper prostitution sometimes as ravaging in its effects as any Hitlerian or Mussolinian blight—hinges on the influence for evil of the bought or kept Press, ten or a dozen newspapers with some of the biggest circulations in Europe The annihilating control that dictators achieve elsewhere by brute force is secured in France by means of millions of francs unceasingly circulated in the direction of some of the most venal proprietors, directors, journalists, extant. The link with government censorship comes about in this manner: the French Foreign Minister can dispose surreptitiously of some £800,000 of secret funds annually, and it is a recognised thing that a large amount of this travels towards editorial, managerial and proprietorial bureaux in return for support of the Cabinet in power. The writer has, in a dozen years, beheld certain French newspapers of world-wide notoriety change their political views and hues twice and thrice over in order to get in the way of this constant flow of official lucre. The circumstance explains why, reading the *Grande Presse*, a Laval may appear as a Heaven-sent gift of wisdom and generosity, whereas the country at large may have no use for him at all. Laval until lately had his hand on those annual sixty million francs. And this extraordinary figure, the weirdest prime minister Europe has been afflicted with since the War, got hold of the Press to an extent none of his predecessors had ever done. Writes the intellectually truthful Pertinax: "He practically silenced the Press . . in the course of a heated controversy he said to the writer of this article: 'Tell the truth in England and America if you like, but, in Paris, you must not impair the authority of the Minister of Foreign Affairs!'"

ON reflection, France is in extra serious and special case, affording on occasion, though in a different manner, almost as great a fade-out of objective newspaper truth as obtains in the dictatorial lands. With few exceptions, mostly to the Liberal-Socialist "Left" or in the provinces, the French Press is in disgraceful enough eclipse. It is avowedly for sale to all kinds of interests—banking, armaments, fascist, in the van. When at the height of the Sanctions crisis English people were shocked and astounded at large influential sections of the Paris Press reverting to bitter hatred *vis-à-vis* this country, reminiscent of Boer War days, they merely had not been coached in the astonishing somersaults of which (*Continued on page 97*)

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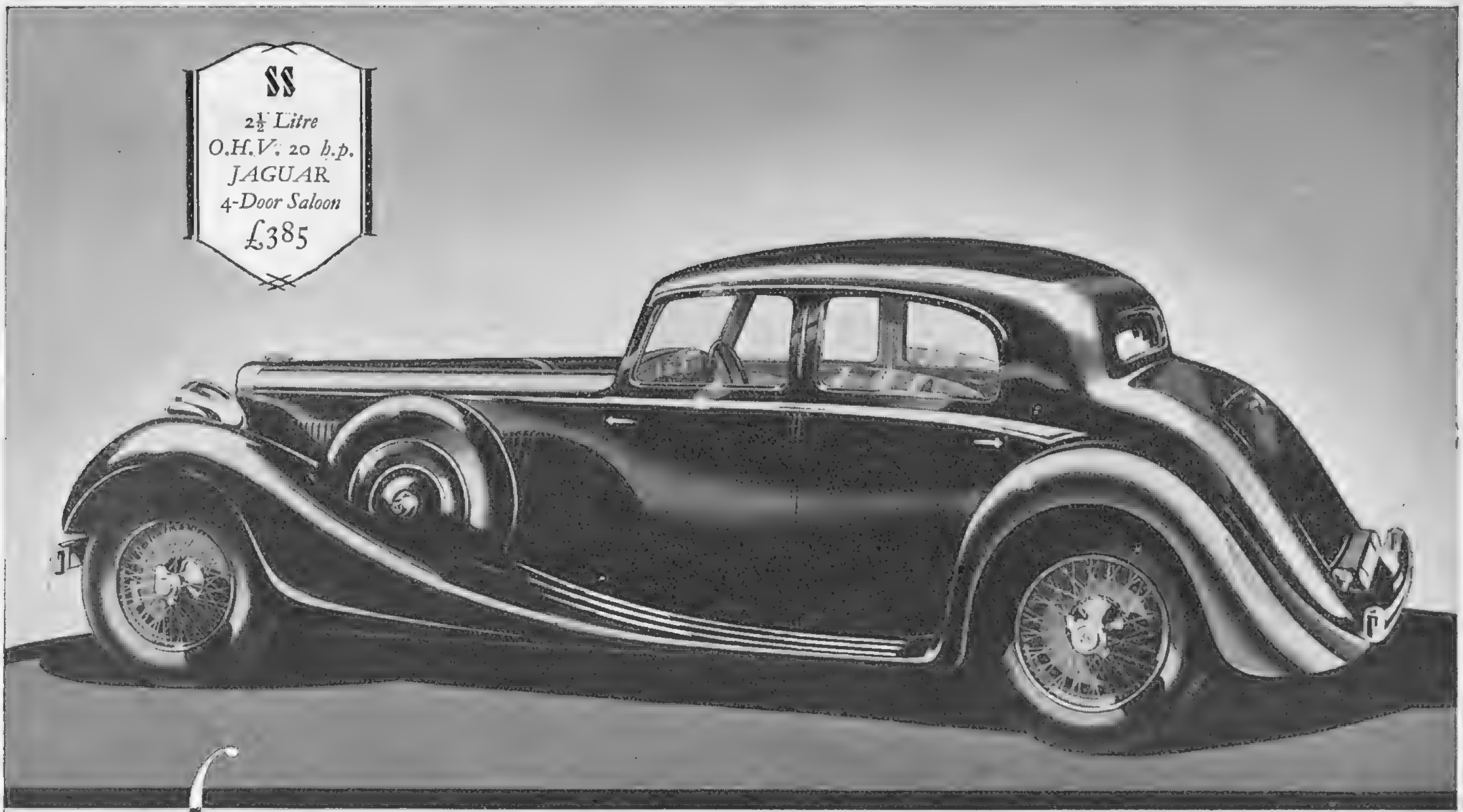

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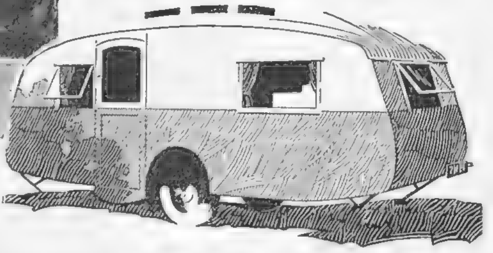

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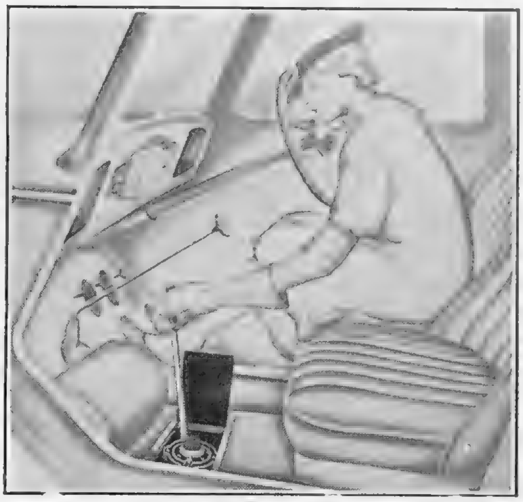

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this Press is capable, responding to what Upton Sinclair has termed "the brass cheque." In the case in question, Mussolini had poured money into certain Paris newspaper offices and his pound of flesh had to be delivered accordingly.

So that the flight from truth by the Seine sometimes even approaches in volume that obtaining by the Spree and Tiber. It is merely brought about in occult manner—though perhaps not so "occult," the way things have latterly been veering.

In the upshot we come down to the startling spectacle of only the British Isles and half a dozen small continental States enjoying that full freedom of expression which by 1914 had taken root in every corner of Europe. Such has been the loss: tremendous and maybe irreparable, since none can say what is going to be the effect of all this strangulation of human thought upon the rising generation that is seemingly far and wide submitting to it without much sign of protest, far less of rebellion.

Only British, Belgian, Dutch, Swiss and Scandinavian newspapers can still be picked up and read with the certitude that their staffs have written as free and unfettered men, that what you read is either the objective truth as they see it or that at most the printed page has been coloured by shadings of policy, which is quite a different kettle of fish. A person who picks up the *Morning Post* knows what to expect. Similarly with the *Nation Belge*, or the *Journal de Genève*, or the *Politiken* in Copenhagen. Such publications (and, of course, numerous others) do no more than colour things in accordance with office policy.

Need one tarry to examine the enormous additional difficulties that are added to the European tangle by the state of affairs outlined in this article? More profitable, may it be to set to thinking how the disastrous situation can be remedied—since if one thing is certain it is that this country, at any rate, cannot suffer lying and grossly abusive newspaper campaigns in its regard to go on indefinitely into the future, unmet and unrefuted. Time may have been when Britons could hold their noses high above such things, but those days are gone. To be misunderstood, now, definitely *matters*.

One obvious method offers of hitting back, of getting out the truth. Daily, continental transmitting stations indulge fiction and flights of fancy, most times highly damaging and libellous, relating to Britain. Why should we not answer back, our retaliation, however, to go no further than the correction of said lies and abuse by simple adherence to the plain facts of the case? The ideal would be for the League's transmitting station, idle from year's end to year's end, to give the seal of unappealable veracity by doing the job. With a strong League that had justified itself, the Genevan station could rise high above the stricken field of manhandled European thought and opinion, and at least pin down the more audacious daily distortions and untruths. Germans and Italians and others might be menaced by their dictators into not listening. We should have to risk that, as, also, jamming.

NOTE.—*Since the above was written, the British Government has gone half-way towards the closing suggestion by officially nailing at Geneva, chapter and verse, the gross Italian lie alleging this country was supplying Abyssinia with dum-dum bullets.*

Weather While You Wait

(*Continued from page 49*)

regulating his electrically-heated clothing. Thus the "weather pilot" has a lot to look after in addition to piloting the plane; in fact, mere flying becomes almost automatic. Oxygen masks have to be worn in addition to goggles and helmet, because after 20,000 ft. the air is very rarified. Flights have often been carried out to a height of 20,000 ft. without oxygen, but when it's a question of a daily job, pilots aim at being on the safe side.

The pilot takes his first readings when the plane reaches 1,000 ft. He notes them down in a little book strapped to his knee. He carries on noting the readings periodically until he reaches 20,000 ft.

Then on he goes to his ceiling, which is usually about 26,000 ft., where the writing becomes even more difficult.

When the last observation is taken, he turns the plane's nose down and spins for home. He doesn't take a straight nose dive, for the rush of air would render him liable to frost-bite, while an ordinary glide would take too long, with the risk of the engine freezing up.

Then comes the inevitable speculation as to where he will land. For the last hour or so he has been drifting through a befogged world of cloud and mist, concentrating on air pressures, temperatures and heights. But his compass bearings he knows little of, and hopes for the best.

At 9,000 ft. he comes out of his spin to check up and have a look round. Then if the woolly mass of cloud persists he goes more carefully down the next few thousand feet.

When he has dropped to 1,000 ft., his next thrill is finding a hole in the mass of cloud in which to take his bearings. At last he finds it, and quickly dives for it, glimpsing a faint smudge of green, on to which he glides with a sigh of relief.

Germany maintains five stations, from which "weather pilots" ascend to take observations, but France mainly entrusts the job of reading the upper atmosphere to a balloon, a few feet in diameter. To this balloon are affixed wireless instruments, which transmit signals automatically. From these signals, indications of the prevailing atmosphere are calculated by the ground staff.

The whole of the weather observations recorded in Europe are exchanged in the various countries, as part of an international scheme. Britain transmits her weather observations to France, who re-broadcasts them, together with her own, and those of Belgium, Spain and Italy.

Germany re-broadcasts her own weather observations, together with Austrian, Scandinavian and Eastern Europe generally, while Russia re-broadcasts her own, according to a definite programme.

The Air Ministry meteorological staff is at work day and night. And while the meteorologists are bent over their charts, constant telephone calls are coming from private individuals who want to undertake an air or sea journey and are a little bit nervous.

The daily weather report for the Press and the B.B.C. is issued at 10.30 a.m. And the work behind it involves intense concentration, wide surveys and careful calculation. All the readings that the "weather pilot" took at dawn, together with those of his colleagues on the Continent, the reports from the 40 British stations and from ships at sea have to be sifted scientifically by the "weather prophet" before he can tell you whether you are going to have sunshine, hail, snow or rain on the morrow. A special night report is issued about 10 p.m. for the benefit of the outward and inward bound German planes serving Croydon.

But really to feel the value of what a weather report means, outside of whether the sun is going to shine to-morrow, you want to be stepping into a Continental plane, when there's a little local mist, and hear that it's clear on the other side, or be emerging in a trawler from a Norwegian fjord in the depth of winter and hear that the gale you feared in the North Atlantic is blowing itself out.

Those are the moments when you bless meteorologists and the daily weather report. For though it's not always what you want, it at least tells you what to expect. And forewarned is forearmed.

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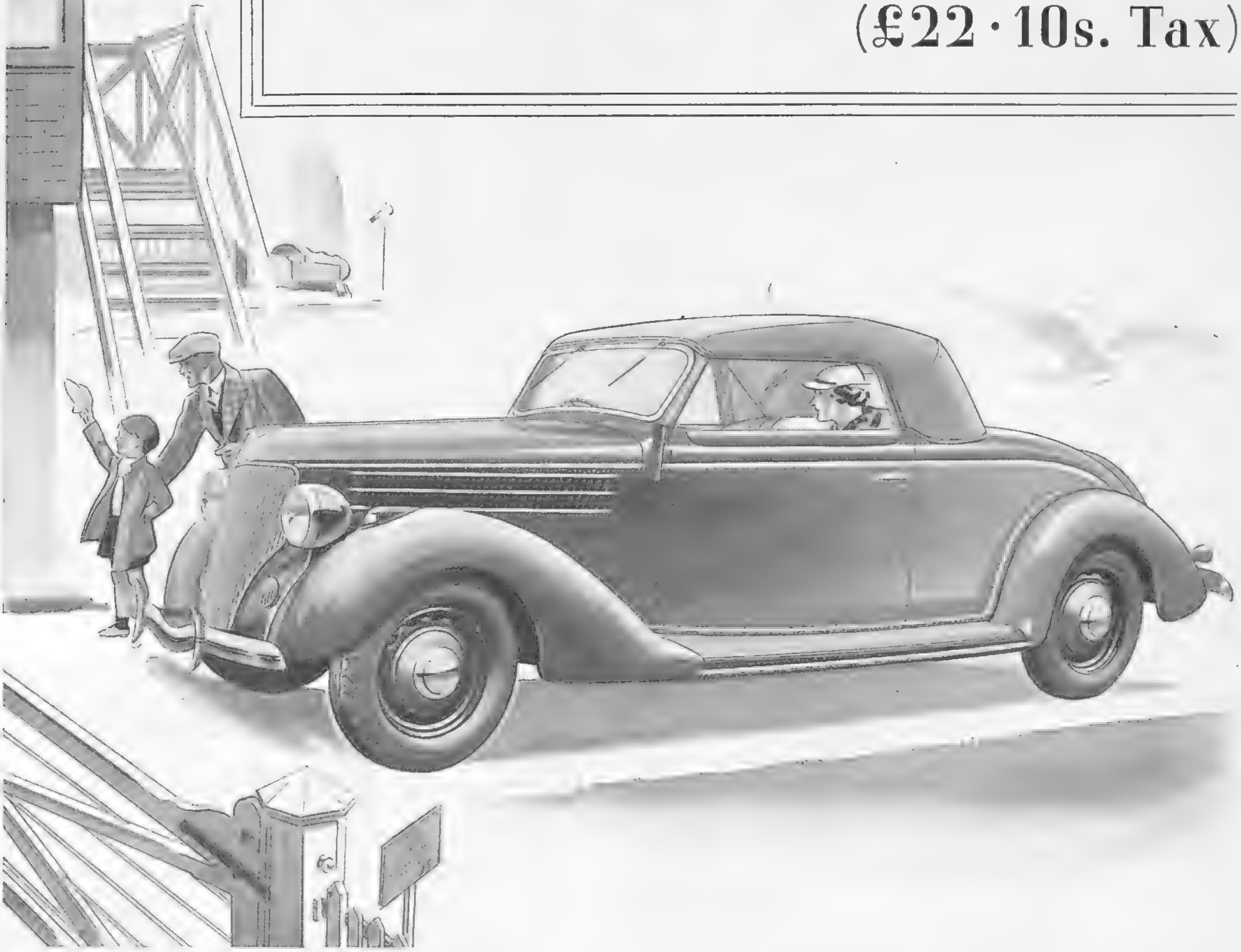

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Act Your Age

(Continued from page 11)

me a doll's house." There was a momentary gleam of cheerful mischief in the blue eyes. "You'll have to pack it as we move from place to place. I'm much too young to do that." She got up and stretched. "It's a grand life."

"It's only for a few years. At the rate Johnnie is growing it may not even be that."

"I'll never be eighteen again," said Judy.

"Would you rather be eighteen and hungry or thirteen and have four good meals a day?"

There didn't seem to be any answer to that question. "Oh, what's the use? We've argued and argued it so often," said Judy. "I'm for bed. Good-night, Aunt Alice."

"Good-night, child."

In the morning the maid knocked politely on the doors of the grown-ups, but when she came to Johnnie she playfully put a wet sponge on his face, and when she came to Judy she pulled off the bedclothes.

"Now hurry up, young lady," she said. "There's some hot water in the can, and mind you wash behind your ears."

It was the landlady herself who brought in their breakfast, so that she could gossip with Aunt Alice, and she was shocked when Judy said that she didn't want an egg.

"Now you eat up your good food, miss. If you don't you'll never grow up big and tall."

At this suggestion Judy's sleepy blue eyes lit with laughter, and she meekly ate the egg she didn't want.

There was a rehearsal that morning, but Aunt Alice and the Kelly Kids were always at the theatre an hour beforehand. The Kelly Kids could hardly remember a day of their lives when they had missed their dancing practice.

As Judy finished a spectacular round of pirouettes Alan Dale caught her expertly by the waist, lifted her to heaven, and set her down again on one toe. Her golden curls reached just above his elbow.

"You're early," he said. "Are you a good little girl this morning?"

"Oh, no," she said smilingly. "I've pulled Pussy's tail, broken Johnnie's toys, answered Auntie impertinently, and refused to eat my porridge."

Alan Dale had the puzzling impression that she was making fun of him. "Despite it all," he said, "you dance extremely well."

For a moment her face was grave. "Not well enough," she said sadly.

"Enough for what?"

She started at the question. Opened her mouth, shut it again, and then said, "Oh, enough to be let off practising."

But that wasn't what she had meant to say, and he knew it.

"I like you," he said suddenly.

"Me, too—I like you."

"May I be an elder brother to you?"

"I don't think so. I've got a complete set already."

"That's a pity. Could I be an uncle?"

"Good or bad uncle?"

"Oh, very good."

"No, thanks. I've got six already in the company. A girl can't have more than six uncles at a time, can she?"

"Well, if I were a millionaire, do you suppose Aunt Alice would let me adopt you so that I could have you around the place to make me laugh?"

"If you were a millionaire—yes."

"In that case I must become a millionaire. Do you read fairy tales?"

"No, I only tell them."

"I'll bet that's not what Aunt Alice calls them."

The pianist pushed past them, the members of the chorus began to straggle on to the stage, the musical director appeared with a sheaf of notes. Puffin was trying a new step in a corner.

"They're going to begin. Listen, Judy, Let's lunch together."

Judy's eyes were bright with excitement. "Oh, yes, please let's."

"I've found a place on the roof—near the stars, under the sun. I'll send out for sandwiches and beer and——What do you drink, Judy? Milk?"

Judy's smile was inscrutable. "I'm allowed coffee for a treat."

"This *is* a treat. Coffee and cakes and fruit. Anything else?"

"No. Sounds marvellous."

"And we'll play that we're Everest climbers, or astronomers, or steeplejacks."

"Or housebreakers, or cat burglars, or just men who mend roofs."

"Do you like pretending games?"

"No," she said, suddenly and decisively.

"Why ever not?"

"I'm sick of pretending," her voice was low and queerly charged with emotion.

He was puzzled. "You mean, because of all this——" He waved his hand vaguely in the direction of the company, who were filing on to the stage. "All this theatre pretence."

She looked at him steadily for a moment, grave and unchildlike, and then she shrugged her slim shoulders. "Yes, that's what I mean," she said indifferently.

But it wasn't at all. He knew that much. He wasn't a fool. This queer child had evaded him again.

"But, Judy, don't you like your job?"

"Not the pretending part," she said.

"You like dancing, not acting, is that it?"

"I suppose so," she said, and again he knew that he had failed to catch her meaning. It was as if she were talking to him in a language he only half understood, and he found that he was straining eagerly to get at her meaning.

The low comedian came towards them, a stick of rock in his hand.

"Morning, Judy," he said. "How's the little girl this morning? Look, bite this and you'll see 'Fairgate' written all the way through."

Judy looked with ill-concealed distaste at the long, sticky, pink sweet. "Oh, Mr. Bing, how lovely." She stood on tiptoe and whispered loudly in his ear. "Hide it for me or Aunt Alice will take it away."

Mr. Bing winked conspiratorially. "Right. Give it you later."

Alan Dale watched the little scene attentively. "Aunt Alice pretty strict?" he asked, as Mr. Bing's broad back retreated. Perhaps now he had the key to the puzzle.

"Oh, no," said Judy, who had used Aunt Alice so often to forbid the things Judy didn't want to do that she had forgotten that the ruse reflected on Aunt Alice's character. "Why?"

"Well, about the rock."

"Oh, that—I don't like rock."

He looked at her severely. "For your age you're a terribly accomplished liar. How shall I know when to believe you?"

She raised a face of childlike innocence to his. "Never believe me," she said, calmly. "It will save trouble in the long run."

Alan looked incredulously into the candid blue eyes. Had he heard aright? Of course this child couldn't know what she was saying, but still——

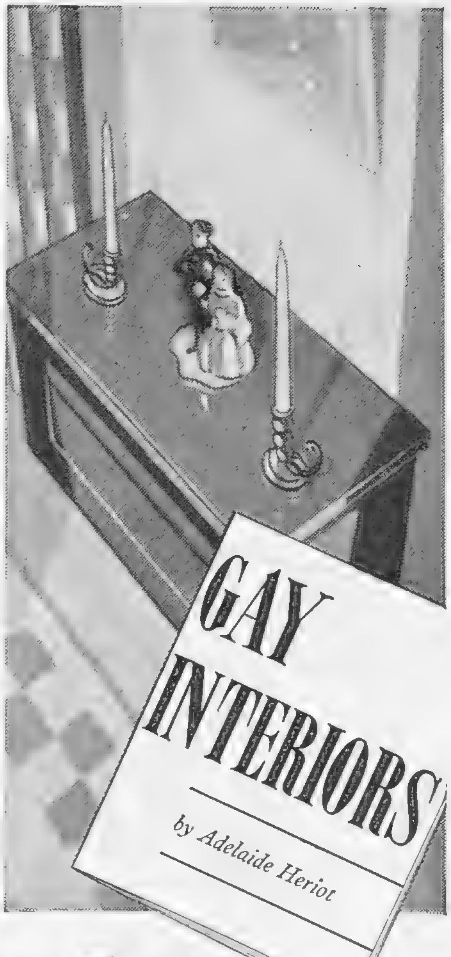
Someone was shouting, "Clear the stage, please."

The stage manager strolled up. "Come on, Judy." He laid an affectionate arm around her shoulders. "How's my little sweetheart this morning? Alan Dale, are you trying to steal my only love?"

"Don't be a fool," said Alan brusquely, and was amazed to discover that he hated to see that tweed-clad arm around Judy's shoulders.

The stage manager chuckled. "He's jealous." Then he looked over Judy's head and continued as if she were deaf, "She's the quaintest kid ever!" He turned unabashed to Judy. "Now, ducks, show me the piccaninny dance again."

The rehearsal had begun. Judy danced her way light-hearted through the morning. She was lunching (*Continued on page* 101)



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with Alan Dale. For the moment nothing else mattered.

At two o'clock the stage manager called a halt.

Judy was standing in the wings changing her shoes. She saw Myra Manning coming downstage to speak to Alan.

"Darling," she said, "I told the hotel to keep us a table for two."

"Sorry, Myra, I can't. I've got a date with Judy."

In the wings, unnoticed, Judy waited breathlessly. Of course there wouldn't be any lunch on the roof, in the sun, near the stars. Who would lunch with a kid if they could lunch with a leading lady?

"Put her off, darling. She won't mind."

"She might——" he said.

"Don't be absurd. She's only a kid."

"What's wrong with kids?"

"Nearly everything. We'll bring her back a box of chocolates. She'll like that much better."

"Sorry, Myra. I'm staying. Here's Puffin," he clutched the speciality dancer. "Take my place for lunch. Put it down to Room 47. I can't get away."

Puffin's face was alight with pleasure. "May I really, Myra? I say that's marvellous, darling."

There was an angry flush on Myra's cheeks. "Alan is lunching in the nursery," she said. "He wants a high chair and a bib for a birthday present."

"Meaning?" said the unenlightened Puffin.

"Just Myra's fun." Alan Dale pushed the young man gently to get them under way. "Go on. You've only got an hour."

The call boy had brought back the lunch that Alan had ordered. It was in a large paper carrier. Judy was the first up the six flights of stone stairs.

"This way," said Alan, and up the fire escape he led her to a corner of the roof of the theatre. The town lay at their feet, grey and smoky, and up above them the sun shone uninterruptedly.

"Oh, Alan, it's marvellous—marvellous."

He looked not at the view but at her shining eyes. "You may be sophisticated, kid, but at least you're not spoilt."

He laid his coat on the parapet to keep the smuts off her frock and they sat side by side examining the contents of the bag.

"Isn't this fun," she said, as he handed her a Thermos full of coffee. "The nicest lunch I've ever had—ever."

"I expect you say that to all the elderly gentlemen who take you out. But at least I've found a new location.

'Up above the world so high
Like a tea tray in the sky.'

Have you read your *Alice* yet?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "I can read, you know." There was mischief in her glance. "Alice nibbled a mushroom and grew awfully tall." She sighed. That mushroom had often figured in Judy's earlier dreams.

"Quite right. What else do you know?"

"The kings of England and the capitals of Europe and the multiplication tables."

Once again he had the impression that she was laughing at him. "Good," he said.

She looked at him demurely over her coffee cup. "And I know how many beans make five."

"I hope you keep up your lessons," he said severely, and handed her a sandwich murmuring, "That one is tongue."

"Life is a lesson," she said and looked at him from under her long lashes.

He rapped her lightly over the knuckles. "I've told you before not to sauce your elders. 'Life is a lesson'"—he made a grimace—"but you haven't seen enough of it to learn anything yet."

"And you?" she said softly.

He was not looking at her but at the drab industrial town that lay at their feet. "I learnt this, Judy, that being a kid is the greatest fun on earth. When I was sixteen I hadn't a care. I let dad do the worrying. When you grow up you want so many things—the price of a Bentley and your name in electric lights—and some wonderful woman that will be faithful and kind and amusing and beautiful." He looked back at her suddenly. "Why, Judy, the kind of woman you might grow up to be." He laughed.

"I can say all sorts of things to you that I couldn't to a grown-up because you don't understand, and because you know in your heart that all grown-ups are mad anyway."

"I want to grow up," she said passionately.

"Why, Judy ——" Something in her voice surprised him.

"More than anything else in the world," she repeated, "I want to grow up."

He laughed uneasily. "Then I'd have to marry you."

"I'd like that, too," she said.

"Will you wait for me? Let me see, when you're eighteen I'll be thirty."

"I'll wait."

He peered into the bag and picked out a cake. "Here, eat your bun. Aunt Alice would say I was putting ideas into the child's head."

The lunch on the roof was such a success that they repeated it the next day. Thursday was matinée day so that lunch as a social function ceased to exist, but on Friday as there was no more rehearsing Alan Dale took Judy for a run in the car out to where the town gave way to the suburbs and finally to the gap of country that made little more than a breathing space between the two towns, and he talked to her as he could never have talked to a grown-up.

"Happy?" asked Alan Dale, watching the faint rose that the air had whipped into her cheeks.

"Perfectly happy," she answered.

For she refused to look beyond the pleasure of each day and hugged to her heart what could never be anything hereafter but a memory. Alan Dale was both enchanted and puzzled. He had never dreamt that it was possible to be at once so absorbed and so baffled by a schoolgirl. For it was obvious that she had her reticences—plenty of them—and every now and then he came up against a stubborn silence, an obvious evasion, or a plain unvarnished lie.

Aunt Alice was worried. "Judy, for heaven's sake be careful with that young man," she protested.

"I *am* being careful."

"I wish you'd leave him alone," said Aunt Alice, but she did not press her objections too far. She was a shrewd woman.

From one event, however, it seemed that Judy was firmly excluded by her age. That was the dance which was being given by the hotel in honour of the company. It was to take place after the last show on Saturday. The company were mildly excited. Alan Dale had bought Myra three mauve orchids.

"Take me, Alan," Judy had said tentatively.

"Of course, I can't, kid. Why, you'll be in bed. What on earth would Aunt Alice say if I suggested it?"

Judy did not answer. She knew just what Aunt Alice would say.

"Well, come up and say good-night before you go."

He smiled down at her. "I wish I *could* take you," he said. "You dance better, you talk better, you look better than any grown-up in the place. Why did you have to be so late in being born, Judy? Why didn't you make your bow about five years earlier?"

Her smile was tremulous. "I never was very punctual," she said.

He ran one of her shining curls reflectively over his finger. "Juliet," he said, "was just fourteen." He pulled himself together. "And look at her sticky finish. No, kid, it can't be done."

Judy dawdled over her dressing after the show. Johnnie had gone down to talk to the call boy. Aunt Alice wanted to find out about the Sunday trains.

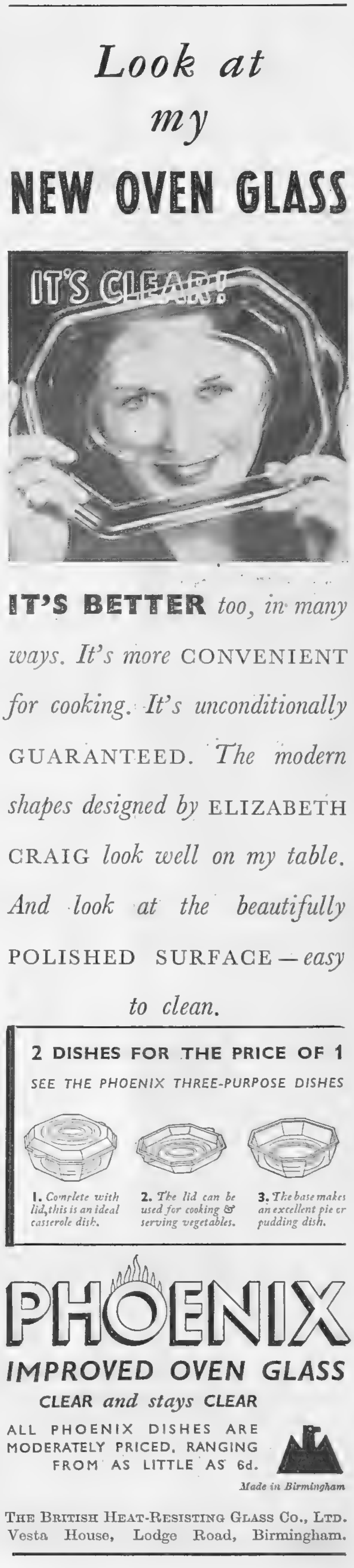
"I'd better go and ask."

"Don't come up all those stairs again, Aunt Alice. I'll meet you at the door."

"Well, hurry up. I want my supper."

"All right."

They had all gone. The dresser had been tipped, the baskets (*Continued on page* 103)



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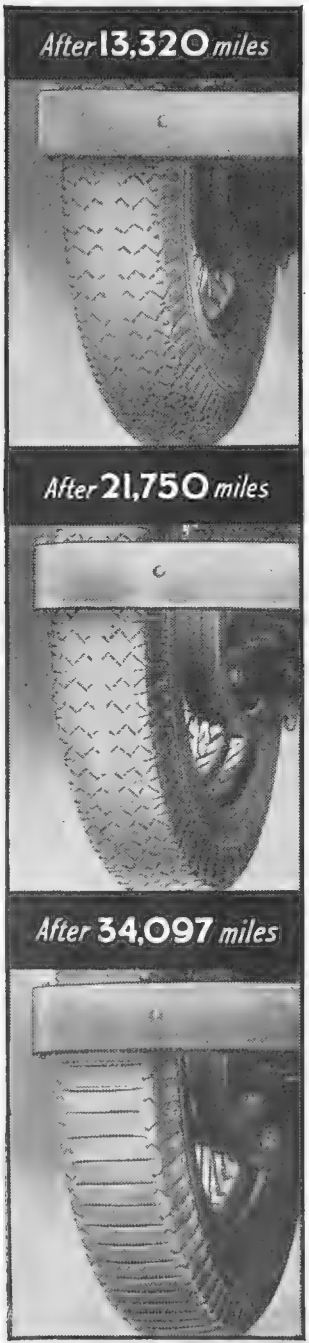

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were packed. Judy clutched her kimono tighter around her—just an ordinary cotton kimono—but at least it reached to her ankles. Her make-up was off and she had powdered her face very lightly because little girls didn't wear any make-up in the street.

She sat looking in the mirror unseeingly. What was the use? Five years hence—why maybe five years hence she would still be a Kelly Kid. The public didn't notice much. Boy Jack had gone on with his act for ten years, shaving twice a day, and even then the make-up hardly hid the blue on his chin. Five years—why Alan Dale would be a married man with a couple of kids of his own.

It wasn't fair. Rebellion stirred in her heart. It wasn't fair. She minded now as she had never minded before. Life had cheated her. She felt angry. They were all in a conspiracy against her. She was the only one to suffer. Aunt Alice and Alan and Johnnie—everything was all right for them. It wasn't fair—it wasn't fair.

There was a tattoo on the door. "I came to say good-night, Judy."

"Come in," she said and stood up suddenly frightened, her heart beating very fast.

He pushed the door open. "Why, Judy, who lent you the grandmother's dressing-gown? You gave me quite a fright. I thought you'd suddenly grown up."

She looked across at him with steady blue eyes. "I have," she said gravely.

"But, kiddie ——"

Somewhere down the corridor Myra Manning was calling. "Alan—are you ready? Come on."

"They're calling you," Judy said coldly.

He stood undecided, puzzled. "What's the matter, Judy? Cross with me? What've I done? Is it about to-night? I'd love to take you, honest I would, but it wouldn't be right. Why, Judy, a kid like you—— You don't want to be dancing with all those old funny faces. Child, I'd never forgive myself ——"

"Shut up," she said suddenly.

"But Judy ——"

"Shut up and get out of here."

"But Judy ——"

Her voice rose a little, edged with passion. "Will you shut up and get out?"

Down the corridor came other voices. "Alan. What are you up to?" They were coming nearer.

Alan backed to the door. "Here I am," he called. "Coming." For a moment he looked back at Judy, puzzled, bewildered, hurt. "I don't understand, kid. I'm sorry. I wouldn't for the world —— I'll see you to-morrow."

Judy heard in silence that the Sunday trains didn't leave till after lunch. But she got up very early next morning. She must get away for a little from Aunt Alice's admonitions, and Johnnie's curiosity, and the landlady's familiarities. Down at the bottom of her suitcase was a frock she had once bought in a moment of defiance. It was a grown-up frock. Aunt Alice had made a terrible row and told Judy to give it to the maid, but Judy had hidden it away. Now she pulled it on, and pushed the golden curls inside her beret and hoped she looked as little like herself as possible. Then she scribbled a note to say that she had gone for a walk and would be back at train time and stole out of the house before anyone was up.

When Aunt Alice was having breakfast Alan Dale called in his car for Judy, only to be told that she had gone for a walk.

Alan turned the car doubtfully down the grey ugly street. Where could one walk in a town like this? He drove along slowly, skirting the park, and then suddenly turned back towards the theatre.

The scenery was being stacked on to lorries. Inside the theatre was the bustle that attends the departure of one company and the arrival of the next.

Alan Dale nodded curtly to one or two people, hurried up the six flights of stone stairs, and made his way along the fire escape on to the roof.

She was there, just where they had sat for lunch, a huddled little bundle of misery, crying as if her heart would break. She did not hear him come near her. The first thing she knew was that his arms were around her.

"What is it, Judy?" He pillowed her head on his shoulder. "Don't cry, darling. Here's a nice large hankie. What did I do? Do you still hate me?"

"It's not you—it's me," she sobbed.

He pulled off her beret and stroked the shining curls. He looked down at her frock. "Where are your knees, Judy?"

"Where they should be," she sobbed.

He let her cry comfortably on his shoulder and said nothing till her sobs grew quieter.

"Won't you tell me, Judy?"

"I can't. I can't."

"Never mind. I know."

She raised her tear-stained face to his. "You *what*?" she gasped.

He nodded. "It came to me suddenly last night at that stupid dance. I couldn't think of anything but you in your cotton kimono. I knew I loved you—that I wanted to marry you. And I said to myself that it was absurd and then suddenly I knew it wasn't." His voice was a caress. "I remembered that you were always a little liar." He put his hand under her chin. "Judy, how old are you?"

"Eighteen."

He gave a great comfortable sigh of relief. "Darling, isn't that splendid? Love me, Judy?"

"Adore you, Alan."

He held her very close. "I'm glad I didn't qualify for an uncle," he said as he kissed her.

END

Who Nameth this Child

(*Continued from page 67*)

godparent (previously agreed upon) slowly and distinctly repeats the names, omitting the surname.

The ceremony over, vicar and parents retire to the vestry for a few minutes, where a certificate is signed, showing that the sacrament of Holy Baptism has been performed, and a small sum may be donated towards the church funds.

When the christening ceremony is arranged for the afternoon, a tea party on the grand scale follows.

Since my daughter's christening took place after the Sunday morning service, friends came back to a stand-up, cold luncheon. We made sandwiches: minced chicken, devilled crab, liver savoury, egg and cress, tutti frutti, club, and served Cornish pasties, oyster patties, sausage rolls and, most popular of all, legs and wings of chicken dressed in paper frills to keep fingers clean.

Tables were arranged round three sides of the dining-room, the centre one held the christening cake.

It is, incidentally, a tradition to keep a layer of one's wedding cake for the christening. Some caterers will preserve the remaining portions of wedding cake until his (or her) majesty arrives to claim it.

Baby should cut the cake. That is, nurse should place the small fingers on the knife while the cake is cut. Someone usually proposes a toast and then the baby's part in the festivities *must* be summarily ended.

Despite my careful planning, I'm afraid I offended many of my friends.

Wool ducks, teddies, silver mugs, spoons, rattles and embroidered frocks suddenly descended upon me, and having made no provision for such a rain of presents, I opened parcels where I stood. In the chaos of tissue paper and ribbons, cards were hopelessly muddled. Those who had sent woolly ducks were thanked for silver mugs, and rattle givers for teddy bears.

A small empty table near the hall door would have saved many hard feelings.

END

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From Seven-thirty Onwards

(Continued from page 17)

I've got nothing to do for two whole days, and you know I can't be idle. I'll pay her a visit, and if the flat tallies with your description, you win a fiver. If I find that Mary Brian at home, and Miss Brian the perfect secretary, are two entirely different people, the win to me. Naturally you'll have to take my word for it."

Prothero laughed heartily. "Doesn't seem a sporting bet to me; it's such a dead cert. Still, if you want to chuck away a perfectly good fiver, I'm on."

"Good." Endsleigh picked up his hat and made for the door. Just as he was opening it, Prothero stopped him with a nervous, embarrassed little cough.

"Here, hold on; how are you going to get into the place? Men don't go butting in at Mary Brian's flat, as I told you."

Endsleigh smiled quietly. "Haven't you forgotten my calling? Easy, my dear Watson. I've a hunch her electric light meter is going to be overhauled this very night."

THE man in the peaked cap rang the bell of No. 4, Onsbury Gardens, and a neat maid opened the door.

"Come to attend to the electrics, Miss; there's been a bit of trouble down at the power station."

"Queer time o' night for that, isn't it?"

"Orders is orders, Miss; it's up to you, course, if you don't mind being plunged into darkness sudden-like——"

"My goodness no; I'm cooking the dinner, and it's Thursday. Come in."

Endsleigh followed the girl into a narrow nondescript hall, and thence into a small kitchen, the last word in modernity. He proceeded to unstrap his bag, and produced a meter card. All the while he chatted small talk with the maid, he was taking stock of the lie of the land. Hatchway going on to another room, the sitting-room obviously; opposite the kitchen door a narrow corridor leading presumably to other rooms. An appetising smell pervaded the kitchen. Endsleigh drew a deep breath and discarded the poached egg theory in favour of cooking game. Miss Brian was not in the habit of attending the Polytechnic without fortifying the inner man. There seemed, moreover, more preparation in the way of trays and glasses on the table than one would have expected necessary for a bachelor woman's customary snack.

"Where's your meter and fuse-box?"

"Along the corridor in an alcove opposite the bathroom."

"Um—how many electric fires going at the moment?"

"Two—one in the bedroom, one in the sitting room."

"Better have a look at the wall plugs first, in case the room is occupied."

Carefully selecting a few tools he allowed himself to be led into the sitting-room where a large electric fire was burning. One glance at the apartment was sufficient to show him that the room bore the look of a place that is meant to be lived in, and withal a place in which one might live extremely comfortably. Cream walls, pastel coloured draperies, modern white wood furniture, expensive and not very hard wearing. There was a huge jar of white lilac on the perfectly appointed dining-table, which was, he observed, laid for two, and judging by the correct number of glasses and the supply of wine laid on the buffet, Miss Brian, if she entertained a fellow-worker before her Thursday evening classes, was in the habit of doing the thing extremely well. Endsleigh gave one fleeting glance at the brand of the champagne and whistled softly. Prothero certainly paid his staff well, and Miss Brian paid her own rent.

There was also another item that took his fancy, a seductive divan covered in cream and russet tapestry cushions, with a reading lamp placed at the head, and a small table with a silver cigarette box placed invitingly near the lamp. Endsleigh studied the exact angle of the divan in relation to the fire and the lamp, and chuckled softly—it was not the first time he had seen that subtle arrangement—it was common to many flats.

Bending down over the plug in the wall with his back to the door, he made a pretence of tightening screws, his ear trained to pick up the slightest sound. Presently he detected a slight rustle like silk trailing over a carpet, and knew by the sudden whiff of expensive scent that someone, presumably a woman, had entered the room. Guessing it might be the perfect secretary, he dared not turn round, but applied himself solemnly to his job. He heard a muttered "Oh" of surprise, and then the sound of footsteps retreating to the kitchen through the open door. He could hear a murmured conversation with the maid:

"Man from the Electric Light Company—there's been a fuse at the Power Station."

"See he has a drink before he goes."

There followed a few commonplace questions; the maid was evidently entering into a long and complicated explanation of some domestic mishap. Endsleigh rose very quietly and crept to the hatchway in the wall. Through the glass panels he could distinctly see Miss Brian as she stood under the full glare of the kitchen light. What he saw did not surprise him in the least—his calling had entirely eliminated the element of surprise.

She wore a trailing négligée of a soft apricot hue, she had discarded the horn-rimmed glasses, and her "make up" was a triumph, for she did not look a day older than twenty-eight. Seeing her for the first time without her hat, he noticed that the perfectly shingled hair was of that glorious russet shade beloved by artists, and alluded to by small boys as "Ginger." There was a subtle and distinct affinity between Mary Brian and that seductive divan!

Silently he returned to his post, and after a little pause he heard the rustle of silk along the corridor.

Returning to the kitchen he picked up his black bag. "I'll have a look at that fuse-box next, straight along the corridor, you said, didn't you, Miss?"

The said alcove proved a very suitable hiding place. The recess in the corridor was roomy and lit by only one light. Endsleigh removed the bulb, and proceeded to fiddle with a long bit of flex. The door opposite him was evidently the bath room, for he could hear the sound of bath water running away, and the smothered sound of someone applying a towel vigorously.

"Invalid aunt sounds pretty healthy!" he thought to himself.

Just then from behind the closed doors he heard a muttered "Damn," and the head and shoulders of a very good looking man peered round the corner of the opened door. Endsleigh shrank back further into the shadows.

"Mary, my sweet, what *did* you do with the cigarettes?"

Down the corridor tripped the perfect secretary, a box of cigarettes in her hand. Quite unabashed she entered the bathroom, leaving the door partly open so that the ensuing conversation was perfectly audible.

"Darling, I do wish you'd buy a proper shaving-glass; can't see a thing in this contraption. For your private knowledge I should prefer one of those full-sized chromium-plated affairs with swing sides, so that I can see all my manly beauty at one glance."

"Perhaps I'll give you one for Christmas, Gerry. I'm broke at the moment."

"Broke? Woman, you are deceiving me. Then who, may I ask, paid for your taxi to-night, last night, and all the other nights?"

A soft, cooing laugh and a tender little voice the office would never have recognised:

"Dearest, haven't you forgotten that I handle the petty cash? Thank heaven, we shall never want for taxis, cigarettes, or drinks. They all come under the heading of 'overhead expenses.'"

(Continued on p. 106)

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"Darling, what a waste of time—he has the conceit of an elephant and the brains of a louse. Besides, I shouldn't let you in; I always shut the door on inquisitive or troublesome callers."

"Little devil!"

There seemed to the man in the corner quite a long and unnecessary pause before Mary Brian tripped out of the bathroom and returned to what was presumably her bedroom.

Endsleigh replaced the bulb and went back to the kitchen.

"Can't get into the bedroom—it's occupied."

"She'll be having dinner in a minute—they always take ages over the drinks. She said you was to have one—what is it to be? Beer?"

"Thanks, don't mind if I do."

He made the drink last a long while, engaging the girl in playful conversation. He meant to see that bedroom, the chilly apartment complete with bedsocks.

"Do you sleep in?"

"What's that to do with you?"

"Oh, nothing, only I thought if you didn't, I might be passing some night when you're going home?"

The girl smirked. "I leave here when I've got the dinner: Thursday it's nearly ten."

Endsleigh managed to spin out the conversation till the sound of voices and the ringing of a bell in the adjoining room turned the maid's thoughts from a mild flirtation.

"That'll be for the cocktails. You can go along now—the last door at the end of the corridor. Expect it'll be in a bit of a mess!"

He found his way to the bedroom, and for just a moment he was almost sorry that Prothero was not with him. The bedroom was certainly inviting, almost more so than the sitting-room. Cream background with big white fluffy rugs and delicately shaded lamps. The electric fire was still burning. Miss Brian believed in comfort rather than economy. Endsleigh laughed softly and muttered to himself:

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary
How does your income grow?
Petty cash and overtime,
And dividends all in a row!"

Force of habit led him to the big white wood bureau. He opened the first drawer. There were several theatre programmes on top, and an expensive box of chocolates, and pushed underneath a collection of photographs in silver frames. Intuition told him that these usually adorned the room—except perhaps on Thursday night.

A confusion of garments scattered about showed traces of hurried dressing, and something else, the very sight of which almost caused him to break into peals of laughter.

Twin beds! Very modern, very luxurious, each with a soft green silk quilt, and a reading lamp at the head. On one lay something that looked like a pair of pyjamas, on the other, a diaphanous garment of pink silk. He picked up the latter; it was so light and transparent he could have stuffed it in his pocket; for a minute he whimsically eyed the wisp of material, and then replaced it on the bed. "I dare not," he murmured, "see the bedsocks. Poor old Prothero. I fear this is his Waterloo."

He carefully shut the bedroom door and returned to the kitchen, where the maid was busy dishing the gravy. Solemnly he made a pretence of marking the meter card and, repacking his bag, bade her a flirtatious "Good-night."

He paused for a moment outside the door of the sitting-room. He could see through the crack that the lights were rather subdued, and he could hear the clink of glasses. He also heard something else—it might have been the wind, but it sounded to his well-trained ears more like the soft creaking of a piece of furniture, the sound that something pressing rather heavily on a divan might have made. Endsleigh winked at the unresponsive wall, and, opening the front door, went quickly out, shutting it behind him with a bang.

Anyone walking down Onsbury Gardens at the moment might have been startled by the ordinary sight of a servant of the Electric Light Company trudging along with his bag, and at intervals bursting into peals of hilarious laughter, as if an invisible pal were telling him an extraordinarily good joke.

PUNCTUALLY at eleven the next morning, Endsleigh passed through the outer offices of Messrs. Prothero and Gill. Miss Brian merely acknowledged his presence by a slight nod of the head. She was as usual very busy; standing in the middle of the room, she reminded him of a policeman directing the traffic.

"Walters, Mr. Prothero's coffee at once; the clock has struck eleven. Miss Peterson, the invoices on my desk, please. Mr. Grimshaw? Oh yes, ask him to step into my room. No, Mr. Prothero couldn't possibly see anyone this morning without an appointment——" and so on.

Endsleigh nodded his head in the direction of Prothero's private room. "Is he alone?"

"At the moment yes. You can have ten minutes."

"Thanks, did the General Knowledge widen your outlook?"

"Last night was more than usually stimulating." The cool voice was completely unsuspicious and disinterested. Endsleigh bit his lip, and privately consigned the perfect secretary to a secret place in his heart, a place occupied by the very few men and women who had earned his whole-hearted admiration and respect.

Prothero looked up eagerly as he entered the room. A keen observer might have noticed that the detective's manner changed as he stepped over the threshold, his jolly smile, his bantering manner suddenly developed into a hang-dog look of quiet defeat.

"Good morning, Man of Theories. Well, did you get in, and what did you find?"

The detective put his hand in his pocket and, drawing out a five-pound note, quickly laid it on the desk.

"You win, old man, one of my mistakes. You couldn't have described the place better if you lived there yourself."

Prothero burst out laughing. "What did I tell you? I've a particular flair for knowing types, but you can't teach a policeman anything. Serve you right, you let your crack-brained imagination play tricks with your judgment; all the same, I won't take the fiver—it wasn't a bet, because you hadn't a ghost of a chance from the start."

"Don't be a fool—a bet's a bet. I took the risk. Take it."

"Damned if I do. It's daylight robbery."

"Well, since I refuse to take it back, and you won't accept it, how about buying Miss Brian a Christmas present?"

"Capital idea; the wife was only wondering yesterday what we could give her—she's got a whole set of *Encyclopædia Britannica*. We've exhausted them, it's so difficult to know what to give a woman like that."

"Why not a chromium-plated bathroom glass with swivel sides?"

"My dear Jack, are you getting brain storms. You do get peculiar ideas these days. It's more the kind of thing you'd give a man!"

Before Endsleigh could reply there was a knock at the door and Miss Brian entered. She carried a pad and pencil, and with a slight uplift of her eyebrows quietly conveyed the information that the caller had overstayed his welcome. She seemed rather taken aback at the sight of the five-pound note which her employer was holding in his hand, and Prothero himself felt a little embarrassed at her unexpected entrance. Endsleigh came valiantly to the rescue.

"Oh, Miss Brian, Mr. Prothero and I are discussing the choice of a Christmas present, and I have suggested a shaving-glass, one of those full-size chromium-plated affairs with swing sides. What do you think?"

Miss Brian did not turn a hair. "Any present personally selected by Mr. Prothero will, I feel sure, be

(*Continued on page 108*)

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YOU'VE read many things of beautiful, restless New York—city of enchanted towers, where the women seem to remain always lovely, young and fair. But are you aware that upon a certain gay, busy corner of Fifth Avenue, the House of Yardley is as cosily at home as upon its famous site in Bond Street? And that Yardley preparations are now said to be preferred above all others in this city of perpetual youth and beauty. After her many experiments, the particular American also has come to realize that no others are half so charmingly effective.

Yardley's experience has now perfected a system of exquisite, simple formulas to care for each factor in creating a lovely complexion—or restoring a ruined one. Cleansing—nourishing—stimulation—each has its own preparation, varied to suit skin types and special problems. They are so perfect that a few minutes a day at home is all they require.

If you have not yet tried the Yardley régime, you've a surprise in store when you actually see the freshness and radiance of your own face increasing daily. You'll find the Yardley preparations waiting at your nearest fine store, chemist, coiffeur. Drop in at our Bond Street Salon and let Mary Foster tell you without obligation which ones are meant for your skin. Or write for our new free book in colour "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street," with directions and diagrams of the new Yardley method meant for you.

FOR SKIN CARE: English Complexion Cream cleanses and nourishes normal skins, 3/6 (triple size 7/6); Liquefying Cleansing Cream cleanses pores, removes make-up, 3/6 (triple size 7/6); Toning Lotion removes cream and stimulates all skins, 2/6 (triple size 5/6); Skin Food nourishes and rejuvenates, 3/6 (triple size 7/6); Skin Lotion, for Arms and Neck, also a powder Foundation for oily skins, 2/6 (triple size 5/6): Foundation Cream, for oily or normal skins, 2/6. FOR MAKE-UP: Foundation Cream, 2/6; Orchis Powder, 2/-; Rouge Cream, 2/-; Lipstick, 3/-; Eyeshadow, 2/-; and Nail Enamel, 1/6.

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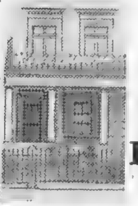

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both suitable and welcome. Sir George Prescott is here by appointment, Mr. Prothero."

"I'll see him at once. Excuse me, Jack, won't you? Don't forget we expect you Sunday week—no excuses."

ENDSLEIGH followed the secretary out of the room, followed her, in fact, right along the corridor that led to her own sanctum. When he reached the big swing doors leading to the lift he paused and, raising his hat, murmured a conventional "Good morning, Miss Brian."

For a second their eyes met. An ordinary observer would have seen nothing amiss in that second of silence, but to the man, trained as he was to notice every detail, the signs were obvious. He had seen them so often, not with the ordinary stupid witnesses, but with the brainy people, the people who had the wit and the cunning to establish a perfect alibi . . . just a tiny flutter of the eyelids, a slight imperceptible movement of the fingers of the right hand . . . just for the infinitesimal fraction of a second the veil covering the perfect secretary lifted, disclosing Mary Brian, just for a second, and then it fell again, as with a curt nod she disappeared into her own room.

The lift boy wondered why the tall man from Scotland Yard who always rang the bell so impatiently, on this particular morning did not even wait for the lift, but set off down the stairs humming merrily beneath his breath:

"For I ain't no sailor bold
And I never was upon the sea."

END

Spring—and Your Face

(Continued from page 41)

have probably the best complexion of all three. Smooth, clear and glowing, like a ripe nectarine, or, if you are very fair, like a lily petal. It is the rouge under the liquid powder that is the success secret of this make-up.

For no one can tell where your colour begins or ends, it just grows and suggests a lovely contour.

Finish, in the case of all three make-ups, with a streak of eye-shadow and mascara. Eye-shadows are so subdued and iridescent this season, they should not be powdered.

Then, if there is any doubt as to the perfection of your grooming and you trace the fault to a lack-lustre eye, you may let fall two drops from a small and expensive bottle into each orb. Close them and open.

They have already lit up and are dancing. The discoverer told me why.

It seems that after any late night or other strain, minute blood-vessels swell in the white of the eye. Not sufficiently to make this show up as bloodshot, but enough to impair the sparkle. These drops drive the blood back and restore the eye's brilliance.

Now, you may safely sally forth, and each step you take will increase your self-assurance. The covert glances you receive from sister women, the solicitude of taxi-drivers and the haste with which porters open doors wherever you alight, will tell you plainer than words that your face is as welcome and new-made as the most dazzling spring day.

If you want further details, write to me, enclosing stamped envelope, at "Britannia and Eve," 32-34, *St. Bride Street, E.C.*4.

Books

(Continued from page 55)

Beaumarchais, by Paul Frischauer (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 21s.), deals also, of course, with a man of the theatre. At least, Beaumarchais is possibly best known to-day as the creator of Figaro; and even Figaro would be forgotten had he not been joined to the immortal music of Mozart and Rossini. But in his day—the latter half of the eighteenth century—Beaumarchais was far more than a successful playwright. To summarise him to-day, it is necessary to imagine a tireless and charming bounder, a card such as Arnold Bennett loved to create, who managed to combine in his astonishingly full life incidents from the careers of Mr. J. H. Thomas, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, the late Horatio Bottomley, Mr. Maugham's Ashenden, and Mr. Ricketts of oil fame.

The son of an obscure watchmaker, he rose to be something like a Court favourite at the most aristocratic Court in the world. While sincerely seeking the smiles of princes, he was writing prefaces and pamphlets which, as much as any writings of the time, advanced the hour and the cause of the French revolutionaries. With no money at all, he undertook to equip the American forces engaged in throwing off the English yoke; with borrowed money, he fulfilled his undertaking. Unfortunately he sent, with the equipment, letters so full of admiration for brave men and of devotion to the cause of Liberty that the rebels accepted the consignments as a gift, and never repaid him. Spy, unofficial ambassador, playwright, man of business, courtier, litigant and pamphleteer, he yet found time for more than his share of love affairs. Arch-opportunist, his ability was astonishing, his zest superb. Mr. Frischauer tells very skilfully and clearly the story of an exceptionally complicated life. Best of all, he manages to capture for us some of Beaumarchais' outstanding quality—irresistibility. It is a pity his book is priced so unnecessarily high. Do publishers really wish to force the book-buying public to join the book-borrowing public?

Mr. Richard Oke, author of *Frolic Wind*, has produced in *The Boy from Apulia* (Barker, 10s. 6d.) what is perhaps his most important work to date. It is claimed that this study of Barbarossa's grandson, Frederick II, falls into the category of the Claudius books of Mr. Graves; but, in fact, Mr. Oke the novelist is well hidden in Mr. Oke the historian. The book is not always easy to follow. Besides a more than Gibbonian swagger, there are signs of paraded knowledge. Frederick was a tremendous figure, the salient character of the first half of the thirteenth century; he deserves, and he has got, a resounding biography. But readers who are ignorant of him and his times should consult at least an outline of his career before turning to Mr. Oke's allusive pages. The panegyrist is one thing, the writer of obituary notices another; yet each, possibly, has something to teach and something to learn.

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FASHIONS FOR THE FAIR

Dame Fashion is in one of her ruthless moods this Spring—her latest decree is a return to youth and naturalness. Hard on Getting-On Ladies, you think? But in these days, you know, a woman is young at any age. We moderns have learnt the secret of preserving youth, and middle-age need hold no terrors. You feel that you are a back number? Nonsense! Get busy right away and you can recapture youth and beauty—*here's how!*

FACES FIRST.—To begin with, if you have neglected your complexion and allowed old Father Time to have his own way you deserve to be a back number! You can shed those ageing wrinkles and that unbecoming sallowness, restore your middle-aged skin to youthful loveliness. All you want is a ten-day treatment with Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce or two from your chemist and smooth a little of this wonderful oxygenated wax over face and neck nightly. While you sleep it absorbs the ageing outer tissue with its disfiguring blemishes, revealing in its place a fresh, flawless complexion that is now concealed beneath the accumulations of sluggish pores. Your mirror's verdict will delight you.

HEADS WIN!—Smooth foreheads, shining hair, these are the two demands made by the new hats. Modern hats don't flatter you—you have to help *them!* You can acquire a smooth, unwrinkled brow by using Mercolized Wax, but before you sally forth to choose your new Spring hat do give your hair a beauty treatment, too. You want sleek, shining waves, fascinating little curls to wear the new hats successfully, so give your hair a series of Stallax shampoos. Just a teaspoonful of the little golden granules dissolved in a cup of hot water suffices for a shampoo, making Stallax inexpensive in use. And what a difference a Stallax shampoo makes! Drab, neglected tresses take on new beauty, gleaming with unsuspected lights and shades, "perms" set better, natural waves and curls acquire unsuspected loveliness, even straight hair becomes more manageable. Stallax is a real beauty treatment for blonde, brunette, silver locks or copper top.

AWAY WITH BLEMISHES.—And now a word about the necessity for good grooming. Be on your guard against those insidious growths of dark down, those coarse, straggling hairs that mar the satin smoothness of so many attractive faces. Superfluous hair need no longer be an embarrassment. Get rid of it. You can do so without endangering the most sensitive skin if you use Sipolite, the *safe* hair eraser. Just get half an ounce from your chemist to try. Mix a little to a smooth paste with cold water, apply the paste to the offending hairs and as it dries see them vanish, leaving the skin velvet-smooth, unblemished.

THE BLOOM OF BEAUTY.—Perhaps you are one of those women who find that a touch of colour improves their appearance? Then you really must try Colliandum. Better than rouge, it defies detection, and the colour deepens in a warm atmosphere just as natural colour does.

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Baby will be even more lovable with delightful Nestol produced curls. Just rub a little Nestol into the tiny scalp every day.
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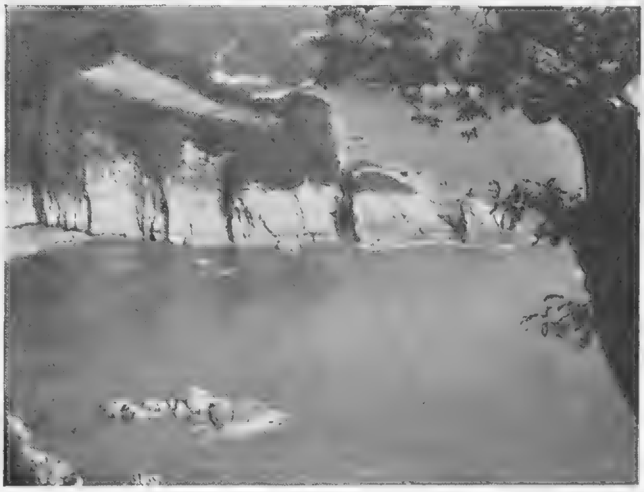
Holidays in the West Country

It used to be the fashion, when you wanted to praise holiday places in England, to compare them with holiday-places abroad: to say that the air was like Swiss air, or the scenery like that of the South of France. The South of France was always being talked about in connection with the Devon and Cornwall coasts, as if they were rather poor imitations of it. But all that is over now. The English have at last woken up to the fact that there is a beauty about English country which is its own alone. And what part of the country is more typically English than Devon? From the day when the first violets are found under the high-banked hedges of its lanes and the early primroses show their heads, until autumn stormclouds gather over Dartmoor, and the woods turn from gold to brown, Devon presents an unending series of lovely pictures the like of which you will not find anywhere else in the world. Thatched roofs and cottage gardens which in summer seem literally to bulge with flowers, village greens and old ivy-clad churches, hills and woods and rich, green pasture land—it is perfect country for a holiday.

Exeter, the county town, would be well worth visiting even if it were only for the curiously medieval atmosphere which persists there. After seeing Exeter, you really do feel you have got some idea of what life in Elizabethan England must have been like. Incidentally, the guildhall is one of the best examples of Elizabethan architecture still in existence, and the cathedral has a particularly fine vaulted roof. The east Devon coast, which is within easy reach of Exeter, is deservedly popular, and can boast the possession of some of the most favoured seaside resorts in the South, notably Torquay and Teignmouth. Away inland rise the heights of Dartmoor, magnificent for motoring or for walking tours. No less attractive, and in many ways similar, although perhaps a little wilder, is North Devon, with Ilfracombe as the chief tourist centre. And away to the west of it are those marvellous stretches of beach, Woolacombe sands and Saunton sands, this latter the haunt of innumerable sea birds, and gloriously remote from all the strains and stress of life, a universe apart of sea and sky and sands.

CORNWALL is utterly different from Devon, and the better one gets to know it the deeper one realises that difference to be.


A beauty spot in Devon. Sugar Cove, Dartmouth.

Cornwall may at first acquaintance disappoint, which Devon never does. At first it may seem flat and dead and uninteresting. But soon, inevitably, it "gets you." There is an irresistible fascination about its little, white-washed fishing villages, perched on the slopes of coves so steep that they seem for ever to be on the point of tumbling over into the sea. And there is something irresistibly fascinating about the slow, soft speech of the Cornish fishermen as they sit and gossip away the long sunny hours by the edge of the sea.

More and more people are going to Cornwall every year, but for all that it cannot be said really to have been "discovered" yet. There are, of course, the well-known places, like Falmouth, Penzance and St. Ives, which everybody has heard of on account of their mild climate and the almost tropical character of the flowers and plants that grow there. At these resorts it is possible to have a very good holiday indeed, with much society and plenty to do, especially if you are fond of sailing. But there is also an "unknown" Cornwall—the Cornwall of the Cornish people, and that you can find only by looking for it. It is worth the search.

The quaint little fishing village of Mousehole, near Penzance, Cornwall.

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Perfume 2 guineas to 2/6. Lavender Soap—'*The Luxury Soap of the World*' — 2/6 a box of three tablets, Bath Salts 2/6 to 10/6, Talc 1/2 and 2/6, Lavendomeal *(The new Bath Luxury)* 3/- and 9/6, etc., etc.

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The Countess Goes Home

(*Continued from page 27*)

How can you suggest such a thing! Who is she? Who are her parents? An American Jewess, I shouldn't wonder. A protégée of Rhoda Mayo's. Rhoda would present a negress for a fat cheque!"

Alan said quietly:

"Jane is a nice child, and obviously accustomed to good society. If those two want to marry, you ought not to oppose it. If you cling to your delusion about Geoffrey's health, I will take him to every specialist in Harley Street and plaster him with certificates for you. I want my son to be happy, and I want to see him living as a man should."

"He can't do it!" she sobbed, blundering to the door. "You want my boy to die!"

I followed her into the gallery and went to my old accounts room. It is Geoffrey's study now. He was sitting there in the fading light, and moved his hand to the lamp when he saw me, but changed his mind and smiled.

"No. I can see you better in this light."

His smile alters his face and gives him a look of my family. Perhaps that is why I like him. I sank thankfully into one of his comfortable chairs.

"The lady of this house," I informed him, "is like every half-French aristocrat I have ever met: vain, possessive, and an arrant liar!" Geoffrey laughed. "The rest of you are not much better. The Scottish nobility from John o' Groats to the Border is tainted with Mary Stuart's rabble. Beauties!"

Geoffrey said quietly:

"Since you despise us, why do you come back year after year?"

"Because Spey is *mine*." I said. "I made it. It was a handful of sheds when I first saw it, and I had stone quarried to rebuild it. This place would be a ruin to-day but for me!"

He smiled whimsically.

"Everyone knows what you did for Spey; you have become a Scottish legend!" I laughed at that. "But doesn't it give you more pain than pleasure to come here when the place is full of the people you despise? Why don't you come in the spring? Spey looks its best in May."

"Yes," I agreed, "it does. But I come now because I am not wanted. A silence falls when I enter a room—they are all frightened of me, and that, young man, is gratifying to one who made a great inheritance of Spey and was turned out of it!"

"But you had your revenge," he replied. "Everyone in Scotland believed that Thame and Stranrae and Bamfries belonged to the Greames, but they belonged to you. And Thame when you finished it was magnificent. It is a show place. Spey was only the prelude. You have made history in Scotland. Have any of the Greames done that? Despise us for what we are," he sighed unhappily, "an effete family that could not at its best have produced your equal."

"You *know* that?" I asked him. "It is *true* to you?"

"Of course," he said wearily. "We are a short-lived crowd. I ought to be the last, but I don't want to be!"

He wished to talk about himself, but I had too much to think of. I felt disturbed and tired. What had he said about Thame?—I had deceived all Scotland . . . made history. . . . Spey was only the prelude. But Spey broke my heart; it was *mine*; my grief and my loneliness were built into Spey. Thame, with its towers and its forests, was only my reply to the world!

Geoffrey irked me. I left him and went to the west room, but his mother was there, writing urgently. I went to my old drawing-room, but Jane Blattner was there with a friend. I felt angry. Spey was mine, but my privacy was gone! Foreigners and interlopers made themselves at home in my rooms! I felt very weary, and the passages seemed narrow and airless as I passed through them. I wanted to find some quiet place to rest.

The tower, mercifully, was empty. I sat for some time watching the yellow afterglow fade behind the Cheviots. When I was a child at Hinterstein I had just such a room. It looked out on the Bohmerwald, and at sunset the sound of horses clattering over flagstones rose from the yards, and the tinkle of bells came from the hills as the flocks were folded. Hinterstein—or Thame? I swung between them. The hills at Thame are like the Bavarian highlands, well-wooded, gracious, and very beautiful.

I saw grey stone walls reflected in a moat. I saw yards and galleries and raftered kitchens hung with gathered herbs. I saw rushes drying in the fireholes and rushlights flickering in bowls of fat. The tang of burning bracken caught my throat. Someone coughed. I opened my eyes. It was Geoffrey.

"Have I disturbed you?" he asked.

I tried to remember clearly.

"I was far from here."

"And I have brought you back. Forgive me!"

"I had to come back."

He dropped on to the arm of a chair.

"Where were you?"

"At home."

"Thame?"

"I—I think so." I looked at the darkening windows again. Were there masses of green and white rock out there on the hills? "When I was a child at Hinterstein," I said. "You have been there?"

"Yes. Last spring."

"There is a room like this——"

He leaned forward eagerly.

"In the south tower. I know it."

"It was my room. I had forgotten how—*pleasant* it was. I have not thought of Hinterstein for many years. I am always so busy."

He looked at me searchingly.

"Need you be so busy? You have organised these places so well that they run themselves now. They can do without us."

I laughed.

"Possibly they can! But what should we do without them, pray?"

"So much!" he said. "We should be free from problems——"

"Problems are life," I replied. "If Spey and Thame had not presented problems they would not be what they are to-day—nor should I."

"And nor should I!" he muttered savagely. "Entailed estate plays patience with the devil. Sooner or later it means inbreeding, disease, and sterility. Until last year I didn't care if I lived or died. Now I am sick with resentment!"

"Jane Blattner?"

"Yes. What am I to do? I'm as ill as a dog. I ought not to think of marrying. I have no right to tie a woman to me, nor to pass this place on to some sick youth who would curse me for it! But I long to take Jane in my arms and love her. I want to make her my wife."

"I wonder if you are as ill as you think," I said.

He stared at me, and I saw hope light on his lips.

"Tell me what you mean," he begged.

But a curious thing was happening to me and I could give him no further attention. I felt detached from my body; my mind seemed to be loose, moving—like seaweed—backwards and forwards. I thought of the windows, and found myself near them. Cautiously I gathered my thoughts back to my chair and held myself there.

The door opened and Jane Blattner stood silhouetted against the lighted staircase. Geoffrey called to her softly. She groped her way forward and stood by his side. I studied her. She had dignity, her forehead was wide and thoughtful, and the cropped golden curls fell sweetly about it. Geoffrey drew her down beside him.

"We have been talking about you, my dear. I want to marry you. I could never have believed that I should want anything so desperately!

(*Continued on page 114*)

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Towards the end of last year, a German professor came to see us and suggested that we should buy the rights in a slimming lotion for external application—for which he claimed such remarkable results that we laughed at him. When he mentioned the price he wanted, we were even more amused. Finally we agreed to try the lotion. After a fortnight we asked for a month's option. And within a month we had paid an uncomfortably stiff price for the most amazing preparation we have ever seen.

Now, we tried Redex before buying it. You, unfortunately, cannot — because the cost of manufacture prohibits free samples. So we ask you to read this advertisement and believe us when we say that any statement we make, no matter how incredible it may sound, is strictly true and can be vouched for by a number of people of good standing.

Redex is definitely the safest and most effective preparation ever produced for getting rid of superfluous flesh. ¶ It is applied *externally*: it cannot interfere with digestion. (The medical profession is against *internal* flesh-reducing preparations, except when specially prescribed by a doctor.) ¶ Redex is absolutely harmless. It can be applied to the most sensitive parts of the body. The report of a well-known analytical laboratory says: "It is free from harmful ingredients . . . and contains nothing deleterious or irritating to the skin." A physician writes: "A number of my patients have asked me about your preparation and I have sanctioned its use." ¶ It will reduce flesh *only where it is applied*. ¶ And it will reduce only *excess* flesh. It will not cause extreme loss of weight—with possible weakening effects. ¶ It calls for no dieting, or special foods, or expensive massage—no interference with one's normal life. ¶ Simply rub Redex into the skin gently for a few minutes a day. In 7 to 10 days results begin to show. In 3 weeks you are slim! ¶ In short, Redex is the most wonderful flesh-reducing discovery of the age . . . unfailingly effective . . . safe . . . easy to use.

WHAT OTHERS SAY*

"After using 3 bottles," writes Mrs. P. E., "the results were—before using Redex, waist 39½ ins., hips 44 ins.—after using Redex, waist 36 ins., hips 39 ins.—achieved without diet of any kind."

Prince Hohenlohe writes: "After using 2 bottles, I slimmed down to the extent of 6 ins. and lost between 15 and 18 lbs."

"I have not finished my third bottle," writes Mrs. A. G., "and I give you my measurements. Before using Redex, waist 32 ins., hips 41 ins., top of my arm 14 ins.—to-day the measurements are 29 ins., 39 ins., and 11 ins. I have not done any dieting and have never felt better in my life."

Mrs. M. T. (wife of a prominent hotel owner) writes: "After using 3 bottles in 24 days, I reduced 11 lbs. in weight and 4½ ins. in measurements."

* The originals of these, and of all the other letters used in this advertisement, can be seen at our London Office.

Rēdex

for SLIMMING

21/- a bottle

At Harrods, Selfridge's, Fortnum & Mason's, leading Boots branches, and all good stores and chemists. If any trouble in obtaining, post free from us by sending the attached coupon.

To REDEX PROPRIETARIES LTD., 85/86, New Bond St., London, W.1

Please send me, post free, ...bottle(s) of Redex, for which I enclose...............

NAME (Mr., Mrs. or Miss)..

ADDRESS..

....

R30 PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY IN CAPITAL LETTERS.

Hedley, Byrne & Co.

CONSTIPATION YIELDS RAPIDLY AND EASILY TO

Hidden Constipation is the unsuspected cause of many minor ailments, and frequently leads to life-long ill-effects, especially if neglected and not treated with an efficient laxative. Make sure *you* are free from these troubles by taking Lixen, the Laxative that never fails.

Lixen is an extract of senna pods made by Allen & Hanburys Ltd. and unlike many laxatives is entirely free from harsh or habit forming chemicals. It can therefore be taken by adults or children, without fear of painful griping—and children *like* taking the fruit-flavoured lozenges. Try a tin or bottle to-day.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

Liquid (in bottles) 1/9 & 3/-

Lozenges (in tins) 7½d. & 1/-

LIXEN

★ THE SAFE *Natural* LAXATIVE

SPRING CLEANING TO GUARD AGAINST MOTHS

Place a packet of PETAL DUST in every wardrobe, drawer or cupboard in which you have stored furs, fur coats, woollen coats, suits, etc. That's the positive way to keep clear of moth havoc. PETAL DUST means death to all moths.

PETAL DUST

THE MOTH PREVENTER

is a concentration of the loveliest sweet-scented flowers blended with the healthful, air-purifying properties of pines and rare trees.

From all Chemists and Stores. 6d. pkt. or trial carton of 4 packets 2/- (post free).

The ROSMARINE COY., LONDON, S.E.1.

Wholesale from:—

Wooldridge's Medicine Co., Ltd.,
16, Cedars Road, S.W.4.

6D PER PACKET

LEISURE *for* PLEASURE

Let a "SUPREME" Electric Washer and Wringer do the complete family wash in a matter of minutes. No rubbing or scrubbing. Cash price 16 guineas, or on easy terms. Operating costs negligible. Free Demonstration in your own home WITHOUT OBLIGATION. *Write for list W.M.*10

L. G. HAWKINS & CO., LTD.,
30/35, Drury Lane, London, W.C.2

15/9 PER MONTH

"SUPREME"

ELECTRIC WASHER & WRINGER

Perhaps it will be easier to endure now that I have told you."

"Yes," she said. "I love you. Does that help?"

"Beloved!" His voice dropped and became very gentle. "To hear you say so wipes out all the bitterness."

She moved and held him in her arms.

I watched them for a while, then once again I became aware that my mind slipped and wandered unless I held it by an effort of will.

Geoffrey spoke to me:

"Do we seem very young?" He took Jane's face in his hands and kissed her. "I want to marry this sweet woman. May I? . . . Dare I?"

She drew closer to him.

"Dare I?" he begged.

With a wrench my mind freed itself from the grip in which I was striving to hold it and swung into the future. I saw Geoffrey's life spread out, and I saw Jane Blattner's. They were together until the end, and the end was far off.

"Tell him that I will make him strong," she whispered. "You must know so much that is hidden from us."

I did not reply at once. I did indeed know much that was hidden from them. I thought of the woman downstairs.

"You will have to fight for your life together," I said. "But you are not as sick as you think, and you are not going to die."

They seemed to light up with happiness.

"What is it like—death?" she asked curiously.

I shook my head, amused.

"How can anyone tell you that?"

She seemed astonished.

"You must know," she said wonderingly.

I laughed outright.

"But, my poor child, I am not dead!"

They stared at me, their faces very white in the darkness, and then Geoffrey spoke in an altered voice:

"Where do you come from every year?"

"Thame," I replied.

"But who lives there with you?"

I found it difficult to focus Thame. The girl touched my knee, her voice came in a whisper:

"Don't you—don't you *remember* dying?"

"Dying?" I repeated. I began to feel irritated.

Geoffrey spoke again, in the patient voice of an adult trying to explain something to a child!

"You came to Scotland in 1702, and lived here at Spey for twenty-four years—you remember that, don't you?"

"Of course."

"Then you went to Thame?"

"Yes."

"And in 1734 you took Marthe to Bavaria to be married——"

Marthe! I had forgotten that! My little Marthe, she was always dancing, always pointing a toe and laughing. Yes, that was a good match. That had given the Greames something to think about!

Geoffrey's voice went on:

"You became famous throughout Scotland for the organisation of your estates, and in 1760 you entertained the Elector Maximilian Joseph when he came over for George the Second's funeral. Can you remember what happened after that—in the year 1762?"

I could not.

"It is some time ago," I said. "One cannot remember from year to year."

"Yes, a long time ago," he agreed. "One hundred and seventy years ago!"

I felt struck. *Struck.* And, worse than all, struck down by a Greame! I did not question what he said; something within me told me it was true. *But what did it mean?*

"What year is this?" I rapped at him.

"1936" they answered together.

1936! Impossible! What had happened? How long had the king been dead? Who was the ruler now? And what of Marthe, and Bavaria, and Hinterstein?

"You are fooling me!" I cried.

For answer Geoffrey switched on the reading-lamp and fetched a book from a shelf.

"Listen," he said, and read: "'The Earldom of Spey was created in 1603 by James the First. It was not a wealthy property, and for many years the land was uncultivated, but in 1702 Charles Greame, the third Earl, accompanied a diplomatic mission to Munich and married the Bavarian heiress Countess Edeltrude von Hinterstein.

"'This remarkable lady may be said to have made history for Scotland. It is reported that on discovering the comparative poverty of the Greame family she held herself and her country to be insulted, and from that day worked untiringly to remodel Spey, and other Scottish castles, on Bavarian lines. These properties were popularly supposed to belong to the Greames, but actually were owned by the Hinterstein family and passed to the Countess Edeltrude's four younger daughters at her death.

"'The Countess went from achievement to achievement. She was indefatigable in her efforts to obtain compensation for farmers and crofters obliged to make improvements in their holdings (this became law one hundred years later), and she identified herself closely with the agricultural movement of 1723. Her castles and manors were all self-supporting communities, and many Scottish families profited by her example. Nevertheless, in spite of the service she rendered her husband's country, she despised both the land and the people, and her antagonism to the Greame family was so bitter that she is said to have disliked those of her children who resembled them.

"'She revisited Bavaria in 1734, and in 1760 we learn of her entertaining the Elector Maximilian Joseph on a scale of considerable magnificence. In the interval she had become almost a legendary figure in Scotland, and her vast estates totalled over two hundred thousand acres. She died two years later of an apoplectic stroke at Thame Castle.

"'It is said that the Countess's ghost still haunts the scenes of her greatness. Many people, including the present heir to the title, claim to see her at Spey every year in January, the time of her annual and much-dreaded visit two hundred years ago. Others claim to see her frequently at Thame and Bamfries.'" Geoffrey closed the book. "Does that help you?"

I felt defeated and utterly humiliated. I, who had never laid down my weapons, had died in a fit. If this was death, where was the Purgatory and Heaven of my religion? Where was the glory of the Life Everlasting? Why was I still here at Spey, less protected than a child? I felt weak tears filling my eyes.

"Where are the dead? Where should I be?" I heard myself ask.

"Wherever you wish to be," Geoffrey answered.

"But there is only Thame," I protested.

"No, there is all this world and the next!"

My heart went out to my mother in her wide skirts moving about the rooms at Hinterstein Castle. How secure I had been there, Hinterstein! I saw it in the morning light, and cattle grazing in the shadows of the great rocks. I must have spoken aloud, for Geoffrey echoed my thoughts:

"Hinterstein in the morning light, and cattle by the great rocks. They are sweeter things than these, dear lady, and they are yours. Why not return to them?"

I could no longer hold my mind in check; it swayed between the Cheviots and the Bohmerwald.

I heard pails clinking and cocks crowing. I saw the first rays of the sunrise touch the green-tiled roofs of Hinterstein and creep downwards, blazing on the window-panes. I saw the yards beyond the kitchens, and a milkmaid passing with a yoke on her shoulders; she smiled as though she knew me. I saw old Tannenbaum sweeping the cobbles, and how glad I was to see his blue eyes light up at the sight of me! Nothing had altered.

I found myself by the herb garden, and as I opened the gate in the wall, Max, my mother's dog, hurled himself at me, barking. I tried to grip his collar, but he raced away to someone working in the shade of the juniper hedge. I saw the wide skirts and the spreading headdress,

(*Continued on page 116*)

To-day's loveliest women are ZONOPLASTIC

Not a new word—it comes from the Greek. *Zono* means "the line from breast to hips." *Plastic* means "rhythmically shaped." To achieve this Zonoplastic line of fashion you must smooth away that roll of flesh round the diaphragm, control the 'tummy' curve, narrow the hips, and flatten the *derrière*. Zonoplastic means, too, that this control must be rhythmic and not rigid—allowing you all the freedom of the nude figure.

Only Charnaux gives you this Zonoplastic line, because Charnaux has perforated "bands of force" scientifically distributed to fashion the figure. These perforation bands give strong rhythmic control where it is needed, with a feeling of uncorseted freedom elsewhere. Moreover, they make Charnaux cool and hygienic.

The perforations also act like a massage, toning up the body and making superfluous flesh disappear. No 'tyres' around the diaphragm remain after a few weeks with a Charnaux. Hips are inches slimmer. Rear profile flattened.

Charnaux is made of electrically-deposited Latex, which gives greater rhythmic control than any other corset material known. Fashion designers say: "Only a Zonoplastic figure can wear a lovely gown as it should be worn." You, too, can achieve a Zonoplastic figure with a Charnaux.

• *The life of the new Charnaux is very long. This makes it a real economy. Prices from 2 guineas. At all good stores. Write for booklet to Charnaux, 179 Tottenham Court Road (Wholesale only).*

charnaux

The Countess Goes Home

the old gardening gloves and the knot of dried grass trailing from the apron pocket, and it seemed to me then that I had never left that beloved figure, that to-day, as yesterday, I should bind the amaranthus or pluck the heads of camomile. She straightened up and saw me, slips of basil scattered from her hands as she held them out, and her voice filled my heart:

"My daughter! My dear child! At last!"

Quick Get-away

(*Continued from page 29*)

one end of Manhattan to another. The numbered streets crossed them at right angles. There seemed no chance about all this, but an orderliness, patient, perpetual.

Hitting one of those streets with his eyes and following it, right across Long Island way, Porky Rogers saw the past of his own life. Others may have thought it a relentless battle, chaotic, furious. He could see a plan, the one that had led him from his sneak-thief past, led him up into the Big Rackets.

It seemed like a road laid out clearly.

Those skyscrapers below that stood up more impressive than the Pyramids, perpendicular portents of power—people forgot that, to build them, engineers had blasted away the rock so that the foundation could be sound.

And so it was, not casually or because of sudden passion but for a purpose, that he had blasted away Al Lanteman.

"I'll get yer," Al had shouted from the dock into which Porky had put him. "Wait till I come out. I'll find yer."

It had been big in the headlines the next day.

They had taken Al below and then, closely guarded, up the River.

The world had soon forgotten. In the silence of Sing Sing, Al Lanteman had not forgotten. He had little else to remember.

And, in his office high in a skyscraper, Porky Rogers had not forgotten, either.

They had called it a life sentence, but that meant nothing. There were "pulls," for there were politicians. And there were prison boards, and paroles.

And so, while his power grew, and his wealth, Porky Rogers planned. He had grown into a minor Cæsar as the years passed.

From sneak-thieving up through a gambling joint, then into the Big Money of Booze, and so on up into where real Power was.

BELOW Porky Rogers, there spread out Modern Babylon, everything except the Hanging Gardens. And high up, around the penthouses, there were gardens, greater miracles than ever Babylon knew.

Here was the skill of Egypt and the might of Rome, yes, and, in some sort of way, the culture of Greece all mixed up. In it, all races strove and sweated.

And they all paid toll.

Rich-looking people might go into expensive cabarets and pay and be fooled. They seldom remembered, but it was Porky Rogers who let them in. But for payment, stinkbombs might be thrown, or a fire engineered, or all the waiters be called out on strike.

Millionaires might own newspapers, but the news stands at the street corners paid Porky Rogers tribute.

Ward leaders boasted in various districts of their power. It was Porky Rogers who appointed them, or, if he did not, let them go on pretending.

People read in the papers about theatrical magnates and their new-found stars, the glamour and the dazzle of it all. They, too, paid, or the curtain would not go up.

And, sometimes, the new leading lady had been Porky Rogers' choice. How did the world think Annie Rooney had got her chance? She was just "one of those blondes."

Did playgoers really think that the electric lights would have known how to spell her name if Porky Rogers had not told them? Managers knew what "those blondes" were, if the public didn't. Any one of them did, if you shouted her name loud enough.

You made 'em into stars just as they made themselves into blondes. They got it out of a bottle. You took them out of a hat.

Get a blonde—anyone would do—give her a song called "American Glory," or something like that, and, if you put the spotlight on her at the right time, and showed her knees, well, she could get by, especially if you paid a claque. . . .

Porky Rogers often wondered if Annie Rooney had ever guessed. Well, if it pleased her, it was worth it.

"Any blonde will do," they used to say in the cabarets. Porky saw, in Annie Rooney, all the blondes.

And it was because Al Lanteman had looked at her, not because of the money cut, that Porky had put him away. He often wondered if, in his cell, Al knew . . .

THE secretary was back, by now.

"The messenger's here from the steamship company," she said.

"Give him this," said Porky, handing a wad of notes.

In a minute, she was back again.

"Put all those packets into that empty trunk," he said.

She was handling millions of dollars, but she did not know.

To her, they were just packets. To Porky Rogers they meant a life of ease.

Monte Carlo and Annie Rooney. London and Annie Rooney. The Far East and Annie Rooney.

So long as Annie Rooney was there, it would be the same to him.

"Here's your envelope," he said.

The secretary scarcely looked at him. She had guessed that it would be her turn at the end.

"I'll be seeing you," she said—"or someone will."

Was there a meaning in her closing words? Anyway, it was lost, as was the sight of her, in the final view of her back as she walked out into New York, as had walked all the others.

Porky Rogers took from the safe the other trunks—six of them together—and then got on the telephone.

"Mrs. Rogers there?" he asked. "What? She's gone out?"

JUST then, Annie Rooney came in.

"Going away for the week-end?" she asked. "Got a date?"

"Don't be funny, Annie," said Porky. "You know you're the only woman in the world for me. We're going on a trip, see? The racket's dried up. You always wanted to see the world. Now we're going to have a look. We're going places."

She was facing him from the other side of the desk. His hand stretched out to touch hers. It held two steamer tickets.

Her other hand was inside her bag.

"You dirty swine!" she said.

His look of fondness became a startled stare.

"I hate your guts, Porky. Don't move. I've got you covered from the bag. You've got what's coming to you. I loathe you. I hate your filthy kisses. I always did. Al's just been on the telephone. . . . He's out. Yes, I'm going places, but not you. Al's going. You're stopping here."

There was no Power facing her now. There was no Porky Rogers, the Boss.

It might be only a woman's hand inside the bag, but you couldn't miss at two yards. Porky had become, indeed, the rat he was.

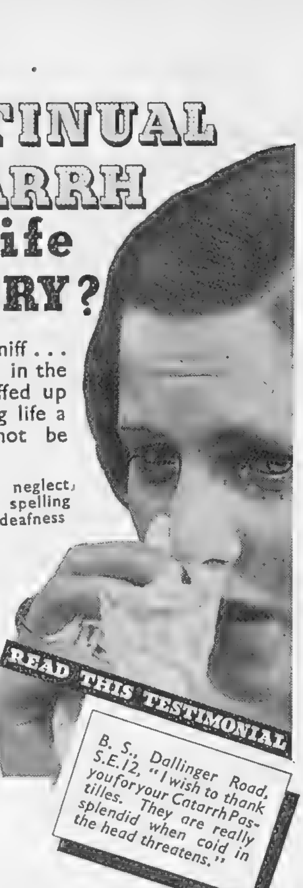
"Go on, Porky," she jeered at him, "scream. Pray if you like. It's coming to you. It's in the bag. You're only one more. You've been waiting for Al for fifteen years. So have I. But you're afraid of him. I love him, see? It's coming to you now. . . ."

And the gun spoke. . . .

Porky made a quicker get-away than he thought.

END

Must CONTINUAL CATARRH make life a MISERY?



B. S., Dallinger Road, S.E.12, "I wish to thank you for your Catarrh Pastilles. They are really splendid when cold in the head threatens."

THAT continual sniff . . . that constant cold in the head . . . that stuffed up feeling . . . making life a misery should not be tolerated.

It's dangerous to neglect CATARRH . . . it is spelling for trouble later . . . deafness head noises, loss of smell—and worse.

End this continuous catarrh with Potter's Catarrh Pastilles. They instantly melt the phlegm, clear head and throat, and act as a powerful antiseptic (vital when travelling in trains, tubes, 'buses, trams or where infection is present).

INSTANT RELIEF for

NASAL CATARRH, THROAT COUGH, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, HAY FEVER, etc.

In handy sized tins at 1/3, for pocket or handbag. All Chemists, Stores, and Herbalists, or 1/4½ post-free from:

POTTER & CLARKE LTD.
62G, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.
(Makers of Potter's Asthma Cure)

LILIA

opens up new prospects of Health, Freedom, Happiness . .

FOR WOMEN READERS OF BRITANNIA & EVE

You'll agree that there is a time and a place for the proper discussion of every subject that concerns the well-being of the human race—no matter how intimate it is? There is an intimate matter about which we'd like to talk to you—a matter of such importance to women that only prudery would refuse frank discussion of it; but though this may well be the proper *time* to do so, the proper *place* is certainly not here, in "Britannia & Eve." The privacy of your home is the only suitable setting for a quiet talk on the functions of your body, and how to prevent natural but inconvenient periodic disturbances interfering with your comfort and upsetting the busy routine of your life. So it is in your home that we ask you to accept and read *two little books.*

These books have introduced thousands of women and girls to such healthy happy freedom as they had never known before, by introducing them, *firstly*, to modern methods and commonsense regarding the treatment of the disturbing function, and *secondly* to Lilia, the modern, medically approved form of sanitary protection.

The books are; A: "Plain Words to Women"*—For yourself—written by a woman doctor on the staff of a great London Hospital. And, B:* "Growing Up"*—for your little sister or young daughter—written to prepare little girls of* 10 *or* 12 *for the approach of womanhood. These books cost nothing. Send your name and address on a postcard to the address below, and they will be sent, under plain cover, by return. If you would like them to be accompanied by samples of Lilia, send stamps or a P.O. to the value of* 1/3. *Address: Miss D. Downing, Dept. S.25a, Sashena Ltd., Lilia Works, Bartholomew Road, London, N.W.5.*

LILIA

THE BRITISH SOLUBLE SANITARY TOWEL

Standard Size 1/- per carton of 12 with loops (or without them).

Awarded Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene.

No other Cigarette can so justly be said to meet the tastes of the great majority as Player's. Of course, "It's the Tobacco that Counts"; also in size, packing, and all desirable features Player's predominate.

FROM EVERY POINT OF VIEW

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT
CIGARETTES MEDIUM
John Player & Sons
PLAYER'S PLEASE
10 FOR 6D
IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS
20 FOR 11½

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

N.C.C. 316.

Beautiful **BUST**

IN 3 TO 5 WEEKS BY

FAMOUS PARISIAN METHODS

IF: your bust has lost its beauty through illness, cares, motherhood or age.

IF: your bust is insufficiently developed or if it is OVER DEVELOPED

LET ME HELP YOU!

There are three entirely different methods for: (1) Strengthening. (2) REDUCING. (3) Developing.

These methods are applied externally and cannot have any ill effect: they entail no special regime, no fatiguing exercise; no internal medicament, and for 26 years have been used all over the world with

MARVELLOUS SUCCESS!

FREE OFFER

Readers of "Britannia & Eve" will receive under plain cover full particulars about DEVELOPING or STRENGTHENING or REDUCING. Please give name and address in block letters and send to Mme. HELENE DUROY, 11, rue Miromesnil, Div. G46 AB, Paris (8e). Enclose 2½d. stamp for answer. Postage 2½d.

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THE NEW
LILLA
SMOCK
SHOP

Lilla Smocks are artistically HAND-WORKED, distinctive and never out of date.

MADE-TO-MEASURE IN ANY COLOUR COMBINATION AND A VARIETY OF STYLES

SUITABLE FOR HOME WEAR THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

No. 9, full length, in TUB FABRICS from 21/9

Also in many other Cotton and Silk Materials. Other models from 15/11

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE "2"
and Patterns · 20 Materials 500 Colours

CAN BE SENT ON APPROVAL
upon receipt of deposit or references

LILLA 7, LOWER GROSVENOR PLACE, BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, S.W.1. PHONE: VIC. 7751

Down Whale Lane:

Round About Tayside

By C. Fox Smith

"YON'S the 'Lawhill,'" somebody said.

The Dundee steamer had just swung out into the river from her berth behind Limehouse Church, and as she dropped downstream you could catch a glimpse above the West India Dock sheds of the spars of a square-rigger soaring high over the stumpy masts and squat funnels of the surrounding shipping.

She was not long in from Australia—one of the score or less of grain carriers whose depleted numbers and slow passages make so poignant a contrast with all the phrase "grain fleet" stood for in the memories of a generation of seamen now mostly passed away. One of the last of them. Perhaps even the very last of the proud and lovely sisterhood built where the abrupt conspicuous height from which she took her name looks out, crowned now by its war memorial, over the great smoky Northern city, and the Fife hills across the water, and the silvery estuary of the Tay widening to the broader silver of the North Sea.

The chief interests of modern Dundee, so the saying goes, are the three J's—Jute, Jam and Journalism. Anyone who will take the trouble to go down to Narrow Street, Limehouse, and watch one of the well-found passenger and cargo vessels unloading there, as they do twice a week, can verify the correctness of the statement for himself. Moreover, he may add a fourth commodity to those already enumerated, for the Dundee ships bring to London cargoes of a liquid nature which would have made them a tempting prey for a daring "hijacker" in the days of American Prohibition. But that is by the way. . . .

The ships that keep up the sea communication between Tay and Thames (and *vice versa*) to-day are the direct successors of a whole fleet of staunch little smacks, sloops and schooners, the "London Boat," the "Dispatch," the "Lord Kinnaird," and others, mostly of a hundred and fifty tons or thereabouts, a first-class passage in which cost three guineas, and took about five days with good luck. Then came the early paddle steamers, such as the "splendid and powerful steam vessel 'Forfarshire,'" of 450 tons burthen, whose name has been immortalised by reason of its association with the deathless story of Grace Darling. It was the survivors of the lost "Forfarshire" to whose help the intrepid daughter of the

(*Continued on page* 120)

A view from an aeroplane of Dundee, showing the docks and wharves. Dundee is essentially a modern city, a business city, an industrial city, and has perhaps as fine a natural position as any town in the world

Heritage of Spring

"Spring is the season of Youth and of Things New . . . new ideas, new interests, new clothes and new complexion problems. Winter has not been kind: wind, sleet, rain and fog have left even the bravest skin just a little tired and dispirited. Now let Cyclax restore that sense of Youth which is the Heritage of Spring. The six principal Cyclax Preparations transform a tired skin, washing away winter's grime, clearing the skin of all impurities: strengthening, rejuvenating and introducing a gayer, newer note of loveliness."

Lilian Mayle

Write to-day to Lilian Mayle at the London Salon, 58, South Molton Street, W.1, asking her to send you, post free, her "Six Lessons in Loveliness."

cyclax

Special Lotion, from 5/6, Skin Food, from 4/-. Complexion Milk, from 4/-, Day Lotion, from 4/6, Cleansing Lotion, from 4/-, Cyclax Soap, from 2/-.

THE BEST SHOPS THROUGHOUT THE EMPIRE (EXCEPT CANADA) SELL CYCLAX AND WILL ADVISE ON THE TREATMENT

TO RETAIN HAIR BEAUTY

Use a Ladye Jayne
SLUMBER HELMET

The time and money spent in waving and arranging one's hair is easily lost during sleep. Always use a Ladye Jayne Slumber Helmet to retain and preserve your waves perfectly—but be sure you get a Ladye Jayne! Get one to-day at your hairdresser's, stores or any Boot's branch.

1/- to 6/6

Beauty Sleep
~ EVERY NIGHT

Ladye Jayne
*LOOK FOR THE TAB MARKED REGD. DESIGN
SLUMBER HELMET

We know what the men like

'green label' Chutney with Rissoles

Such a treat! And as good for the children as for the grown-ups. Takes the place of green vegetables. 1 oz. of 'green label' Chutney is equal in energy and nourishment value to 6 ozs. of cabbage. That's because it is made with quantities of juicy mangoes—vitamin health fruit of the East. 6d. to 2/6d.

green label chutney
INDIAN MANGO

19

INFLUENZA relieved while you sleep

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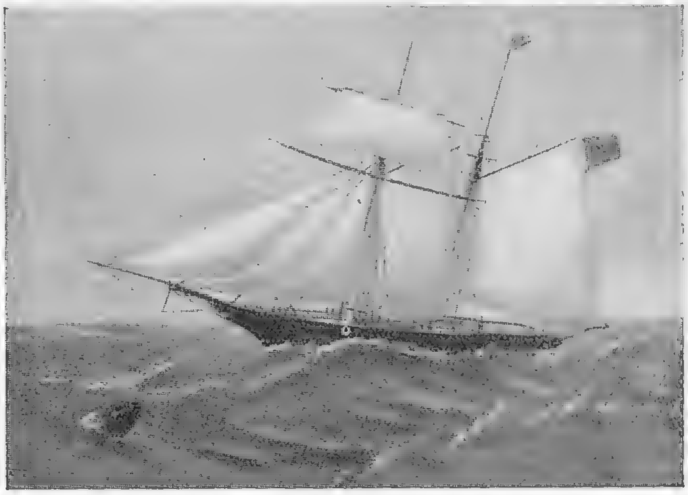
lighthouse keeper put forth with her father in their small boat; and relics of the ill-fated vessel are still to be seen in the offices of the "D.P. and L." Company at Dundee; among them some of the china, adorned with a picture of the ship, off which the passengers dined—or didn't dine, as the case might be. In Dundee, as everywhere else, there was wide distrust of the new "steam kettles." Some old-fashioned folk stuck to the smacks to the finish, rather than take the risk of being blown up or burned alive.



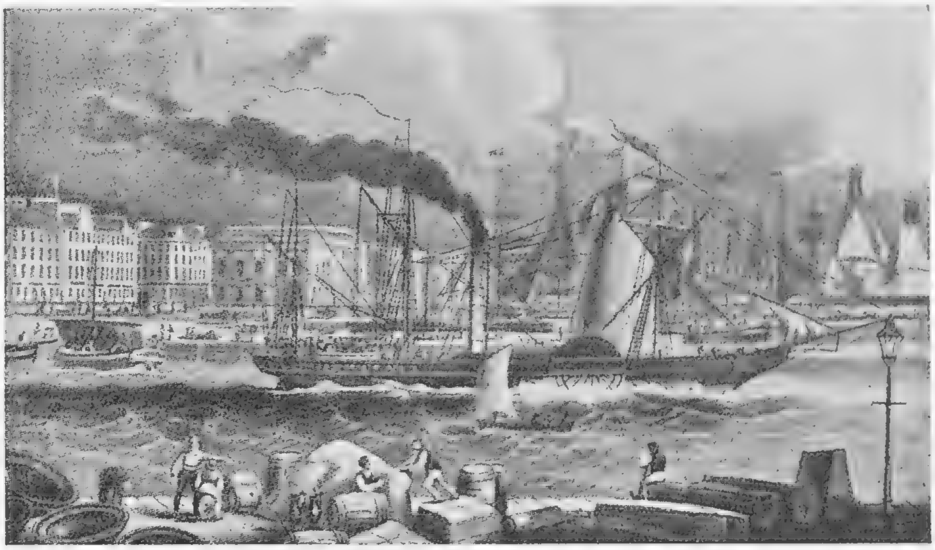
The "London Boat," 1826

Some of the newer ships on the run, too, have helped to make history. The present "Perth"—as the brass plate she carries shows—saw service between 1914 and 1918 at Joppa, Jaffa, and other strange places quite unconnected with jute; while it fell to the lot of the previous "Dundee," under Captain Selwyn Day, to take part in the destruction of the German raider "Leopard," one of the liveliest of the lesser actions of the naval war.

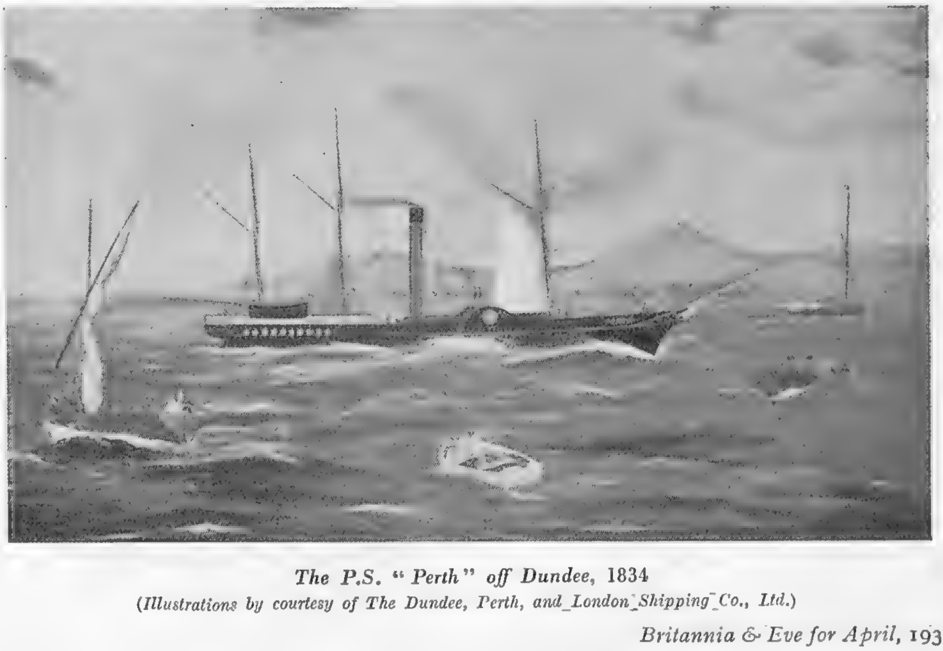
A North Sea Passage

There is, it always seems to me, a certain special charm of their own about those coastwise

(*Continued on page* 122)

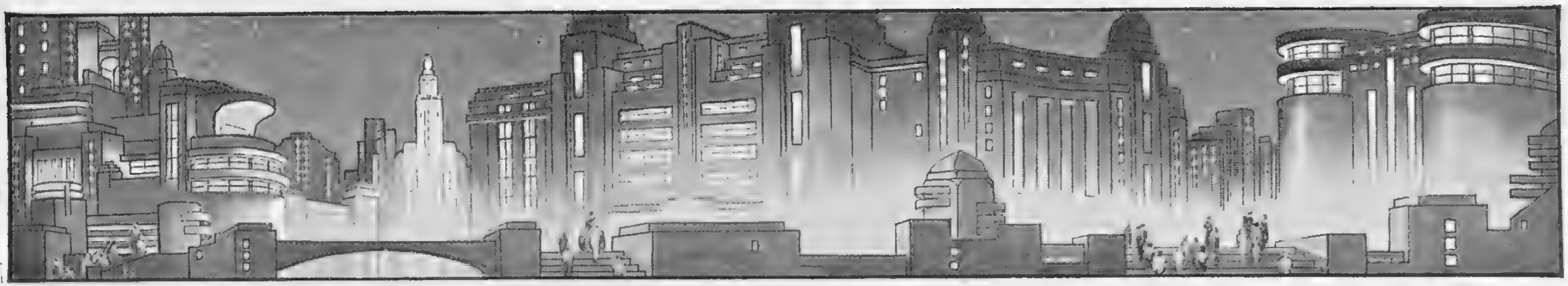


The "London Boat" in Earl Grey Dock, Dundee, 1839



The P.S. "Perth" off Dundee, 1834

(Illustrations by courtesy of The Dundee, Perth, and London Shipping Co., Ltd.)



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—said Mary Young in the March "Britannia and Eve."

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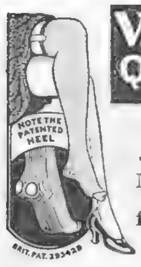

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SURGICAL HOSE
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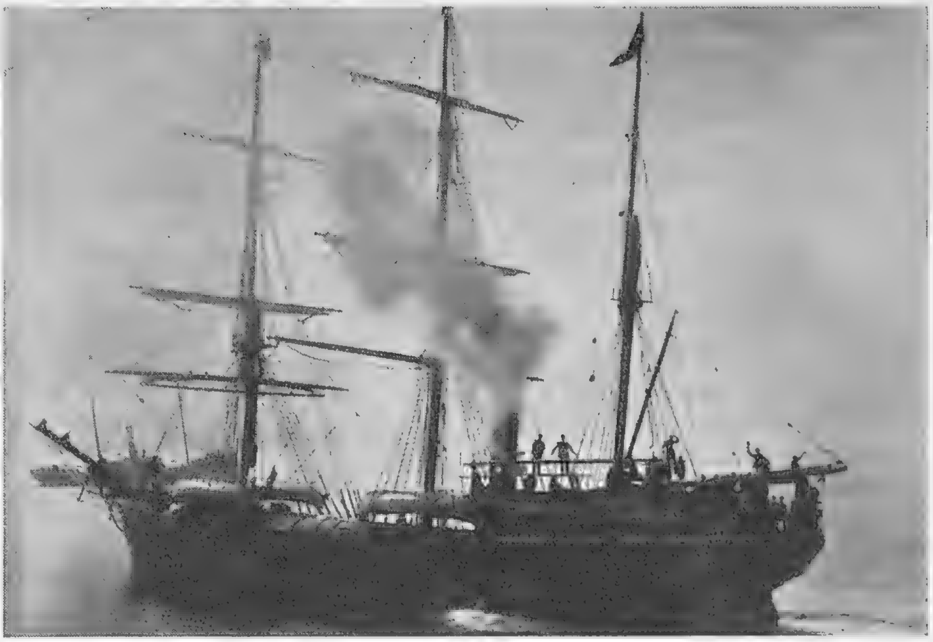
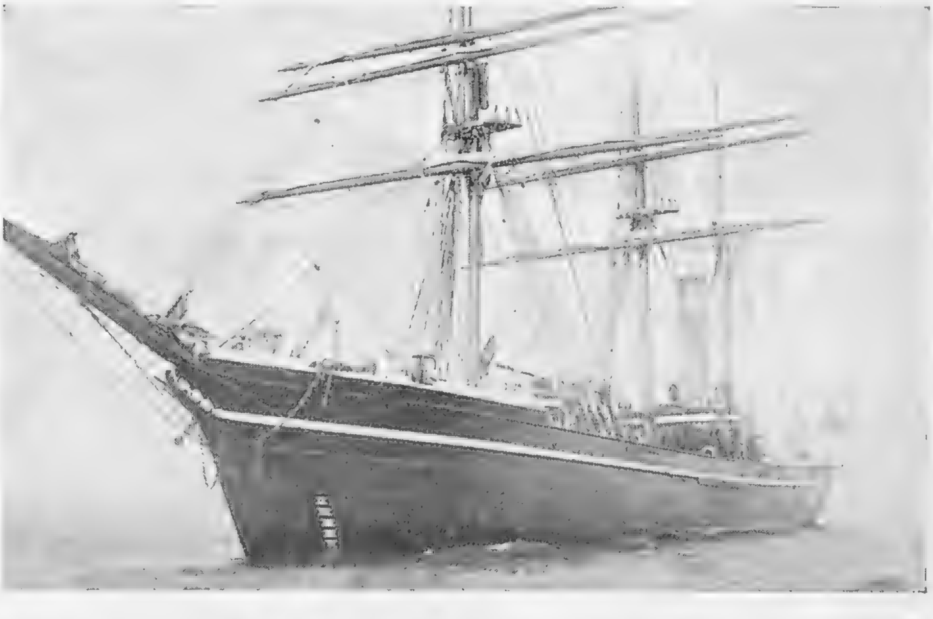


The "Balaena," a famous Dundee whaler of the eighteen-seventies. Technically a steam vessel, but relied mainly upon sail propulsion

passages from one British port to another—Liverpool to London, London to Glasgow, London to Newcastle, and what not—which for a few years after the war fell so much into abeyance, but which seem now to be coming into their own again. The passenger, for one thing, does not feel so much of a passenger. He is more part of the show, somehow, though the bridge is every bit as sacrosanct as that of an Atlantic liner. He can look into the galley and see his dinner cooking; and the meals in the saloon are almost like a kind of family party. He misses, it is true, certain of the thrills of "going foreign." But as against that may be set the fact that he is for a great part of his time within sight of land, and that even when he is not the narrow seas provide a variety of interest and incident in the way of passing shipping with which the Atlantic cannot compare. It is possible—even probable—that between the Bar Light vessel and Father Point one may never sight another ship at all. In the North Sea, on the other hand, or the English Channel, there is a constant movement of shipping of all kinds. Tramp steamers, big and little, brown-sailed barges, and what not, converging upon the Thames; Yarmouth drifters, Lowestoft ketches, nearly all with auxiliary engines, making for port with their night's catch; Baltic lumber ships bound for the Hartlepools or for Sunderland with their decks piled high with yellow deals; colliers for Shields or Blyth riding light in ballast, or wallowing through the short North Sea swells loaded down to their marks with coal. And even when the sun has set in a great smoky pageantry of cloud behind Tynemouth Priory the dark brings its own fascination, in the form of that constant succession of coastwise lights, fixed, occulting, white and red, on lightship and headland, island and shoal, which



The "Terra Nova." This vessel is perhaps the most famous of the stout little wooden vessels built by Messrs. A. Stephen & Sons, at Dundee. She was launched in 1884 and went out to relieve Scott's Antarctic Expedition in 1903, and subsequently took him out on his last voyage eight years later send out their message of guidance to the seamen as they have done for generations.

The City of Jute

Moreover, the right way to arrive at a seaport is, indubitably, by sea. If you get to it by rail you enter, as it were, by the back door, past the dustbins and all the usual appurtenances of such approaches, But if you see it first from the sea you see it as you were meant to see it. Compare, for example, Liverpool from the railway and Liverpool from the river; or waterside London from the train, that dismal desolation of roofs and chimneys, and the incomparable majesty of the reaches of the Thames, especially as you see them by night.

Dundee is essentially a modern city, a business city, an industrial city. It has perhaps as fine a natural position as any town in the world, and I have heard some of its citizens deplore the fact that it has not put its natural advantages to the best use. Yet for all that there is a certain rugged picturesqueness about the huddled masses of grey cliff-like buildings which rise one behind another to the slopes of the Law Hill, which might possibly have been lost in any more orderly scheme of architecture or town planning. It is the only port I know, except Southampton, which has no Sailortown — that odd cosmopolitan quarter which belongs to all countries alike. Very little that is old is still standing. Some of those narrow closes of old crow-stepped houses in which the old Scots gentry used to crowd together in days gone by were pulled down when the Caird Hall was built not long ago, to the great improvement of sanitation, no doubt, if to the detriment of beauty. There are still one or two odd corners of the kind to be seen, with unspeakable duds fluttering from poles like tattered flags of truce from third and fourth storey windows, and there are a few old fishermen's cottages also left, with their thick stone walls and shutters to the windows. Lastly, there is the Steeple, all that is left of an ancient church burned down a hundred years ago, built by William the Lion in the twelfth century. Strictly speaking, it isn't a steeple at all, but a spire, and nobody in Dundee seems to have ever bothered to climb its three hundred and fifty worn stone steps. All the same, it is worth the climb, since from the top you can look down on the whole city spread out before you, on the docks and the river, and the coastline as far as the eye can see.

The thing which impresses one about the Dundee docks, seen from above, is their exceeding emptiness. And for that there is a reason.

Of the three J's already referred to, the most important is jute, which earned for the city the nickname of Juteopolis many years ago. The existing docks were mainly built in the days of the clipper ships, and the first ship to enter the latest of them was, I believe, the famous "Star of Greece," she who carried a golden cock at her main truck, and flew a silk ensign presented to her by the ladies of Calcutta in memory of her record voyage—80 days out and 83 home. She left her bones at last, together with those of most of her crew, on the coast of South Australia—a tragic finish for a fine ship.

Stars, Castles, Cities, Counties—all were frequent visitors

(*Continued on page* 124)

"Grow young along with me, the best is yet to be..."

ELIZABETH ARDEN

You who value beauty, promise yourself to treat your face as a precious thing. Morning and night cleanse with Venetian Cleansing Cream and Ardena Skin Tonic which work together as one to keep your complexion clear and soft. And then, to keep the texture smooth and fine, pat on Velva Cream, or if you're inclined towards dryness, use Orange Skin Food instead.

Then, at least three times a week, lift your beauty to new heights with Velva Cream Masque. It will pick up the least suspicion of a droop at the corners of your mouth, whisk away puffs under your eyes and refine relaxed pores. Your face will be remodelled, aglow, and smoother than it has ever felt before.

And finally, achieve a new complexion with Elizabeth Arden's two powder technique. Use Ardena Powder, then dust over with the new Japonica Powder, and you'll look not "made-up" at all but blessed with a porcelain smooth complexion all your own.

Venetian Cleansing Cream is so light and fluffy that it liquefies instantly and cleanses superbly. 4/6 to 22/6

Ardena Skin Tonic removes every trace of cream without drying the skin. It is refreshing and stimulates clear, warm colour. 3/6 to 75/-

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Orange Skin Food should be used by every woman over thirty to combat dryness and prevent lines. 4/6 to 35/-

Velva Cream Masque restores clear-cut contours, refines the pores and actually restores your face to smoothly modelled, soft-textured beauty. 21/-

Elizabeth Arden's new complexion. Ardena Powder 7/6 and 12/6. Japonica Powder 12/6

Send for Miss Arden's Instruction Book.

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To the woman who pays 8/11...

There's no doubt at all, it does give you support to be wearing really lovely silk stockings that you paid a good price for. They do more than improve your legs; they improve your outlook. And very, very often they're a downright economy. Many women have proved this. Especially those who wear Aristoc. 'Nobody could induce me to wear any other brand now' wrote a customer to us the other day.* Why should she be induced? She can get any type she needs—heavy, service or sheer—in the Aristoc range at 8/11.

*Extract from letter from an Aristoc wearer. *M. L., Aberdeen, Scotland,* 15.10.35.

344	*Silk. Service Weight. Low Cuban Heel*
396	*All Silk. Grenadine. Lace Clox. Sandal Foot*
466	*All Silk. Grenadine. Picot Top. Sandal Foot*
420	*All Silk. Fine Grenadine. Lace Clox. Sandal Foot.*

All at 8/11—*other Aristocs* 3/11 *to* 10/6

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THE ARISTOCRAT OF SILK STOCKINGS

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here in the old days. The Scottish Counties—big slashing "fourposters," among the first of their kind—were reckoned the last word in shipbuilding when they first came out. The tale is told of a Glasgow skipper who, when one of them—the "Inverness," so far as I remember—went foaming by him in the Indian Ocean as if his own ship were at anchor, sat down on the cabin skylight and burst into tears. "Man, worrds fail me," he said to the mate, as soon as he could find utterance. Well, they are all gone now, and the old sailing ship docks are left for the most part to yachts, odds and ends of harbour craft, sprat boats and herring boats, and the ghosts of the fair ships which come home to them no more. One of them—the old William the Fourth Dock—is in process of being filled in to save the cost of keeping it in repair. Jute ships still come to Dundee; but they are steamers—Brocklebankers mainly—any one of which can accommodate in her spacious hold enough cargo to fill a dozen of those slim beauties of the past, and if they ever got inside the docks their only chance of getting out again would be stern first, like the "Mevagissey Bee" of legendary renown. So they tie up at the wharves outside, and leave the old basins to their memories.

Down Whale Lane

With the three J's might well be coupled another trio, this time three W's, of commodities associated with Tayside. Of one of these—to wit, whisky—mention has already been made. And it may be matter of surprise to the Londoner to learn that so thoroughly Cockney a delicacy as the whelk—was it not Marie Lloyd who, at the height of her prosperity, could be lured from the most Lucullan of suppers by the cry of a whelk-merchant pushing his barrow?—that even the whelk comes to him in large numbers from the banks of Tay, and would probably address him in braid Scots if it had the gift of tongues.

And then, of course, there were once whales . . .

Not, needless to say, local products like the whelks, though there *was* once a famous Tay Whale which strayed into the estuary—goodness knows why, unless it went there to look for its lost relations—and gave the local fishermen an exciting time trying in amateur fashion to catch it. Ultimately it went ashore wounded at Stonehaven, and its skeleton —40 ft. long—is to be seen hung up in the Dundee museum. But that was an exceptional case, and though there is a sprat fishery in the Tay—they work with bag nets or sometimes with stake nets on the sands—the resulting catches are not put to their proverbial use as whale bait.

There is not a trace to be seen of the old whale fishery nowadays, but for the names "Whale Lane" and "Baffin Street" which, seen suddenly at the corner of a row of humdrum modern buildings, transport one on the instant to the desolate Polar Seas, where, so the old whaleman's song has it:

> "there's frost and there's snow, and the
>   whales they do blow,
>   And the daylight's never gone—
>   Brave boys—
>   And the daylight's never gone."

There is not even the fragrant ghost of the vanished factory where Leviathan was resolved into his various commercial components. A rare smell it must have been, though possibly some over-nice noses were inclined to twitch at it! The smell of whale, frankly, is an acquired taste. I have sampled it, and that not the whole thing, but a sort of tasting sample, so to speak, on the Pacific Coast, and there is nothing quite like it in the whole world.

Gone, too, are all the stout and seaworthy little ships of the Dundee whaling fleet—gone, that is to say, from their native waters, for one or two still survive elsewhere up and down the world. Several went out to Newfoundland, one to Liverpool, and the most famous of them all—the "Terra Nova"—will always be remembered as the vessel which went out to relieve Scott's Antarctic Expedition in 1903, and took him out on his last voyage eight years later.

She—like most of the Dundee fleet—was built at Alexander Stephen's well-known Tayside yard, the cradle of many famous ships. Among those other than whalers may be mentioned those two speedy sisters, the "Maulesden" and the "Duntrune," famous for their fast passages to Australia in the eighteen-eighties and nineties. But most of the output of the yard were those stout little wooden vessels—wood remained to the end the best material for whaling voyages, since iron or steel ships would be stove in like tin cans by the pressure of the ice—which were turned out by shipwrights of the old school, men who still knew the art of the adze as probably hardly anyone does to-day. In the eighteen-seventies there were about a dozen ships in the Dundee fleet—the "Arctic" (Captain Adams), the "Active" (Captain Fairweather), and the "Esquimaux" (Captain Yule) among them. The "Balaena" and "Polar Star" were other ships well known in their day. Most were vessels of two hundred tons or thereabouts, and although they were technically steam vessels, they relied mainly upon sail propulsion. The "Polar Star's" was an old oscillating engine, of the type used in old-fashioned paddlers. "Auld Mac (the engineer) wouldna go near it when it was workin'," an old whaleman told me; "he'd get up over the engine-room hatch an' pour a good bucket o' oil right on it. 'There—tak' yon,' he'd say. But go down there—not him, not till she was stopped!"

Some Whalers' Yarns

Although the whale fishery is a thing of the past—the last ship to sail to it was before the war—it lives still in men's memories, and many are the stirring yarns which those can spin who remember the great days gone by. There was the sailing of the ships for Greenland, to begin with. A wonderful day that in Dundee. All the factories were closed, and mothers, wives and sweethearts, to say nothing of those who were too old or too young to sail with the fleet, came down to give the ships goodspeed. All sorts of things "for luck" were showered on the departing vessels—the favourite form of talisman being a red herring, two of which, with their tails tied together with a blue ribbon, Captain Yule of the "Esquimaux" kept hung up over the cabin lamp until the ship came home. "And then, as like as not," added my informant, "they might ask for their herrings back!" Nearly always, too, there was a goodly crop of stowaways, for the North had an irresistible call for adventurous youth.

The ships usually remained away from "April

(*Continued on page* 126)

"Bless you for that wrinkle about wrinkles, Jane Seymour!"

A girl came into my Salon last month, and told me she was worried about wrinkles.

"Surely I shouldn't have such things at my age!" she said. "What do you do for your skin?" I asked.

As I expected, she told me she did practically nothing, except put on make-up!

I do wish I could get girls to realise the importance of taking care of their skins *young*. Wrinkles take hold so much sooner on a dried-up, neglected skin. But with a little regular daily care, you can put them off indefinitely. Moreover, they don't show so much when the skin is kept smooth and supple.

"But what can I do?" asked this girl. So I told her. As she blessed me for my advice when I met her at a first-night last week, perhaps you'd like to hear it too.

Every night—and no laziness mind!—cleanse your face and neck thoroughly with my Cleansing Cream and Juniper Skin Tonic. Then pat in Peach Skin Food. It contains the sunshine vitamins and there's simply nothing like it for restoring a neglected skin. On alternate nights, pat in Anti-Wrinkle Cream. This nourishes the under-tissues, and gradually smoothes out the offending lines. Of course, miracles don't happen overnight. Wrinkles take time to form and will take time to go.

Every morning, splash on plenty of Juniper Skin Tonic, to liven your circulation and close the pores.

You can get these preparations from any smart shop. And do ask for my book "Speaking Frankly". It will do so much to help you keep your skin lovely. If you have any difficulty in getting it, write direct to me at my Salon, Jane Seymour Ltd. 23 Woodstock Street, Bond Street, London, W.1. Mayfair 3712

Jane Seymour

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

CONSTANCE, LADY MOON

She HUNTED big game — and FOUND a new way to Beauty

"I KNOW it doesn't seem quite the thing—getting excited about face creams when you're out to get big game.

"But you see we had gone hundreds of miles off into Kenya for elephant hunting. In my small mirror I saw my face getting rougher and drier every day. Then I found—packed away in the luggage by a thoughtful person—several jars of Pond's Creams.

"How my skin changed when I started using them!" exclaims Lady Moon. "I was eighteen then, and I've used Pond's Creams ever since."

Read how Pond's Creams work to make your skin beautiful:

Beneath the skin, you see, is your *under-skin*, containing blood vessels and muscles. Even in your 'teens your under-skin begins to get lazy. Muscles and glands relax. Circulation slows down. Pores gape open. Then your troubles start.

But when you use Pond's Cold Cream, its fine oils cleanse the pores completely. Blackheads soon wipe away. Also, as you pat it in, it *stimulates* your under-skin. Lines and even wrinkles vanish as your under-skin is nourished by the renewed circulation. Your complexion looks lovely.

Cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream at night. And always remove make-up with it. Then use Pond's Vanishing Cream. It will hold your powder on for hours. Also it feeds your skin with two substances; one softens rough, dry skin *at once*, the other guards against lines.

Start with Pond's Creams today and see your skin turn lovelier. These creams are very inexpensive, just 6d. a jar or tube.

POND'S

FREE: *Write your name and address below, pin a 1d. stamp to this coupon and post in sealed envelope to Dept.* P1098-2, *Pond's, Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex, and we will send you FREE SAMPLES of all five shades of Pond's Face Powder—Natural, Peach, Dark Brunette (Suntan), Rachel 1 and Rachel 2.*

NAME________________________

ADDRESS________________________

Dundee, the city of Jute, showing some of its factories

month" until November, but sometimes they made a short sealing trip and returned to port before starting the serious business of whaling. Many of the whalemen did not care for this part of the business overmuch. "You'd see the little seals lying on the ice with their mothers," said one, "as white and soft as airmine fur, and many's the time I've seen the tear in their eye and passed them by. I just couldna kill them. It was my duty, but I just couldna." But the whaling was another story. Men's eyes light up with the recollection of the stirring struggles with the harpooned "fush"—whalemen always refer to "fush," although, of course, strictly speaking, a whale suckles its young, and so is not a fish at all—"stuck full of lances like a pincushion," and staining all the sea round with its life-blood. The whale had a sporting chance then. Once a boat had hold of a "bonnie fush," and she "sounded," and went under the ice, and came up again through a hole in the floe. The men followed her across the ice, but they had no rope to haul her up on to the ice, so they took off their mufflers, eight of them, good strong-knitted mufflers, and rove them through the "fush's" tail, and so, as they thought, made her fast. But there's many a slip . . . "up went her tail, and awa' went oor mufflers, and we never saw her or them again."

It was a hard and dangerous life, but it had its compensations. A successful voyage, for one thing, brought in a handsome return for all concerned, for whalers were always run on a profit-sharing basis. It was healthy. There were none of the risks which beset the seaman in foreign ports. For all chest or lung troubles there was a sovereign remedy at hand—whale oil. It is told of one man that he was believed to be dying of chronic bronchitis and asthma thirty years ago; he drank whale oil, and is alive at eighty-seven to tell the tale. Hard work was the order of the day when fishing or cutting in was in progress. Captain Yule, of the "Esquimaux," sent his men off in the morning and would not allow them on board again till night. If a boat was in need of food she hoisted a flag, and the ship responded by lowering her topgallant yard. When the boat came alongside a basket of hard tack and cheese was hung over the side; the men in the boat took what they wanted, and away to their work again.

When a ship was forcing her way through the ice, all the crew would turn out on to the floes, chests and all; often a vessel would be heeled over by the pressure so that her yardarms were touching the floe. Sometimes she would be crushed in the relentless grip, and the men would then have to be taken off by another ship. More often she would right herself, and back the chests would go on board again, a programme which frequently had to be gone through several times in a day. As she drove through the pack, men with ice axes would be hard at it hacking away the ice round her bows, and jamming in blocks to keep the way open. Then, suddenly, the ice would crack and part, leaving a lane of open water before her

Other beasts there were as well as the whales—the walruses and "unicorns," whose long horns like ivory barbers' poles made walking sticks for many a whaling skipper in days gone by, and the fierce Polar bears, the hunting of which provided the greatest excitement of all. One cub, whose mother had been shot, came right up to the "Esquimaux's" white boat, taking it for its lost dam, and the men took it on board, a little thing as playful as a kitten. But the Polar bear is the most untamable of all the creatures of the wild, save and except possibly the black panther. Before many weeks had gone by it was behind stout iron bars, biting and clawing at everyone who came within reach, and at the finish a circus owner bought it for £10.

At last the Arctic summer with its long light nights wore to a close, and it was time to set sail for home, some with full holds, others half empty, but all with plenty of Eskimo slippers and what not, or the "skrimshaw" work in which whalemen excelled, for the wives and sweethearts at home. . . .

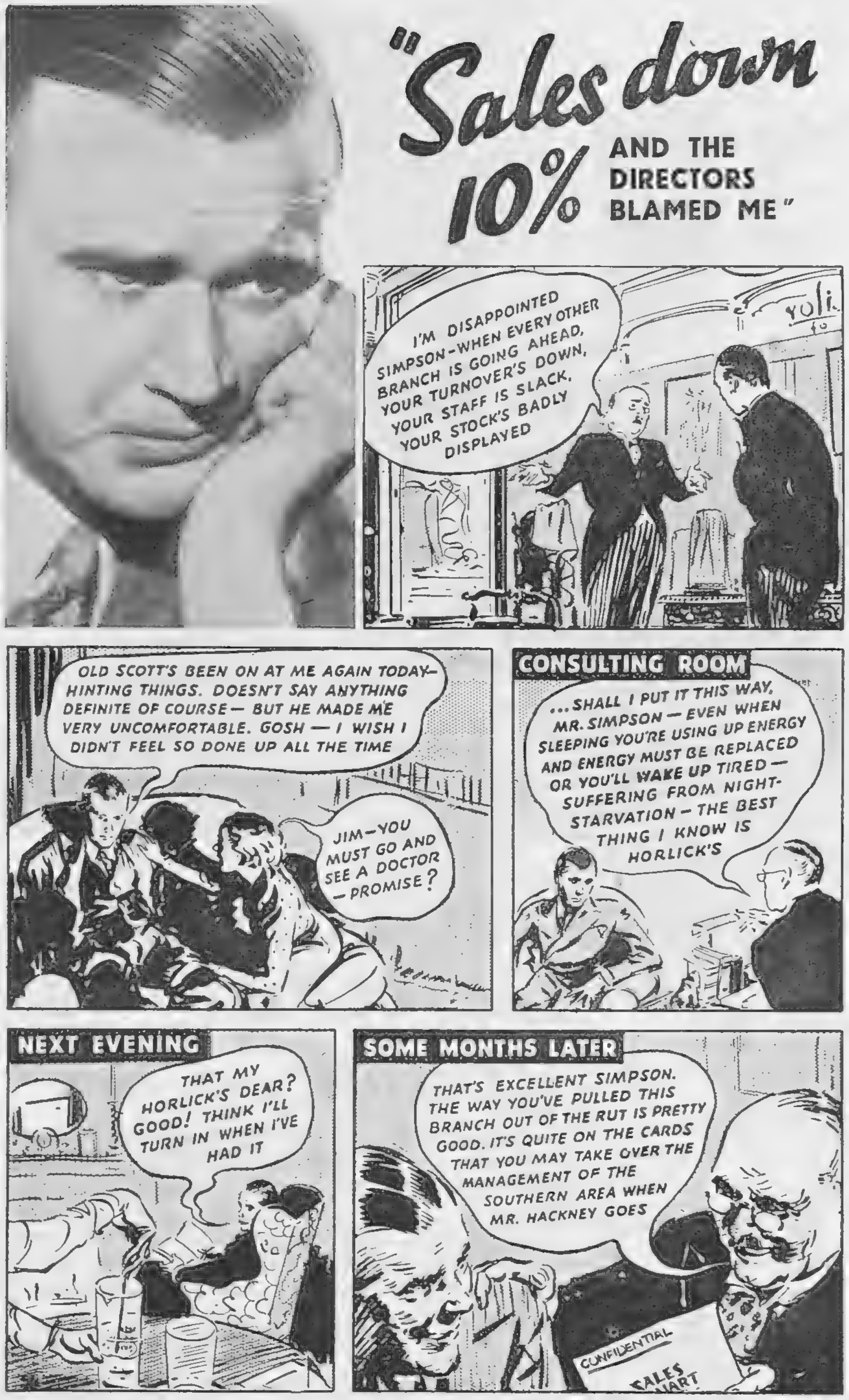
And talking of homecomings, there is a man in Dundee to-day who lived all through the Great War and didn't know it was happening.

It came about in this wise.

In August, 1914, he happened to be ashore in Greenland at a trying station, where he was to be picked up in two months' time. Then the war came along, and no one had time to go and look for him. Perhaps they forgot. And there he stayed, living among the Eskimo as one of themselves, until in November, 1918, someone suddenly bethought himself and went to see if he was alive. I wonder what he said. Nothing much, probably. It takes a good deal to surprise an "old whale."

END

An air view of modern Dundee


"Sales down 10% AND THE DIRECTORS BLAMED ME"
I'M DISAPPOINTED SIMPSON—WHEN EVERY OTHER BRANCH IS GOING AHEAD, YOUR TURNOVER'S DOWN, YOUR STAFF IS SLACK, YOUR STOCK'S BADLY DISPLAYED
OLD SCOTT'S BEEN ON AT ME AGAIN TODAY—HINTING THINGS. DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING DEFINITE OF COURSE — BUT HE MADE ME VERY UNCOMFORTABLE. GOSH — I WISH I DIDN'T FEEL SO DONE UP ALL THE TIME
JIM—YOU MUST GO AND SEE A DOCTOR —PROMISE?
CONSULTING ROOM
...SHALL I PUT IT THIS WAY, MR. SIMPSON — EVEN WHEN SLEEPING YOU'RE USING UP ENERGY AND ENERGY MUST BE REPLACED OR YOU'LL WAKE UP TIRED — SUFFERING FROM NIGHT-STARVATION — THE BEST THING I KNOW IS HORLICK'S
NEXT EVENING
THAT MY HORLICK'S DEAR? GOOD! THINK I'LL TURN IN WHEN I'VE HAD IT
SOME MONTHS LATER
THAT'S EXCELLENT SIMPSON. THE WAY YOU'VE PULLED THIS BRANCH OUT OF THE RUT IS PRETTY GOOD. IT'S QUITE ON THE CARDS THAT YOU MAY TAKE OVER THE MANAGEMENT OF THE SOUTHERN AREA WHEN MR. HACKNEY GOES
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Does your work contrast unfavourably with that of your fellow workers? Do you feel you are being criticised? Even if it escapes comment, the feeling of tiredness and losing ground is worrying. It's more than likely that you're suffering from "Night-Starvation." That means you are not replacing the energy your body uses up during sleep for breathing and other automatic actions: you wake still tired, and the whole day seems against you.

Horlick's at bedtime and midday will restore the lost energy and enable nature to catch up with repairs. You'll wake *ready* — and confident. Horlick's is delicious, and economical: just add water, the milk is in it. Prices from 2/-. Mixer, 6d. and 1/-.

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This means you sleep soundly, wake refreshed, and have extra energy all day

"After 14 days on the Grape Juice...

LIVE Grape Juice with all the essential vitamins, digestion-aiding ferments and tonic minerals unharmed.

...the change in his colour was striking" *M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.*

Let us re-construct the story this Lancashire doctor tells: A mother and her boy. Illness had left him a weak, pale, little chap. The doctor says he was "suffering from secondary anæmia following rheumatic fever." He prescribed Vita LIVE Natural Grape Juice. Every day, that boy drank the fresh *uncooked juice* of rich vineyard grapes.

No, it was not expensive, for one bottle of Vita contains the LIVE concentrated juice of 17½ *lbs. of grapes*—less than one penny for the juice of a quarter of a pound. Soon the organic iron and the vital tonic properties of Vita Grape Juice had their effect. In the doctor's words —"After fourteen days on the grape juice, *the change in his colour was striking*, and at the end of a further seven days, he had regained his natural colour."

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London Dress Shows

(*Continued from page* 65)

suit, the dress with velvet flowers at neck, the coat seat length, cut without fullness. (This at six and a half guineas is our idea of the perfect spring bargain.)

Victor Stiebel—Tyrolean waistcoats in dark velvets, brightly embroidered, gold buttoned, worn with simple tailored suits, with buttons and belts of thick antelope. Skirts straight and short, some with knife pleats, others cut on bias. Dresses with natural waistline and bodices pouched over wide sashes. Sleeves full at shoulder then caught in at elbow.

Evening gowns cut severely with hardly any skirt fullness or very full indeed. An eye-filling evening dress pleated from waist to hem and standing out stiffly from the figure, made of Rodier's "Transparic," a mixture of silk and cellophane.

Butterflies (chemically treated to prevent breaking) perched on the hair or pinned on to organdie evening coats and dresses. Evening veils fastened to the head by a butterfly or posy, falling down at the back, to the shoulders.

W. W. Reville Terry, Ltd.—The loveliest prints, unusual, amusing, but not unbearably eccentric. Stars, anchors, butterflies on a brown ground, greyish seagulls on a dark ground, white arum lilies on black. A black and white heavy silk town suit, the short high-shouldered coat fitted at waist, basqued at back. Worn with a chiffon blouse.

A printed chiffon pleated blouse tucked in at front of the skirt, showing a tiny pleated basque at the back. A black taffeta wide pleated dressy town coat. A high-necked, short-sleeved afternoon dress, black, embroidered with white puppies, its narrow collar band, wide cuffs and wider belt of white, scallop-edged piqué. A black dress with a large white neck ruffle, white streamers running down the back.

Painted material making full skirted evening dress, looking like transfers. (Will it transfer in the heat?) A sky blue full evening dress embroidered with skylarks. Very low necklines to evening gowns, with flesh shoulder straps.

Flowers growing all over dresses, bunched at throat, waist, knee, bosom. Frilly pink chiffon evening blouse with a black pleated skirt, riding up in front. Worn with a loose backed sleeveless coat.

Enos—Excellent tweed suits, the coats finger-tip length, straight backed, with no fullness, the skirts narrow, the shirts in pastel linens. A tailored black suit trimmed with silk braid, the blouse of white linen lawn, hand tucked front.

Blouses (pronounced "blooses" by the announcer at this show) with bishop sleeves ending in fairly wide cuffs and worn with contrasting leather belts over the skirts.

Coloured striped sashes, worn on sports dresses. A little embossed pique bolero. A three-quarter length black wool coat with an open embroidery design on the yoke allowing the red printed silk dress beneath to show through. Afternoon coats, high waisted fitting, woollen, fastening in front with large mother of pearl buttons.

Norman Hartnell—Plain waistcoats with checked town suits. Waistcoat shape to tops of more dressy suits, with flowers instead of buttons down the front. Loose hip-length coats, with wide sleeves. Full-length coats, loose in front, with waistline tucked into band at back.

Afternoon dresses of printed silk, with the pattern cut out and appliqued round neck, sleeves and hems.

Evening dresses, very tight, caught up on one side of skirt with a split and short circular train. Very full net evening dresses with tiers of frills, spangled in star or flower patterns. Or tiers of pleats dipping at back to form slight train. Day and evening dresses with smocking.

Just Egg Dishes

(*Continued from page* 70)

Œufs Mollets

These soft-boiled eggs are also extremely good. Put the eggs into boiling water and cook for six minutes only. Remove them and peel them carefully under the cold tap. Put them into a hot serving dish and pour over whatever sauce you have prepared, such as Béchamel, curry sauce, tomato sauce, or serve them on a bed of piping-hot sweet corn.

The whites of the eggs are quite firm, but the yolks soft.

Eggs en Cocotte

In this case you have small fireproof *cocottes* just large enough for one egg. The *cocotte* should be warmed first. Then you put in whatever flavouring you are using. Most of the garnishings mentioned for the eggs *sur le plat* can be used. Of course, they must be hot when you put them in.

Break an egg into each *cocotte*, sprinkle with salt and pepper and put a tiny dab of butter on the yolks.

Have ready a baking-dish containing a little boiling water, put in the *cocottes*, cover with a lid and cook in a moderate oven for seven to eight minutes. Regulo Mark 7. The whites should be set, though creamy, and the yolks soft.

Eats for Easter

(*Continued from page* 71)

cover the top, inside the rope of almond paste, with a thin plain white icing.

Hot Cross Buns

Sieve into a bowl one pound of flour, add a pinch of salt, a teaspoonful of mixed spice, and a quarter of a pound of castor sugar. Mix this well together and mix in half a pound of currants picked and cleaned by rubbing them in flour.

Dissolve in about half a tumbler of warm milk, half an ounce of baker's yeast. Make a hole in the middle of the flour mixture and pour in slowly the milk and yeast, working to a batter. Cover the bowl and set it in a warm place to rise well.

Now work in a quarter of a pound of melted butter, beat the dough with your hand, and if necessary add a little more warm milk. Cover the bowl again and set in a warm place to rise again for about twenty to thirty minutes.

Form the dough into little bun shapes and stand them—not too near each other—on a greased baking tin. Let them rise again for another half-hour. Make a cross on them with a blunt knife dipped in flour.

Bake in a quick oven for about a quarter of an hour. Regulo Mark 6.

Ten Years of Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 21)

his way up to see you, please." Richard Dix proved even more attractive in real life than he looks on the screen. He had been in England to make a very early film, knew, and loved it; hoped to go back. Those who have seen "The Tunnel" will realise that nine years later he did "go back." We went to lunch, and the friendship which began that June day in New York has lasted through ten years. I hope it lasts three times as long. Over on Long Island at the Astoria Studios of Paramount Pictures, Richard Dix took me round, introducing me to Herbert Brenon, just back from making "Beau Geste" (not yet shown to the public) in the heart of the Arizona Desert; Norman Trevor, fine English actor, since dead; Lois Wilson, a great star, and reported to be romantically attached to Mr. Dix; Thomas Meighan, to whom I was able to talk about Seymour Hicks (not then Sir Seymour), for I knew that Tommy Meighan had played in the London stage production of "Broadway Jones."

Warner Baxter was there, too. I spoke to him once or (*Continued on page* 130)

Hounds will meet...
4

at 4 BERKELEY SQUARE

—it's an odd fancy, but, when Diana entered the Salon habited, booted and hatted for the chase, we began to wonder . . .

And yet, you know, it was perfectly reasonable and logical. She was to hunt that day with the Garth (and a slinky straight-8 would whisk her to their country within an hour), she was to dance that night at Grosvenor House—"and," she explained, "I simply can't turn up too leather-faced."

She was representative of the new order of things—the order made possible by cars—arterial roads—and Elizabeth Bock; for Elizabeth Bock teaches that "a complexion" is not the rare and precious gift of a favoured few—not a thing to be veiled and parasolled from sun and wind and weather—but the natural birthright of every woman whatever her age, whatever her work or play. Butt or ballroom—shire or salon—forest, field or foyer—she shall be lovely wherever she goes.

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OUT OF DOORS. Uradia Cream as a foundation for waterproof Poudre Humide ensures a matt complexion under all circumstances—with the possible exception of Becher's Brook.

Pasta Divina at night and a weekly anti-wrinkle mask will preserve skin suppleness, which is just another way of saying "youth."

FOR TOWN WEAR. A brand-new process has made Creme Royale a perfect protector-foundation for normal as well as oily skins, but the dry ones should still rely on Pasteurised Cream.

As a tonic after a hard day, Strawberry Cream Mask is as delicious as its name—so gloriously refreshing that it whisks away not only fatigue lines but fatigue itself.

MAKE-UP. Here is an art in which Elizabeth Bock excels. Make a point of consulting her, for her immense range of subtle, flattering shades will provide the harmony which is essentially *you*. Ask her about "Eye-Fire" which restores sparkle to tired eyes and yet is completely harmless—so far as women are concerned.

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Poudre Humide	6/–	Creme Royale	4/–	Vitamin Cream	15/–
Special Sun Oil	6/–	Pasteurised Cream	5/–	Strawberry Cream	14/–
Pasta Divina	4/–, 7/–,	Rouge Saskia	4/6	Pastel Cream	4/6
Muscle Oil	4/6	Lipstick	3/6	Poudre des Perles	18/6

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twice, but it was not until I met him later out in California, with Ernest Torrence, Clive Brook, and Ronald Colman—his best friends—that I really got to know him. One of my happiest days in Hollywood took place out of it—which is not as mad as it sounds. It means that I spent the day with Warner and Winnie Baxter, at their new Malibu Beach Cottage. From his log-walled cottage, a few houses north on the curving beach, came Ronald Colman, in ancient grey flannel trousers and a tennis shirt. Mr. and Mrs. Clive Brook strolled hatless a few yards along the sand from their newly acquired bungalow.

Neil Hamilton and his wife were there, and the Torrences ; also a tall, artistic-looking man with a lot of rather untidy hair and thick-rimmed glasses. His name was Alexander Korda ; we had met before at the Beverly Hills house of Clive Brook. Close by was Herbert Brenon's twin residence—two houses, side by side, linked by a tennis court in the rear. One house was called "Beau Geste" ; the other "Peter Pan." We all went along in the afternoon to play and watch ardent tennis.

There was some swimming : Victor McLaglen, among others, swam out to Mr. Brenon's yacht anchored in the bay. Then came a buffet supper at Warner Baxter's cottage ; he had done a lot towards preparing and selecting the food himself, for he is not only a fine actor but an enterprising and gifted cook. After supper we played penny poker, with all sorts of mad variations. Such a grand day.

This Malibu party took place some time after my first visit to Hollywood. On that initial, terrifying trip, as the train roared for three and a half days across 3,000 miles of burning corn-land and dusty desert, until the snow-capped mountains, palm trees and orange groves of California cut across the horizon, I kept wondering if there would be anyone at the station to meet me. As the train pulled up in the un-station-like Santa Fé Depot at Los Angeles there was a loud hail, and Reginald Denny dashed up to grip hands and smile a welcome. I shall always consider that was about the kindest thing anybody has ever done for a complete stranger.

He refused to take me near my hotel until he had driven me round for a time, just to show me a few things. We drove for over two hours—and *then* I hadn't seen a twentieth part of that village without a station, known to the world as Hollywood. To me it was like driving through a series of stage sets ; very little of it looked real. There was the Paramount Studio . . . that was the Christie Studio, where so many comedies have been made . . . Warner Brothers' studio almost opposite . . . That tall, white building revealed itself as the Athletic Club, where dozens of famous actors have made their home in Hollywood . . . On the other side of Sunset Boulevard, with a lemon grove surrounding it, was a solid brick house and a lawn ; Sydney Chaplin's house, with the Chaplin Studio exactly behind it.

So out along Sunset Boulevard towards the sea. The Garden of Allah on the left, once the home of Nazimova, adored star, now turned into a bungalow-hotel, with villas all round the garden.

"Down there, on your left, where you see those hundreds of Moorish-looking bungalows," said Reg Denny, "there were only vineyards, orange groves, fig orchards, farms, when I first came to this part of the world—and that's not so many years ago. Look at it now ! " And *that's* ten years ago ! It's much the same to-day, except that the houses number thousands instead of hundreds, and there are a few flamboyant new apartment buildings with dazzling neon-lighted signs.

Beverly Hills, with its Bridle Path ; the Beverly Hills Hotel, and bungalows—that's where Herbert Marshall lives now. Gloria Swanson's lovely house, half-hidden in tropical trees, on the corner of an avenue that swings towards the hills, just the eastern

STEPS TO BETTER GOLF

Perhaps you've taken steps to better golf—had lessons from the pro.—decided to play more regularly—practised putting on the office floor—read books—watched the masters in action. If you've done *all* these worthy things you can still take steps to better golf. You can use the clubs with the shafts that have the steps to better golf. Run a True Temper Shaft through your fingers. Feel those steps? They're not there for nothing. They are there to give you snap, drive, and distance. If you must know why, read below, or, better still, ask your pro. He knows why and how True Temper Shafts will improve your game.

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(Notley)

side of the Beverly Hills Hotel. The homes of star after star; the Soldiers' Home in Sawtell; trams, shops, and then the sea-front at Santa Monica. On the beach-level a long line of luxury homes owned by film celebrities, with only the ocean between them and Honolulu.

Back through Culver City, past the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, and the Hal Roach studios; so into Hollywood itself once more. No time that day to drive over the Cahuenga Pass towards San Fernando Valley, where space has been found for Universal City and First National Studios.

TO the Chaplin studio I made my way very early on my first trip to Hollywood. Alfred Reeves, Mr. Chaplin's English studio manager, was kind and helpful. He said that Mr. Chaplin, who was then making "The Circus," did not like journalists coming to the set while he was at work; but as I was English and had made such a long journey to see the studios and the stars, he would be very pleased to let me come in at any time. There was a real circus ring built in the studio, and the first time I saw Charlie Chaplin he was rehearsing Myrna Kennedy in a scene she had to play while swinging on a trapeze above the ring.

Charlie Chaplin wore immaculate white flannel trousers, beautifully cut brown and white shoes, and a vivid blazer of blue and orange stripes. When he came to talk to me he saw me looking at the blazer, which was almost blinding. He gave his queer, quick, dry laugh, and said—"It's gay, isn't it? This morning I felt so depressed that I knew I must have something to cheer me up, so I put on this blazer. How do you like our circus?"

A few days later a telephone message told me that Mr. Chaplin was doing some interesting "shots" with trained lions and a trained dog—would I care to come along and look on? I saw an afternoon of intensely interesting work, full of technical secrets that were not for publication. When most of the work was over Mr. Chaplin himself suggested that I might like to have a photograph taken, with himself in front of one of the lion cages. "You never know—it might be useful!" he said, smiling.

Actually, that photograph proved of more value to me—in establishing the fact that I had really been to Hollywood, and was not making the whole thing up—than almost anything else I brought back from the initial trip. Chaplin is not often photographed with journalists, and in sparing time to pose for that picture he knew he was giving me something that would be of help to me later on. Next time I saw him, that year, he began to discuss English politics, and asked me if I had been in London during the big strike early in May, 1926. When I said I had, he wanted to know if I had any of the single-sheet newspapers that were brought out during the strike. It happened that I knew some had been filed for me, so I promised to send one or two of them to Hollywood on my return. I kept my word, and had a very charming letter of thanks.

MEETING Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and Norma Talmadge was an event. I expected it to be difficult, but it was nothing of the sort. I lunched with Miss Talmadge, in her attractive studio-bungalow at United Artists' studios on Santa Monica Boulevard. There was a big lawn at the studio then; Mary Pickford's parrot sat in a gorgeous cage at one corner of the lawn, preening its scarlet and blue feathers in the sunshine. Immense sound stages cover the same ground to-day; and the row of bungalows that belonged to Mary, Dolores del Rio, Constance Bennett, Constance Talmadge, and John Barrymore have other occupants.

Mary Pickford used the first row of bungalows; hers was just like a miniature house, with a dining-room, kitchen, bedroom and bathroom. Eddie Cantor occupies it now. I met Miss Pickford in the bungalow; then we went over to the Chinese Lunch Room, a few steps away, where Doug and Mary and their special

(*Continued on page* 132)

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friends had meals. There was one long, wide table, and the whole room was decorated in Chinese style. Douglas Fairbanks came in with Roland West—whose name has been in the papers recently in connection with the tragic death of unhappy, lovely Thelma Todd, one of the most radiant figures in a quasi-radiant town. That she will be seen no more on the screen, at the height of her beauty, seems to me the greatest tragedy of my ten years in Hollywood.

At the luncheon table with Mary and Douglas Fairbanks sat Gloria Swanson, just "dropping in" to say hullo, and shaky from a car crash she had narrowly averted on her way to the studio from her Beverly Hills home, driving herself. A year later, at the same table, Lupe Velez gave a dynamic performance, when she burst in accompanied by her mamma and a small cringing dog. She had come to sign her contract for "The Gaucho," the film which made her famous. But before signing, she sat at the table in that Chinese Room relating the story of her tempestuous life. This narrative was accompanied by a wealth of lurid detail, much waving of arms and flashing of eyes and teeth.

It ended with a burst of hysterical tears, and I can still picture Lupe sobbing, with her head on the table, while the dog whined, Mary Pickford cried in sympathy, and Mr. Fairbanks paced up and down looking highly embarrassed.

Colleen Moore was then "the Top." I asked her, together with Richard Barthelmess, Norma Talmadge, and Ronald Colman, to tell me what they hoped would be their fate ten years hence. None of them seem to have realised their hopes, except Colleen—and that only in a very minor degree. She hoped that she would never put on superfluous flesh, and that hope has come true. For the rest, she wanted two children and a 125-foot sailing yacht; Norma Talmadge wanted children, a chance on the stage, and a villa on the Riviera; Ronald Colman hoped for a son, a yacht, some books (he has plenty, now), the right to work 20 weeks a year on the stage; Richard Barthelmess wanted a happy "family" and a permanent job as a producer—in Europe. In the ten years that have passed he has married a second time, but there are no children by that second marriage, and though he and his wife spend a lot of time travelling round the world, he has not worked as a producer in Europe, up to date.

John Gilbert was the greatest male star of the moment, with Rudolph Valentino by his side. Beatrice Lillie was in Hollywood, ready to make films for M.G.M. I scooped a good picture when I persuaded her to pose for a special photograph for me on the lawn at M.G.M., with Jack Gilbert and Lew Cody, who has since departed from the realm of films for ever. Arrangements were made for me to meet Valentino, whose exquisite white villa on the side of a hill was the object of my constant envy and admiration.

But before our meeting came off he was rushed east to New York, on some special business and personal appearances. Never mind; when I went through New York on my way home I was to lunch with him, and all would still be well. By the time I reached New York in August he was already in hospital, seriously ill. In mid-Atlantic the news-sheets on board carried the news of his death. . . . Strangely enough, I remember that I was in mid-Atlantic again when the death of Marie Dressler was flashed into the news.

Marion Davies was as busy and popular in 1926 as she is to-day. She was skating madly, when I saw her for the first time, on a genuine patch of Holland re-created on the back lot at M.G.M., for "The Red Mill"; canal, bridges, ice, and everything complete. There are few people in pictures as charming as Miss Davies, and as unspoilt. She invited me to lunch at her house in Beverly Hills; I found her cutting out a crêpe de Chine dress for Bébé Daniels, on the floor of her boudoir. We had a happy tête-a-tête meal.

I saw the house, the greenhouses, the dogs, and finally her astounding collection of *imitation jewellery.* Marion Davies, certainly the richest woman on the screen, with real jewels worth a very large fortune, has a frantic fondness for good, cleverly made imitation jewellery. She keeps this strange collection in a large cabinet broken up into small drawers; and I gathered that it thrills her far more than the genuine specimens which repose, heavily insured, in a safe.

In a snowstorm at midnight I met Norma Shearer; it was a synthetic snowstorm produced for a scene in one of her earliest starring films. The snow was made of corn-flakes; about three tons were used. Monta Bell (now in London) was directing Miss Shearer, and we had a very hilarious midnight breakfast sitting on the tailboard of a lorry, out in the "snow." I thought then, and still think, that Norma Shearer is the nicest, frankest, most friendly star of them all.

It was pleasant to be in Hollywood when Ronald Colman jumped to the top of the film tree; pleasant, too, to watch many of his silent films with exquisite Vilma Banky. Clive Brook was already an important figure, and became much more important during the next few years. . . . I stood at Gary Cooper's elbow while a cowboy was murdered by another of his tribe, at eight o'clock one sunny morning, on the prairie a few miles from Cedar City, Utah.

The men had been engaged locally for a scene in "Nevada," Gary's first starring film, for which he received a weekly pay-cheque of 100 dollars! That terrible murder brought the members of the company very close together. Thelma Todd was not present, luckily for her; neither was William Powell, who was giving one of his early and masterly "villainous" performances in the film. But a tragedy of that kind knits together those who will always carry a vivid picture of it in their memories.

Ramon Novarro displayed "Ben Hur" to the waiting world during the summer of 1926, after endless delays and postponements. We met for the first time on the morning of the day when "Ben Hur" was to be shown. He impressed me by saying, sincerely, that he did not intend to be present at the theatre that evening, but would stay at home with his family, and wait for the verdict of the Press. Considering the fact that this was the greatest rôle any young actor could have desired, and that he must have known he stood a good chance of being acclaimed a star, his attitude was singularly modest. But that, I have found after ten years of friendship, is typical of Novarro.

It was my good fortune to be present at the hysterically enthusiastic first performance of "Seventh Heaven" at the Carthay Circle. I went with John Boles, whose name was then almost unknown to filmgoers. Nobody who was in the theatre that night will ever forget the moment when the audience stood on its feet cheering a slender girl with auburn hair, in a simple blush-pink frock, and a tall young man with a delightful smile. We cheered, we waved, with a lump in our throats, while Charles Farrell took Janet Gaynor in his arms in front of the screen that had just revealed them as future stars, and tears fell unchecked from their eyes.

Not so many months after I sat in Warner Brothers' new theatre on Hollywood Boulevard listening to another audience cheering the roof off in honour of John Boles for his performance and splendid singing in "The Desert Song," one of the screen's first musical pictures. In that film a girl called Myrna Loy wore remarkably few clothes, danced magnificently, and played her usual (at that time) oriental-eyed vamp rôle. It is a very different Myrna Loy we know as a star in 1926—from a filmatic angle, anyhow.

And so to the Talkies. I have the *Hollywood Mercury* of June 6th, 1928, on my desk; there is a banner headline on page 36—"THE SOUND FILM STAMPEDE." Which just about sums it up, for "stampede" is the right word. Page 2 of the same issue carries an editorial headed "For and Against the Sound Film." At that time, the betting in Hollywood was about

(*Continued on page* 134)

"THE SIMPLEST WAY OF ALL TO GET A CLEAR COMPLEXION-AND I'VE ONLY JUST DISCOVERED IT!"

Lots of women "try everything" for a blotchy, imperfect complexion — yet forget the most important thing of all — *skin-health.*

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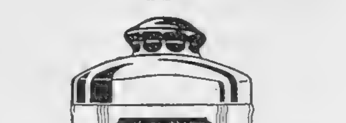

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fifty-fifty that in a few months films with sound would (or would not) be extinct.

I WATCHED the making of the first All-Talking-Singing-Colour film by Warner Brothers; it was called "On With the Show." Betty Compson—where is she now? —Joe E. Brown, of the cavernous mouth, Sally O'Neil—and where is *she?*—Sam Hardy, since dead, William Bakewell, and Louise Fazenda. Girls by the hundred; the new kind of make-up required for the colour process; hour after hour wasted while Sound argued with Camera, and somebody tried to discover where the mouse-like squeak picked up by the sound record was coming from.

"The most important announcement since the beginning of Motion Pictures," was the way Warner Brothers informed the public that Al Jolson was to be seen *and heard* in "The Jazz Singer." That was the real beginning of Talkies. It was worth a journey of 6,000 miles to see Al careering madly round the Warner Studio on Sunset Boulevard, pursued by a breathless, perspiring entourage. Secretaries, gagmen, song writers, agent, manager, valet—in a mad stream, with Al, black-faced or white-faced as occasion demanded, leading the way; they hurtled from stage to bungalow, bungalow to projection room, projection room back to stage, shouting at the tops of their united voices. It was a grand game—and it put Talkies on the map.

Movietone was progressing rapidly; Paramount came into the field. Each studio had its own method of recording sound with action; each argued that their way was the best. The arrival of Maurice Chevalier, to make films for Paramount, was a great moment. So was the day when we drove to Los Angeles to see "Innocents of Paris," his first picture, shown to the public for the first time. How nervous everyone was, including Chevalier! But when he had sung "Louise," with that charm of his which defies analysation, everyone in the theatre knew that another star had indeed arrived.

Laurel and Hardy trying to find the best way of making ice in a metal ice bucket sound like *real* ice when dropped on the floor, is one of my memories of early Talkies. They spent an entire afternoon experimenting with coal, wood, porcelain, tin, while the men in the sound booth kept yelling that the result sounded like nothing on earth remotely resembling falling ice. In the end, somebody had a brain wave, and the result they wanted was obtained with chunks of glass.

Talkies settled down; new stars rose, old stars faded. Bob Montgomery arrived from New York, convinced he would be back on Broadway in a few weeks. He has never been back—as an actor—since he first hit Hollywood. Clark Gable was unknown when Talkies first broke; I sat at lunch at the M.G.M. studios with Roland Young, when a dark man with deep dimples and grey-blue eyes paused at our table long enough to tell Mr. Young that he was fed up with Hollywood and its false promises, and intended to pack up the following week, ready to return to Broadway, where at least he had a few good friends. That man was Clark Gable; and within three months of that day he was famous.

And Garbo? In 1926 she was just starting her meteoric Hollywood existence. In the studio she was filming "The Torrent," followed by "The Flesh and the Devil"; in private life she was in the throes of her romance with John Gilbert. Every few weeks, even then, she moved her residence, in order to escape the stares and interference of a curious public. . . . Dietrich had not been heard of, nor Mae West, nor Jeanette MacDonald. Shirley Temple was not yet born; Jackie Coogan had made a fortune and was waiting until he had passed the in-between stage that divides babyhood from the schoolboy age.

Stars may come and go. Organisations may crumble and new ones rise from their ashes. But the town called Hollywood seems to go on unperturbed. I wonder what it will be like ten years hence?

END

Mr. Melon in Search of Danger

(*Continued from page* 39)

way of stating that Mr. O'Mara, for a while to be known as "2863," was at present residing in B. Hall, on the second landing, in cell number 53.

"A bit of luck," repeated Mr. Melon to himself, unlocking the gates of B. Hall; and filled with that sense of awe and pleasure which every hero-worshipper, about to meet his hero face to face, experiences.

Even the most debonair gentleman loses something of his glamour when put into a uniform of coarse, grey-green material; a striped shirt; thick socks; and felt slippers. Nor is his appearance improved by shaving only on alternate days, and denying his hair the use of oil. Stitching away at the mail-bag which was his cell-task, Spike O'Mara looked pathetically unlike the figure which popular journalism had made of him.

"I'm your visitor," announced Mr. Melon, as brightly as possible. "I've dropped in for a chat."

"A chat about what?" asked Spike O'Mara curtly, without ceasing his work. The look he flashed Mr. Melon was far from encouraging.

"About what? Oh, about anything you like."

"And if I don't like?"

THERE followed a tense silence, during which Mr. Melon, shifting from one foot to the other, looked most uncomfortable. A far less compassionate man than Spike O'Mara must have pitied him.

"Tell me, if you can," said Spike O'Mara, "what won the big race this afternoon."

"Blue Boy, at 22 to 1," promptly replied Mr. Melon, who prided himself on being handy with the kind of information which interests those in prison.

"Good," grunted the cracksman. "I'll have made a packet on that horse, anyway." Looking a trifle more indulgently at his visitor, he added, "Take a seat," and, vacating the one stool which the cell contained, himself squatted on the floor.

With thanks, Mr. Melon accepted the stool.

"You must," observed Mr. Melon, for want of a better start, "be feeling pretty fed up."

"You've said it," agreed Spike O'Mara. "And who d'you suppose I'm fed up with?"

"The police, I shouldn't wonder. . ."

"Not a bit of it. Those poor fools can't help themselves. When an informer squeaks, it's their job to listen to him. It's myself I'm fed up with, for being such a sap as to get caught. I fell properly into the trap."

"Do you mean," said Mr. Melon, who had always believed in honour among thieves, "that one of your companions let you down?"

"He certainly did." A look of intense hatred crossed Spike O'Mara's not unhandsome features. "We'd known for some time there was a leakage in the gang, but couldn't locate it. Well, I'm wise now to who it was that sold information to the authorities. And a lot of good that is! In here I can't even warn the others. And if somebody doesn't warn them, they'll all get copped."

This was not the kind of conversation which Mr. Melon, as a prison visitor, ought to have encouraged. But it was the kind of conversation he enjoyed. Listening to it, he felt almost as if he were himself a member of the underworld. He was excited.

"Did this informer person," asked Mr. Melon, "split on you for the sake of the money?"

"Partly," concurred Spike O'Mara. "And partly for another reason. There was a 'dame' in the case."

Because, whenever a gangster film showed at the local picture house, Mr. Melon dragged Gertrude to see it, he (*Continued on page* 136)

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knew that by "dame," Spike O'Mara meant his girl-friend.

Mr. Melon shook his head.

"There's a woman," he said, "at the bottom of most trouble"; and very worldly wise he felt as he said it.

"Guess you're right there. But we can't do without them."

"Indeed we can't."

"And my little sweetie—Blonde Mae's her name—is the goods. She's my girl. Or *was* my girl," added Spike O'Mara, suddenly dejected, "before I came to this place."

"But, of course, she'll wait for you?"

In the films, Mr. Melon had seen, "dames" always waited. Often they turned up smiling at the prison gates to greet their "big boy" on his release.

Spike O'Mara twisted his face into an expression of uncertainty.

"I'm not leaving this place in a hurry," he said. "And what can't Tony do while I'm here? Tony's the name of the dirty little stool-pigeon. If only I could put Mae, and the rest of the gang, wise to him. My God!" cried Spike O'Mara, "what wouldn't I give for just a few hours' freedom?"

"You mean, in that time, you could—"

"I could smash Tony's face in, put a stop to his 'narking,' and persuade Mae that I was worth waiting for. . . Oh, but what's the good of talking?"

DURING the next few weeks Mr. Melon paid several long visits to Spike O'Mara's cell. For the pleasure it gave him to listen while Spike talked, he neglected the other men on his list; who, though his equals in misfortune, had not half Spike's glamour. Nor his gift of telling a story.

What stories Mr. Melon listened to! On the wings of one thrilling narrative after another the meek manufacturer of sausage skins was carried not only into the various capitals of Europe, but into the obscure corners of those capitals where strange, dark deeds were done. Indeed, he was enthralled by all he heard, and secretly would have liked nothing better than to be made a member of the O'Mara gang. That alone would have satisfied his desire for dangerous living.

As the time went on, Mr. Melon noticed that Spike looked far from well, and said as much.

"Has the food got you down?" he asked.

"The food is so scarce here," replied Spike, "that my stomach thinks my throat's been cut. But it isn't the food. It's what's on my mind. I keep worrying."

"What about, particularly?"

"About things outside; about Mae; that rat Tony, who's probably telling her the tale; and the rest of the boys, who must be thinking I was some kind of a big fool to get caught. . . . If I could see them all again, just for an hour."

It was then that Mr. Melon said: "Perhaps you could see them again."

Even his own words surprised Mr. Melon. He wasn't sure, until he saw the puzzled expression on Spike's face, that he had really said them. An idea, too fantastic to be put into practice, had for some days been buzzing about in his head; but he had never intended to voice the idea. And now he had voiced it.

"How could I see them again?" asked Spike.

Then Mr. Melon, having gone too far to turn back—and not much wanting to turn back anyway—told Spike how it might be possible for him to gain the few hours of freedom that he needed.

"You'd never do it?" cried Spike, when he had heard details of the plan.

"Wouldn't I, though?" replied Mr. Melon, a little breathlessly. "You don't know me!"

"MY husband," Gertrude told a neighbour who had called round to return a borrowed library book, "is out this evening. He said he mightn't be back until quite late. Let me make you some coffee?"

"That's kind of you," said the neighbour. "I'll stop and keep you company. Mr. Melon's out on business, I suppose?"

"His social work, you know. Connected with the prison."

It is true that while his wife and her friend sat over coffee in his drawing-room, Mr. Melon was engaged upon work connected with the prison. But it was special, quite unofficial work. Had she known into what dangerous purlieus her husband was at that moment penetrating, there is no doubt that Gertrude would have been much alarmed on his account.

Mr. Melon himself was rather alarmed, as he made his way along a dimly lit street in Soho. And his heart certainly beat faster than usual as he came to the door of an address he sought; a sinister-looking door, at the side of a small restaurant. Obeying instructions he had received, he rang three times and waited.

"What can I do for you?" asked the sarcastic voice of a man who came in answer to the bell; a man whose big face resembled that of a particularly ugly bulldog. "Who d'you want?"

"I'm here to see," Mr. Melon informed the man, not too steadily, "Blonde Mae. And I must see her alone. I've a message from the chief."

The human bulldog looked Mr. Melon up and down. He appeared uncertain how to act. How did he know that this stranger wasn't a copper in plain clothes? He wore a bowler hat and well-creased trousers; both facts which aroused suspicion.

"From the chief, did you say?"

"Oh," said Mr. Melon, diving into the pocket of his overcoat and producing a sheet of paper, which he handed over, "I forgot this. The chief said I was to show it in case of difficulty."

"There'll be no difficulty now," answered the bulldog when he'd glanced at the note. "Come this way, please."

FOLLOWING his guide in the darkness down a flight of narrow stairs, Mr. Melon came suddenly into a brightly lit room, richly furnished. When, accustoming himself to the light, he had blinked several times, he became aware of a girl sprawled upon a divan not three feet away from him. And having become aware of her he blinked again.

Blonde Mae was the kind of girl at whom any man might be forgiven for blinking the first time he saw her. She had smooth golden hair parted in the middle; eyes like dewy violets; and the kind of red mouth that appears to have been invented solely for the purpose of exchanging kisses. Throwing aside the novel she had been reading, she asked, with a smile: "What's on your mind, kid?"

Not for many years had Mr. Melon been called a kid; and then never by anybody half as attractive as Blonde Mae. He felt a little foolish, and at the same time tremendously gratified.

"I'm a friend of Spike's," he told her. "I've been seeing him lately."

"Say, are you an ex-con?" asked Blonde Mae.

To be taken for an ex-convict by anybody else might have upset Mr. Melon. But it was impossible to feel upset when such a lovely girl made the mistake. He told her who he was.

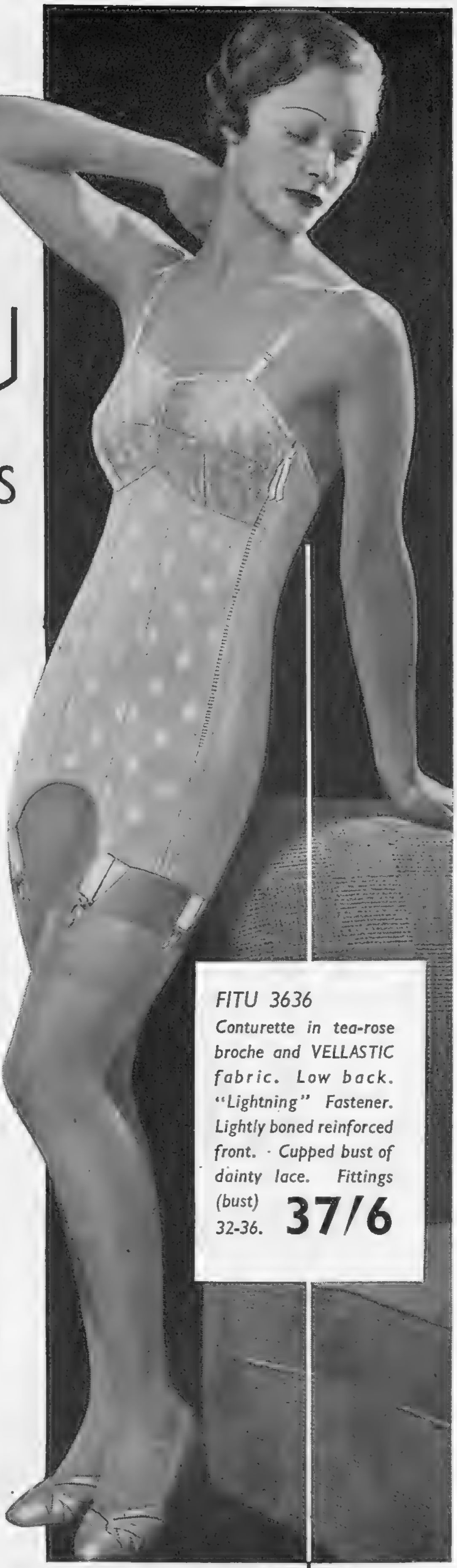
"If you've come to reform me," said Blonde Mae, "cut it out! I'm happy the way I am, thank you, Mr. Prison Visitor."

Mr. Melon thereupon informed Blonde Mae that his purpose was not reform.

"I've come," he said, "to warn you against a man called Tony. He's a squeaker. Spike wanted you to know that it's Tony who's been giving information to the police. It's through him that Spike got caught."

Obviously this news came as a surprise to Blonde Mae. Silently she fixed a cigarette into a long holder, and after lighting it, thoughtfully blew a cloud of smoke through her red lips.

"So that's it, is it?" she said at last. "Tony's the rat who split." And as she said it she looked (*Continued on page* 138)



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suddenly fierce and as if, once roused, she might be capable of an ugly outburst. "Well," she added, "Tony's certainly had me fooled."

"Spike was afraid of that," put in Mr. Melon. "But he said you weren't to worry, as he intends to settle with Tony himself."

"What a hope he's got of doing that," said Blonde Mae. "By the time Spike's out, anything may have happened. And he won't be out for some time yet."

The moment had arrived for Mr. Melon to spring his surprise.

"Spike," he said, calmly, in order that the dramatic effect of his words might be heightened, "will be out on Friday night. Just for a few hours, that is. He thinks a few minutes will be long enough to settle his account with Tony. The rest of his free time will be yours."

Blonde Mae's poise was shaken by what she had heard.

"Out on Friday, did you say?"

"Yes. For a few hours."

"See here, let's get this right. . . ."

WITH Mr. Melon's help, Blonde Mae got it right. When she had heard in what manner Spike was to gain his period of freedom, she looked at Mr. Melon for a full minute, and in her violet eyes was the light of admiration.

"You'd do that for Spike?" she said, incredulously.

"Of course I would," Mr. Melon assured her, as casually as possible. "It's nothing!"

"It's more than that," Blonde Mae assured him. "I'll say it is. Why, if you aren't one of the pluckiest babies I ever met! Yes, sir."

To be called a plucky baby by Blonde Mae was a sufficient reward for Mr. Melon. With such a compliment, he would have been satisfied. But Blonde Mae was not one to stint her gratitude. Generosity, when the time was ripe for it, had ever been an attribute of hers. And she considered the time was ripe now.

"You're an angel!" she cried, seizing Mr. Melon by the shoulders, and fastening those red lips of hers upon his rather pale ones. "An angel," she repeated, between the second and third kiss.

No kisses, not even Gertrude's, in the days when he had courted her, had so strangely, and gloriously, affected Mr. Melon. Under their sweet pressure his knees crumbled to dust, and his heart beat at a really absurd speed.

EARLY on Friday evening Mr. Melon made his customary journey to the prison. So undistinguished did he look in his bowler hat, steel-rimmed eyeglasses, dark overcoat, and woollen muffler, that passers-by ignored him. Though had they known him to be the recipient of Blonde Mae's grateful kisses, and the man who was about to embark upon a perilous adventure, doubtless they would have inspected him with mingled awe and respect.

"Haven't changed your mind, I suppose?" were Spike O'Mara's opening words, as Mr. Melon entered the cell. "No," he added, noting the hurt expression on the other's face, "I can see you haven't. Well, it's more than sporty of you."

The two men then went over their plan of action. Every detail was carefully worked out between them for the hundredth time. Nothing was left to chance; although, of course, there inevitably remained the chance that the plot might be discovered at the outset.

The escape was planned for eight o'clock, at which hour visitors left the prison. Then it was hoped that Spike O'Mara, dressed as Mr. Melon, might walk unquestioned into the world outside; while Mr. Melon, dressed as Spike O'Mara, remained locked up for the night. To both men it seemed that the plot's sheer simplicity promised success for it.

"Are you quite sure," asked Mr. Melon, "that you have remembered everything?"

"I think I've got the hang of it. Let me see now. . . ." Spike O'Mara counted the items on the tips of his fingers. "I unlock the gate at the end of this hall, and lock it after me. I go to the visitors' room and put my note book on the table. Then I give up my keys to the officer on the gate, and he lets me out of the prison. We'll hope he does, anyway."

"Yes, I think that's all," said Mr. Melon, thoughtfully.

"If I meet any other visitors on the way out, and they talk to me?" said Spike O'Mara.

"They never talk to me," said Mr. Melon.

FOR some time the two men sat in silence. It was useless to change their clothes until the last minute.

"In the darkness," said Mr. Melon, presently, "I doubt if they'll know you're not me. There *is* a light by the big gates; but then taking my presence so much for granted, they'll not give it a second thought. I think you'll get away with it. I do really."

"Do you ever say anything to the officer on the gate, as you go out?"

"No, I don't. But," said Mr. Melon, "just when I've handed him my keys, before he lets me out, I stop to light my pipe. I'm not sure you hadn't better do that, too."

"Had I, though? While I'm lighting that pipe, the man's got a chance to look at me."

"But if you don't light it he may think it's odd, because I've done it ever since I started coming here. It's a habit I've got into."

"Then I'll light it," said Spike. "Now let's think out your side of the case again."

According to their plan, Mr. Melon was supposed to have been frightened into changing places with Spike O'Mara. The only method he would naturally use of raising the alarm, once he had been locked in the cell, was that of ringing the bell. But since all officers, in all prisons, are notoriously lax in the matter of answering a prisoner's bell, such a course of action might well prove useless.

"Though," said Mr. Melon, "I suppose an officer has been known to answer a bell—just once in a way?"

"Not that I've heard of," said Spike O'Mara. "Only of course he *might*."

This fact upset Mr. Melon, who saw in it the possibility of failure. If his bell were answered at once? What could he do then but inform the officer who answered it of what had happened? Which meant that Spike would have no time to make his escape, and must be recaptured before he was half way down the road.

No. Mr. Melon decided that it wasn't good enough. This was an adventure, such as he had looked forward to all his life, and it seemed a great pity to spoil it for the sake of a little reality—even if the reality needed was of a rather painful nature.

"I shall *not* ring it," he said, his eyes fixed on the bell-push in the stone wall.

"Oh, but you must," Spike told him. "If you don't, they'll suspect you at once. The first thing you'd do, would be to ring for help."

WITH a smile of satisfaction, Mr. Melon said:

"I shan't *be able* to ring that bell."

"Why not?"

"Because the blow in the face you give me just before you go out will be one from which I shan't recover for some hours. Do you get my meaning?"

Spike O'Mara got Mr. Melon's meaning. And when he had got it, he stared at him with obvious astonishment and admiration.

"It may interest you to know," he said, "that you're one of the bravest men I ever came across."

Those words put Mr. Melon into heaven.

"You don't know me," he said.

Wearing Mr. Melon's bowler hat, steel-rimmed eyeglasses, (*Continued on page* 140)

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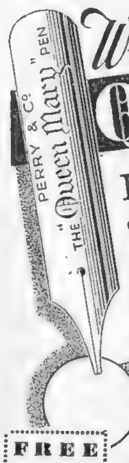

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dark overcoat and woollen muffler, Spike O'Mara looked about as undistinguished as their owner. There was no great difference in the size of the two men; but the cracksman, whose natural inclination was to walk with a spring in his step, now moved slowly and flatly, in imitation of his rescuer. Walking down the iron staircase, he could not but regret the force of the blow which had sent poor Mr. Melon staggering insensibly into a corner of the cell. Though that blow had been nothing to the one—or more—to which, in a reasonably short time, he hoped to introduce Tony.

Carefully, Spike O'Mara unlocked, and relocked the gate of B. Hall. In the visitors' room, where he found nobody present, he threw Mr. Melon's notebook casually upon the table. Then he went to meet what fate awaited him at the outer gates; and on his way fumbled in the pocket of Mr. Melon's coat for the pipe. This he found, but there were no matches.

THE officer in charge, coming out of his little room at the sound of approaching footsteps, saw what he took to be Mr. Melon's familiar figure.

"A light, sir?" he said, producing a box of matches.

Spike O'Mara, accepting the box with a nod, went through what were perhaps the most nerve-wracking moments of his career. Never before had he felt his freedom to be in such jeopardy. He was still on the wrong side of the gate, and one false move meant his remaining there.

"Colder to-night, sir," observed the officer, who fortunately turned as he spoke to greet another visitor.

"M'm," mumbled Spike, in reply, handing over his keys, which were accepted without question.

The seconds before the big gates were unlocked seemed to Spike like hours; and as he passed through them he could still hardly believe that the trick had been accomplished.

"Good-night, sir," said the officer, who felt hurt at receiving no acknowledgment.

At the sound of the gates closing behind him, Spike resumed his natural, springy step, which, as he reached the road, became a run. Jumping on to a passing bus, he was very soon on his way towards the West End.

THE consequences of that night's escapade were largely satisfactory, except for the officer on the gate, who nearly lost his job; and for Tony, whose face, when Spike O'Mara's fist had finished work upon it, was beyond the help of a plastic surgeon.

And Gertrude, too, was much upset by what had happened.

"It only shows," she said, regarding Mr. Melon with concern, as, pale and swollen, he lay propped against his pillows. "It only shows. . . ."

"What does it only show?" asked Mr. Melon, who wanted to be left alone.

"That you can't reform criminals. Now they've caught him again I hope he'll be severely punished. Your *poor* face."

"I bear the man no malice," said Mr. Melon.

"That's because you're a saint," said Gertrude, as she left the room. "If you want anything, just press the bell."

A saint indeed. As well as he was able, Mr. Melon smiled at his wife's remark. Poor Gertrude. How far she was from understanding the truth.

Regretfully, Mr. Melon looked at his face in a hand mirror. Soon, alas, those wounds would be healed—would be no more than sacred memories, to be treasured, along with Spike's words to him, "You're the bravest man I ever came across"; and the memory of Blonde Mae's kisses.

Blonde Mae's kisses! As he thought of them, Mr. Melon felt weaker. But not less determined to do a little more dangerous living in the future.

END

Spring Fashions From Paris

(*Continued from page* 56)

Parachutes

Some of the more daring designers like Schiaparelli and Alix sponsor a wider hemline, narrowing towards waist and shoulders, with the pinch chested effect. Maggy Rouff shows a lampshade tunic, white with wide-spaced black motifs. The full-topped sleeves just turn the elbow, bodice and waistline is fitting. Then, from the narrow patent belt, the tunic widens like a convolvulus, standing sharply away from its slender black skirt.

Necklines

Most necks reach the throat. On black dresses, little straight collar bands edged with white bands or a tiny line of ruching is direct influence from "Margot." Other necklines are softly draped, wrap over, or collared, youthfully, at the throat.

Eastern Influence

Chinese (deriving from London's Chinese Exhibition) shows in colours, some fabrics and hats, like the little pagoda beret on page 56. Bruyère leans towards Hindu-Chinese, with a few trousered lamé evening get-ups. Lanvin makes one or two Chinese inspired afternoon gowns, then sways towards Japan, giving us attractive fan-like hair ornaments (see page 56) and one or two gorgeous, very Japanese evening coats.

Evening

Lovely flowing wearable dresses are of the Greek draped type. Wide sash-like ends curving down from hips at the back, often touch the ground, suggesting a train.

There are numerous midnight tailors, some severe, some dressy. Rochas's Don Pedro (on page 59) or Maggy Rouff's long-skirted classic suit of fine black rep, with a business-like pink scarf knotted at the throat, could serve from cocktails to supper.

There are some full-skirted taffetas and faille dresses, usually square necked, and frilly ones for young sisters. Net, lace and a new triple organza make the fuller gowns. For the rest, there are chiffons, dull crepes, satins, cloqué and shirred effects. Schiaparelli uses heavy slipper satin in cyclamen, white and sky blue for her Empire evening coats.

Fabrics and Colours

There are flannel-like and crisper weaves for trim suits and sports in eucalyptus greens, grey, tawny and rusts. Dresses and dressier suits are in woollens with slight blistered or wavy effects, sometimes with a metal thread, prints, flat crepes, taffetas, pleated chiffons and georgettes. Colours are black and navy, purple, mauves, most greens and some brilliant Chinese reds.

Evening colours include a tremendous showing of cyclamen shades, parma violet, lime, jade and emerald greens, with some yellow, turquoise, very pale blue. And, of course, black and white.

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See announcement on page 108

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Five Tiger General

(*Continued from page* 33)

" It is the custom of the Thit Kuan to repay injury with vengeance. My son has been imprisoned by the white men; to-morrow at daybreak he is to be put to death. A white man has caused this to be done; by the laws of the society that white man's life is forfeit."

Shiny heard a murmur of assent; he felt the sweat running down his back inside his shirt. So the Thit Kuan intended to kill him if Po Sang was hanged. The Thit Kuan did not bluff.

" If the Chinese kill a white man they will get into bad trouble," Shiny said to Tsing Hei.

Tsing Hei helped himself to a peanut. " A son's life is worth much to his father."

" Killing me won't save Po Sang," Shiny said.

Tsing Hei nibbled at the peanut, then leaned forward, dipped a needle in a jar on a stool between himself and Shiny, and began to toast a pellet of opium. He packed the pellet in his pipe and inhaled a deep draught of smoke.

" There are ways of saving life and there are ways of taking it," Tsing Hei looked round at his fellow compatriots.

Shiny began to sweat from every pore; he doubted whether he would get out of the room alive.

Tsing Hei looked straight at the Englishman. " Our plan is that you should have a further talk with His Excellency at the reception to-night; you will be a little more . . . insistent."

" He won't listen to me. I was with him for an hour this morning."

Tsing Hei laid a small black automatic on the table. " Could you not . . . persuade him to listen ? "

Shiny stared at the automatic. " You . . . mean . . . ? "

" Precisely," Tsing Hei held the automatic against Shiny's ribs.

" I . . . I can't do that," Shiny stammered; " it would not be civilized."

" Civilized ! " Tsing Hei repeated softly. " You agreed to the killing of Ah Lok because he would not accept the prices for tea that we suggested. He was just a Chinese, so it did not matter if he was murdered. And my son is another Chinese. You do not mind if he is hanged ! "

" I have done everything in my power to persuade the Governor to commute his sentence."

" But you did not succeed. To-night you will try again. You will ask His Excellency if you can speak to him alone. When you get into his study, you will put the automatic against his ribs and give him three minutes to sign a reprieve for Po Sang."

" He will laugh at me."

" Then you will kill him. We are offering you this chance." Tsing Hei held the butt of the automatic towards Shiny.

Shiny took the automatic. He knew he had not the faintest chance of intimidating the Governor. All he wanted was to get out of the tea-house before the council of the Tong bound and tortured him.

" You will see me at His Excellency's reception," Tsing Hei said, as Shiny slipped the gun in his pocket.

Shiny blundered out of the room, knocking over a blackwood stool. His first idea was to go straight to Government House and tell His Excellency everything. He would show him the automatic and urge that the police round up every member of the Tong in the island. Being a member of the Tong, he was in the unique position of being able to give their names. This was Shiny's first idea. On further consideration he abandoned the plan. It would be impossible to arrest every member of Thit Kuan; their headquarters were in Canton. The code of secrecy of a Tong was like the code of the Freemasons. No civil laws enforced the code, but no member ever broke it. The Tong would find him and kill him wherever he went. One could die from eating powdered glass in London. The doctors would call it peritonitis.

He returned to the club and had a few drinks. Now and again he went out on to the veranda and saw a " grass sandal " watching the entrance ; then he returned to the bar and had an extra stiff tot. He had no food all day because he could not swallow any. At nine he had a raw egg with red pepper, whipped up in Worcester sauce. Then he sent for his chair boys and told them to carry him up to Government House. He was cold sober when his chair boys passed the sentry.

The Governor was standing at the end of the reception hall receiving his guests. He had just shaken hands with the father of the man who was to be hanged at dawn in Hong Kong gaol. Out of the corner of his eye His Excellency could see Tsing Hei standing against the wall, his arms folded in the wide sleeves of his ceremonial robes.

THE Governor's daughter stood beside her father. Once the Governor looked at her ridiculous pillar-box-red painted nails and thought of tales he had heard of people being killed and a hand sent back to their relations.

It was just as this thought passed through His Excellency's mind that Shiny Fennell came opposite to him, walking in the line of guests. His Excellency observed that Shiny's face was ash grey and his mouth rigid. His Excellency at first thought Shiny was drunk ; when he looked at his eyes he realised that he was terrified. Shiny held out a damp hand and passed on. He could feel the automatic, given to him by Tsing Hei, in his hip pocket pressing against his buttock. He had brought the beastly thing with him. He saw Tsing Hei standing against the wall. The Englishman who was Chief of Police was by the buffet. Shiny edged his way alongside the policeman.

" Hullo, Shiny," the Chief of Police said.

" Hullo," said Shiny.

He drifted across the hall and went out on to the lawn. He stood in the moonlight mopping at his forehead. When he looked round Tsing Hei was standing in the doorway. Tsing Hei gave no sign of recognition ; he was waiting to see the order of the Tong obeyed. Shiny turned his back on the Chink.

Next moment a hand laid on his shoulder set his whole great blubber frame shaking as as if he had malarial ague.

" What's the matter, Fennell ? Not feeling well ? "

It was the Governor himself.

" Can I speak to you alone somewhere, sir ? "

" Certainly." His Excellency led Shiny to his own room.

Shiny took his automatic from his pocket and put it on the Governor's writing-table. " I have been given orders to shoot you to-night if you don't reprieve Po Sang," Shiny said.

" Have a drink ? " the Governor said.

" Thanks." Shiny stood by the desk while the Governor walked over to a side table and poured out two whiskies and sodas. The Governor's back was turned ; the automatic was within easy reach of Shiny's hand. When the Governor came back with the drinks Shiny was standing in the same place, his great belly jutting out, his arms hanging limply.

" Sit down," the Governor said, setting a chair for Shiny.

Shiny sat down ; his chair faced a window overlooking the lawn ; he could see the guests walking about talking to one another. Tsing Hei was somewhere out there. Tsing Hei would not be able to overhear the conversation that took place in the Governor's private room, but he would be watching.

His Excellency looked at the automatic : " That thing is loaded, I suppose ? "

Shiny nodded. His Excellency picked up the automatic and passed it to Shiny. " I should unload it ; nasty thing to bring to a party."

Shiny took out the cartridges.

" Now what is this all about ? " His Excellency asked.

" The Thit Kuan Tong held a meeting to-day ; they sent (*Continued on page* 144)

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for me and told me I was either to make you reprieve Po Sang or kill you."

"Why did they send for you ?"

"Because I am a member of the Thit Kuan."

"Isn't it rather unusual for an Englishman to be a member of a Chinese secret society ?"

"Very ; I've never heard of another."

"Nor have I." His Excellency sipped his drink.

"I do a lot of business through the Thit Kuan, but when it came to being told to kill another white man that was too much."

Shiny's whole mountainous frame was quivering. The Governor knew he had not the guts to use a gun. He pressed a bell on his desk. "Ask Major Blacker to speak to me," he said to the servant who came in. Major Blacker was the Chief of Police.

"What are you going to do ?" Shiny asked.

"I am going to put your Chinese club mates in gaol for the night. I want you to give Blacker their names."

Shiny mopped his forehead with his handkerchief. "I can't do that. It wouldn't help if I did. The headquarters of the society are in Canton ; you could never suppress it."

"I'll suppress the Hong Kong branch."

Shiny finished off his drink. "I shall be killed for this."

"I'll tell Blacker to look after you."

Shiny thought of the destroyers and cruisers he had seen in the harbour. There were eight hundred British soldiers in the barracks. He knew the whole of H.M.'s forces could not protect him if he stayed in China. He said : "There is a P. & O. sailing to-morrow ; I shall go home in her."

"A spell of leave will do you good," His Excellency said.

"This won't be leave ; this will be good-bye to China."

His Excellency thought he had never seen a more terrified white man. At this moment Major Blacker came in. The Governor asked the Chief of Police to sit down. He outlined the situation as regards the Thit Kuan Tong, but made no reference to the automatic in Shiny's pocket.

"Mr. Fennell is going to give you the names of the members of the Thit Kuan who are on the island," His Excellency said.

"How does he know the names ?" the Chief of Police asked.

Shiny's eyes implored the Governor not to answer this question.

"We need not go into that ; you round up the men and have them all off the island by 9 a.m. to-morrow. By the way, Mr. Fennell himself is going back to England in the *Cawnpore* to-morrow. You might have a couple of men on the landing stage, just in case there is any trouble over this. Now, Mr. Fennell, will you give us the list of names."

Shiny gave all the information he could.

The Chief of Police went off to begin his round-up. Shiny showed no inclination to leave the Governor's room.

"I daren't go to my own house to-night," he said. "It would mean certain death."

"The Thit Kuan Tong are being taken care of by Major Blacker," the Governor reminded Shiny.

"Not all of them ; I don't know the names of all the members."

His Excellency despised Shiny, but felt he ought to offer help. "You can sleep at Government House to-night, and go straight from here to the boat to-morrow morning. We will telephone to have your luggage sent to the quay to meet you."

Shiny thanked the Governor. He did not sleep ; he lay awake all night, listening to the sound of the sentry's footsteps. At 6 a.m. he looked at his watch. They were hanging the wretched Po Sang in Hong Kong gaol.

At breakfast time Shiny's nerves were in such a state that the Governor promised him an escort to the boat. Shiny was thankful for the escort ; he placed himself in the middle of it like a prisoner. When the party approached the docks, Shiny refused to go on to the quay until it had been cleared of all Chinese. This entailed a delay as the

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Five Tiger General

baggage of passengers embarking at Hong Kong was being loaded into the hold by a steam crane. Shiny would not go forward while there were any dock labourers about, though he had only a few yards to cover before he reached the gangway. When the last net load of passengers' baggage had been got ready and every coolie had left the quay he could delay no longer. Saying good-bye to his escort the great fat Taipan clutched the rails of the gangway and started to pull himself up. A ship's officer stood at the head of the gangway; Shiny's escort remained on guard below. Puffing and panting, looking nervously to right and left, Shiny dragged himself towards the safety of a British deck. There was still one load of luggage to be hauled on board. The baggage lay on the quay, made fast to the hook of the crane.

Shiny was half-way up the gangway when the steel hawser tautened, the crane swung in the opposite direction to the hold, and half a ton of baggage crashed against his skull, killing him instantly.

That crane was operated by the only Chinaman left upon the quay. His presence in the engine box of the machine had been overlooked by the police.

END

New Homes for Old

(*Continued from page* 19)

of that you have a thousand and one things ranging from furniture and hangings to gas, electricity, and water. An economic spiral revolving maybe ten thousand million pounds, in one way and another, was set up by this twelve-year building movement.

IT was, however, a relatively small, and entirely inadequate, movement. The average was only 143,000 new houses a year. Dear money, costly labour, and politics in building through a subsidy which discouraged private enterprise—these combined to put the brakes on a rise in supply to meet demand. The slump, and the politico-economic upheaval caused thereby, released those brakes. The number of new houses jumped to 270,000. Approved building plans rose from £37,000,000 in 1932, to £50,000,000 in 1933, and nearly £100,000,000 in 1934 (the latter figure equals the estimated cost of the State's five-year slum-clearing programme). They ran higher than the 1934 figure in 1935, and will probably equal it in the current year.

Figures relating to the commodities needed for such a house output are illuminated by the 1934 figures. Six thousand million bricks were called for, thirty-three million square feet of glass, nearly a hundred million of floor tiles, three million doors, nearly two million grates and ranges, a million cisterns, several million yards of drain pipes, five million cubic yards of sand, and twenty-five million feet of cast iron pipes. Add to these furniture and textiles, gas, water, and electric fittings, meters and plumbing accessories, and the like, and the factors which brought great activity to a wide range of the nation's manufacturing plants need no further stressing.

The gain in the ancillary industries kept pace. Rail traffic was increased. Two of the four great systems reported brick traffic up 100 per cent. in a year. They had to augment their fleet of special brick wagons and containers. From one Midland brick-producing field the North-Eastern rail system expressed 4,000 tons of bricks a day to the London area, where building activity rose sharply, as the country fringing the mighty city's outer rim was linked up by bus and tube services, gas mains, and electric cables, and developed by private-enterprise builders.

The National Building Industries Council estimate that house building on this scale gives employment continually to more than 1,000,000 bricklayers, plasterers, slaters and tilers, to 400,000 electricians, painters and plumbers, to nearly (*Continued on page* 146)

"MOTHER! why don't you make marmalade tarts like David's Mother?"
"BILLY SAYS YOUR MARMALADE TARTS ARE LOVELY— HOW DO YOU MAKE THEM? AH THATS IT, I'LL GET 'GOLDEN SHRED' TODAY"
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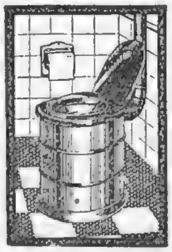

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200,000 people in the glass, copper, zinc, lead and woodwork industries, and to 350,000 men in the iron and steel smelting and electrical industries, besides hundreds of thousands in the factories and offices where they are concerned with the manufacture of cutlery, furniture, carpets, and all the other things that go into a home.

Britain builds in depressions, America builds in booms: a matter of difference in national psychology. The Americans, 120,000,000 of them, notable for their energy and enterprise, occupying an enormously rich country, are worse housed as a people than we are: and we are so badly housed that despite the upsurge in building, one in every nineteen of our people still live more than three to a room, and one in four live more than one-and-a-half to a room in England and more than two to a room in Scotland (far too many dark, dirty, unsanitary, obsolete little stone dwellings, built to last five centuries, in Scotland).

America has shouldered out of the depression to a first-recovery phase through motor-car replacements. When she starts to build again in earnest she will ride into a new era of prosperity. An interdependent world will benefit. Two metals alone provide a high light on this.

In 1929, when Americans were building much as we have lately been building, she used 316,000 tons of lead and 611,000 tons of copper—more than all the rest of the world combined used. 40 per cent. of the metal went into new construction. When depression hit her, and she stopped building, America's consumption of these two metals dropped to 50,000 and 157,000 tons respectively. Carry such a nose-dive in consumption of raw material through the whole complex of industry, and you can see at a glance why world industrial production declined in the trough of the slump by two-thirds, railway traffic was halved, agriculture suffered a catastrophic price collapse, dividends were passed, banks crumpled, and the shocks of unemployment, political upheavals, stock market panics, and the rest multiplied until our whole machine civilisation nearly fell down on top of us.

One can also by contemplating this phenomenon gain some idea of what a new house and home building movement on the British scale in this immensely larger area will mean to millions of wage-earners and a vast mass of capital dependent upon profitable production of primary commodities, of fuel, light, heat, power, machines, and all the manufactured products that go to make up a home.

But building, as such, and to-day, is not the whole of the story. In building, we are not much farther than we were in steel when we made it laboriously and expensively by hand, before the arrival of the blast furnace, which Carnegie and a few others took up in face of the vociferous opposition of the vested iron and hand-made-steel interests. Science, chemistry, and engineering have shot far ahead of building trade organisation and technique; while design is so far ahead of them all that the 30-year-old conceptions of Corbusier are still considered extremely advanced by many progressive architects to-day—and lately a millionaire was showing me the blue prints of a house which he fears he will not live to build because the materials which would be necessary have yet to be devised.

The next big advance, however, is clear. It is towards cheaper and better homes, and more of them, through more efficient production methods.

It was back in 1934 that King Edward startled people by suggesting to an audience of 2,000 architects that they should try to bring the methods of mass-production, which have done so much for the motor-car industry, into the building industry. The idea had been floating around the minds of big industrialists for some time. As soon as the automobile industry got away from the high-price-small-market idea, and began to produce for the largest market, prices fell, sales rose, profits expanded, and jobs increased twenty-fold.

(*Continued on page* 148)

"I'VE NEVER FOUND A PLAIN-TIP CIGARETTE SO ENJOYABLE TO SMOKE AND SO EASY ON MY THROAT AS **KENSITAS**★"

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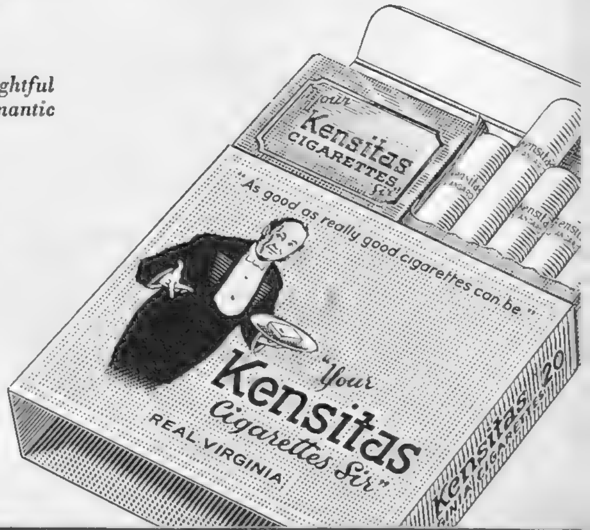
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New Homes for Old

The same thing will happen to the building industry—in time. But science and the technician cannot produce a pre-fabricated unit house overnight, even if the mass of consumers were ready for the revolutionary ideas such a house would almost necessarily contain. Ideas lead to ideas, a design to better designs; and all have to be worked out in practice, and reduced to a basis of economic production and a commercial proposition. What will such a house, which you will order by telephone from the maker or a big department store, be like? Here is a sketch of one

It contains three bedrooms, a dining-room, kitchen, living-room, garage, utility room, and two bathrooms, and is built around a single power unit, which supplies all heating, air-conditioning, plumbing, radio, and electrical fixtures. There are things about it to enchant the housewife. Kitchen efficiency for one: refrigerator, laundry tub, sink, and electric stove in a straight line, with indirect lighting, and the whole topped with monometal—one wipe, and it's clean. The basin in the bathroom is big enough for baby's bath: quite an idea, that.

All bookshelves are inset in the walls; also the radio. No radiators sticking out to spoil the smooth line and provide dust traps, since the house is air-conditioned through small vents. Air-conditioning makes cross-ventilation necessary, diminishing the risk of head colds. Windows are casements set together in the corners to give the maximum of sunshine. Ceilings are soundproofed, walls washable, the whole fireproof, and the house need not be painted inside or out.

It is built in one or two-storey units, ranging from four to seven rooms, but additional rooms can be added as desired. The flat roof makes flower gardens and sun decks possible in a city street. The gentlemen who bring you the telephone, gas, water, electricity and drainage, just connect up from the outside. No need for them to come into the house at all.

It looks like a blue-print with a hundred snags between it and commercial production. But in fact it is already a year behind the times. I examined it in the States last summer—an exhibition at White Plains. It was a masterpiece of simplicity and efficiency. But it had taken technicians six years of laboratory work to reach the stage of a demonstration full-size house ready for the market.

The design, needless to say, was modern. Three years ago one would have had to write "ultra-modern," and explain. But in this brief period the "ultra" has become just ordinary, and what was denounced as "a concrete pill-box" is admitted to have the same simple beauty of line that construction for maximum efficiency has brought to the latter-day speed machine. Thousands of people to-day are living in so-called "houses of to-morrow." Europe, Britain and the United States are scattered with them. My diary is punctuated with notes of especially interesting ones observed or inspected in the course of casual travels.

A continuous living-room window, 40 feet long, with sliding panels, was the main feature of one on the sea-edge at Bognor. Another that attracted my attention stood on the corner of two converging roads between Athens and Piræus. Reinforced concrete. Two storeys. The Ugolini golf club in the Chianti hills outside Florence contained a wealth of advanced features. Then there was a Van t'Hoff concrete villa at Utrecht, Corbusier's Villa Savoye at Poissy, Frank Lloyd Wright's geometric Robie House in Chicago, Yorke's concrete Nast Hyde at Hatfield, a square white Chermayeff house with cantilevered balcony at Rugby, a long low Howe and Lescaze brick-and-concrete house, the windows long horizontal panels, in South Devon; innumerable examples along the Riviera coast, and in Berlin.

All are steps on the way to living in unenclosed space—the master idea of Corbusier, whose genius has fathered all these new designs. There was one house at Brunn, in Czechoslovakia, (*Continued on page* 150)

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150 YEARS REPUTATION
STANDS BEHIND THESE
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PRODUCTIONS

Babette A new, small cooker for the tiny kitchen. The Combined Solid Top and Plate Rack lowers to form a table. The oven will cook a meal for three people. The Grey Mottled Porcelain Enamel finish is both attractive and easy to keep clean. Price £6.12.6

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49/35

which went a long way towards the ideal, by contriving a sufficiency of privacy for study, living-room and dining-room, without walls. All three rooms occupied a single large space flanked by a conservatory and fronting on a terrace. A wide flat panel marked the division between study and living-room, while a semi-circular partition provided adequate housing for the dining-room, with its circular table surrounded by eight chairs. In the old-fashioned house, all three rooms would have been tightly closed by immovable walls, each pierced by a single door. The grand spaciousness, the light and air, the full sweep of terrace and conservatory, would have been lost, or, rather, none of these things would have been found. They were only found in this home because windows have opened in men's minds.

It is not interest in a theory, but the rhythm and necessities of our latter-day life, which are changing our ideas about homes, and bringing in these revolutionary conceptions. Before I ever heard of Corbusier, or saw that house in Brunn, I found myself working along the lines of the one, and realising the conceptions of the other, in a pent-house I was having built for myself on top of a block overlooking a park in London. Within a limited space, I wanted spaciousness, a maximum of light and air, certain vistas preserved. It took more than six months of planning with an architect to solve the general problem, and in the end it worked out quite naturally along the lines of a large interior space comprising living-room, dining-room, bar and study, without intervening walls, a divan bed behind a low partition wall, and the sun-facing wall made entirely of glass with tall windows folding back completely and opening on an external balcony rimmed with flower-boxes large enough to take 3 ft. cypresses.

A technical man inspected my workshop-home and described it subsequently as "an interesting realisation of the illusion of unenclosed space." I call it the working out in practice of a commonsense conception of a working city dweller's elementary home needs.

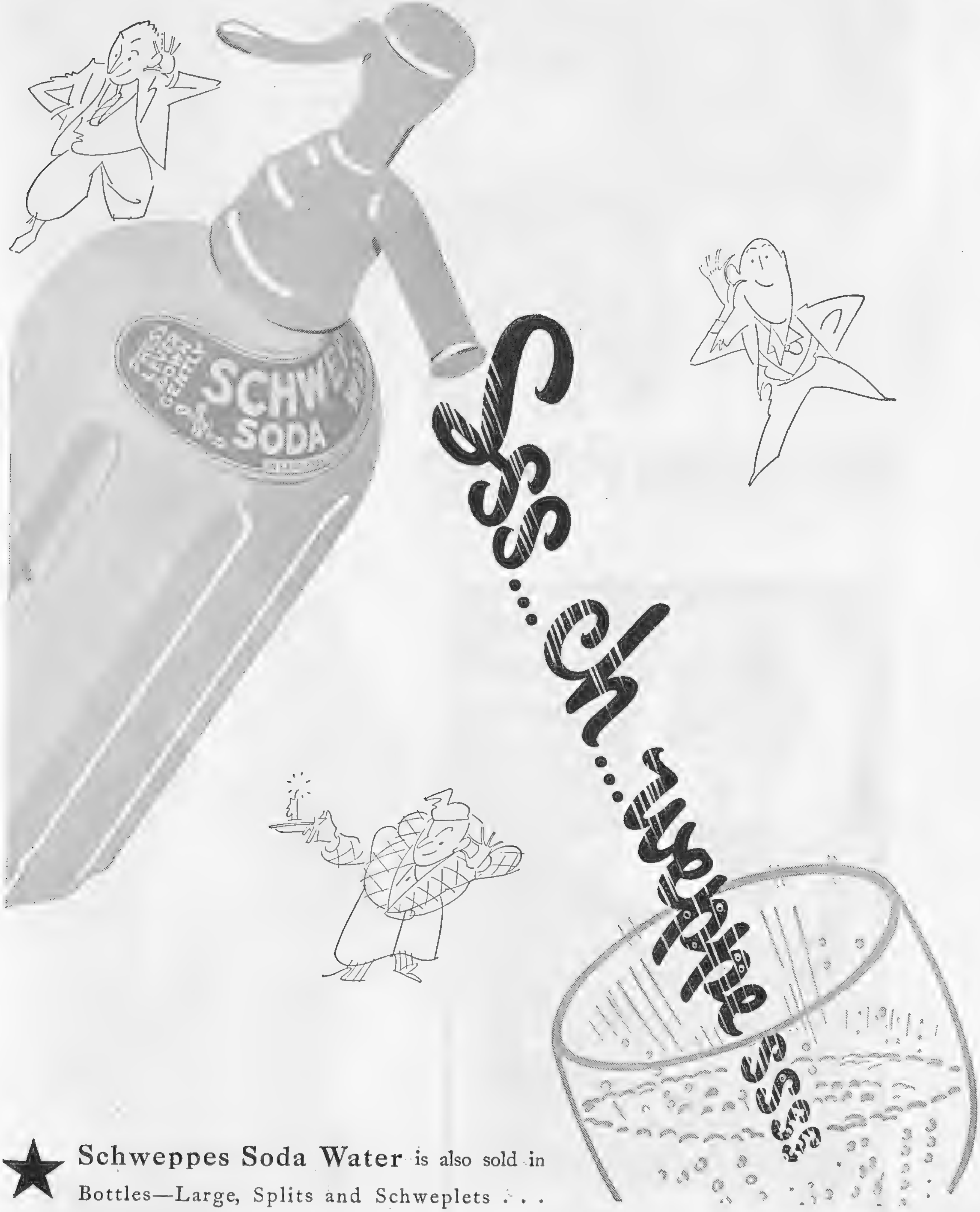
It is very remarkable where the unclosing of the mind will take one in this home field. The wall of the average home of tomorrow will be as movable as a chair. The window is already conquering the external wall, instead of intruding, apologetically, as a small aperture in it. Interior walls will become sliding panels and screens which fold to permit several rooms to merge into one, or an entire room to be opened all along one side on a balcony, terrace and garden. Even where designers adhere to old building methods and materials, they are more and more adopting modern design—more glass than wall, flat roof, set-backs storey by storey, reliance on a structural and not on an artistic principle, *i.e.*, no ornamentation.

Men lately have constructed—several actually live in their constructions—houses of steel, of copper, of glass, and of a variety of synthetic compositions. They are experimental, after the manner of early aeroplanes and early radio sets. But all represent a search for a freer way of living, a hunt for more light, space, air, leisure, comfort, an escape from a lay-out of rooms dictated by an architect or builder's determination to have an "artistic" façade and design from outside inwards.

In the home of to-morrow telephone and refrigerator and built-in radio will be standard fitments. The extension and cheapening of electric power is bringing a whole family of labour-saving electrical appliances, from toasters and automatically regulated cooking stoves, to suction cleaners and washing machines, into the small middle-bracket-income home, and even into the homes of wage-earners in the more progressive areas where new housing estates on modern lines have been developed. One of the big electrical equipment combines is laying down plant this year to mass-produce a new trouble-proof refrigerator which will be within the reach of £3-a-week incomes.

(*Continued on page* 152)

There's a good drink coming when the syphon *says* . . .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We shall use far more glass in construction as the new one-way glass (you can see through it, but it cannot be seen through by somebody on the other side) is perfected and comes into general use. Air-conditioning will be as normal in the home as it is in up-to-date factories, office blocks, and long-distance trains. Opening a window for ventilation is already as obsolete as bleeding in medicine. Even for houses not designed for air conditioning there are now small ventilating machines which suck in fresh, filtered air. The latest of these electrical air filters give also the requisite degree of humidity.

We think much about the temperature of our rooms, little about the relative humidity of the air, with the result that we damage our delicate skin apparatus; it fails to function efficiently when exposed to sudden temperature changes, and we catch cold more easily than we should. Proper heating and ventilation of the home of to-morrow will cut out this defect of the average home of to-day. Scientists studying the problem have only lately found that a human being feels most comfortable in a room which requires a minimum amount of heat to maintain its temperature. If much heat is required, he feels uncomfortable, and his powers of work decline. This discovery is causing the latter-day architect and engineer to study floor, wall, and ceiling, as he never did before. Eventually synthetic materials will be evolved especially to prevent heat loss in the interests of our comfort in our homes. Noise-insulating materials will come, too.

Doors will open at a press of the finger-tip. With electricity at our service, the cumbersome handle and latch is not necessary. Floor corners will be rounded to facilitate cleaning. Everything will be washable or easily cleanable with a cheap chemical. Tables and shelves will be glass or metal topped; or made of composition with a hard glossy surface, defying dirt penetration. Metals and synthetic materials of all kinds will replace wood—already are replacing wood in house and furniture construction. Chromium-plated steel and lacquered copper will be much utilised. Rubber or cork, or synthetic substitutes, will be used over sound-resisting composition for floors.

In New York I basked in a loin-cloth on a sun-loggia which was a replica of the one Captain Molyneux, the fashion entrepreneur of Paris, has built for himself at "La Capponcina," his villa on the sea edge at Cap d'Ail. Outside, a snowstorm. But the Riviera aspect and atmosphere were achieved very simply. The sun-terrace, with its arbours and pillars festooned with flowering creepers, was built inside an immense glass covering structure. Indirect lighting, and three separate sorts of sun lamps, provided the synthetic sun light and sun rays. A room of this sort—although not on this scale—is within the reach of every middle-bracket income. One day a sun-room will be considered as necessary a part of a home as a bathroom.

Changing a home around to-day is too expensive and too difficult, because it was not originally planned to be changed about. Who knows how much domestic strife has a root cause in the hidden desire of a husband or a wife for a change from the monotony of a fixed home pattern—the same room aspect, the same colour, the same furniture design and placing, imposing the same routine movements year after year? A change of scene and a break from routine is recognised to be healthy and stimulating, even necessary. A periodical change of the home aspect will one day be recognised as a positive rejuvenator.

Such changes will be possible when we get farther away from the idea, already fading, of building houses to last 500 years, and making furniture to pass on to our descendants of the third and fourth generation, and carpets to wear a lifetime. The house of the future will be capable of quick, easy, and cheap redecoration, and it will be capable of a variety of adaptations as regards the size and number of rooms. (*Continued on page* 154)

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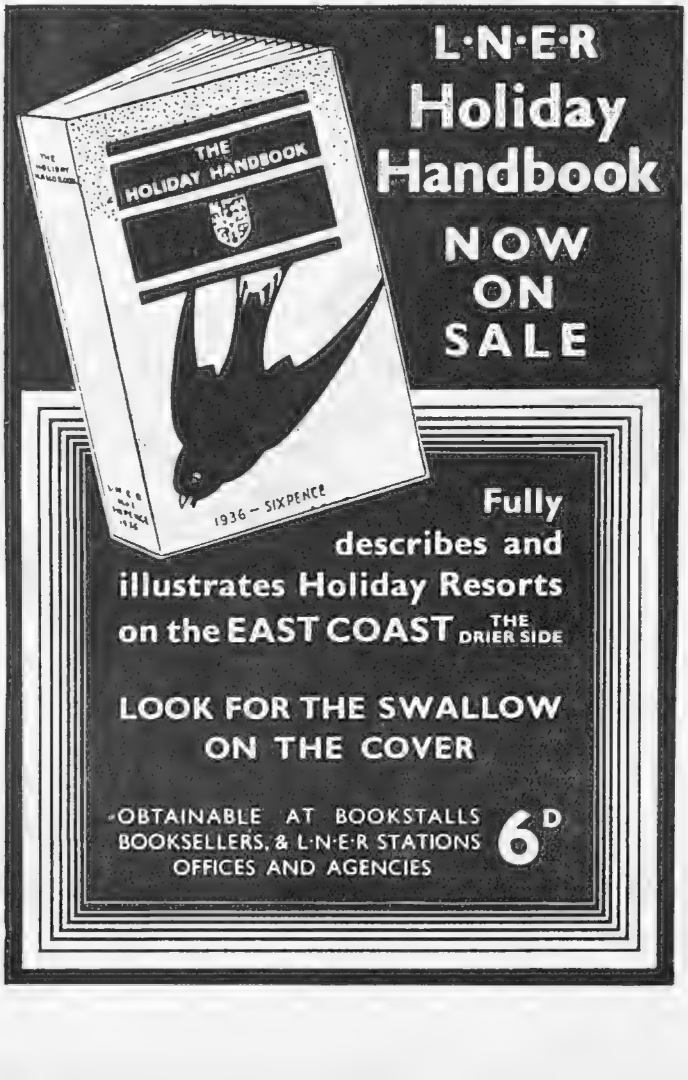

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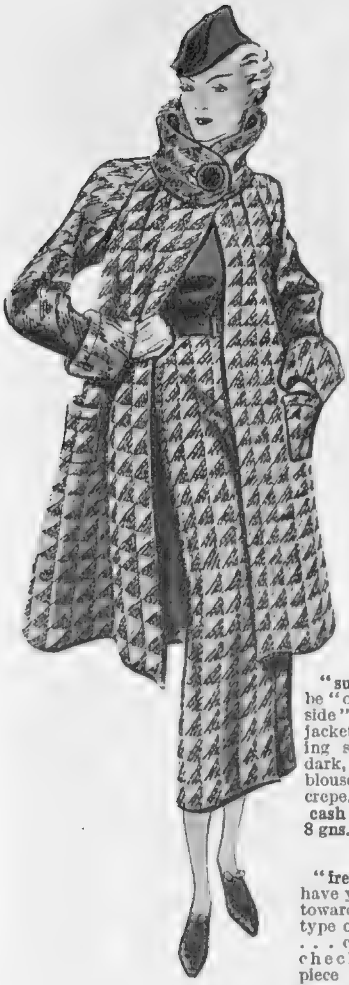

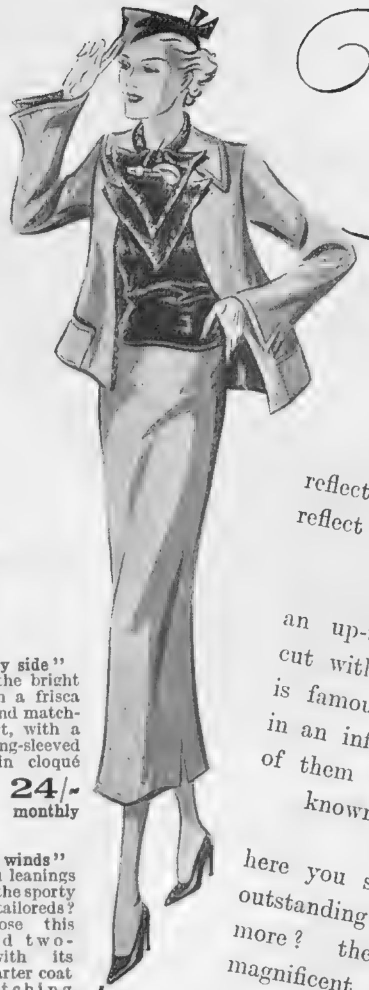

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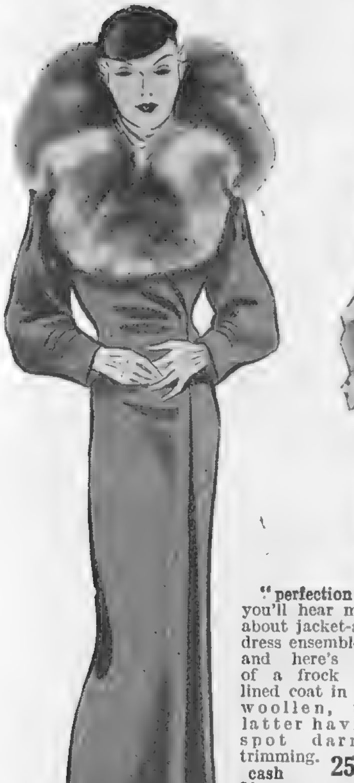

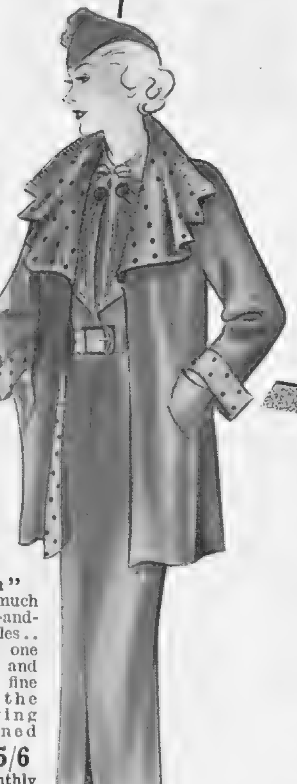

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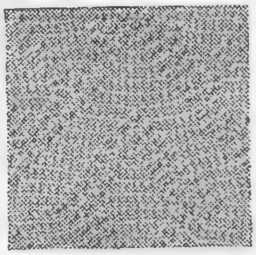
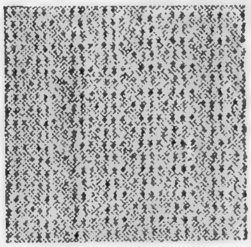
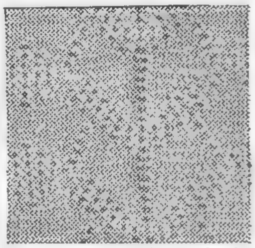


KRISTIN: (as shown). Spun silk, lace design. Waist of the vest is ribbed and shaped. Ribbing and elastic at pantie-waist. Slender and women's sizes. Each garment **5/11** Young matron's size, 6/11



NONA: Rayon and fine cotton; lace patterned. Vest shaped at waist; the pantie has ribbing and elastic at waist. Slender and women's sizes. Each garment **2/11** Young matron's size, 3/11



IDYL: Vest and pantie in wool and rayon; lace patterned. Vest-waist is ribbed and shaped. Elastic at pantie waist. Slender and women's sizes. Each garment **3/11** Young matron's size, 4/11

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Eventually we shall move far beyond the half-way stage envisaged here. We shall decentralise our great manufacturing centres, build compact new cities linked by great arterial roads and communication services and served by surrounding agricultural reservations. State policy, plus rationalisation of construction, will bring this about. The population will not be divided so sharply into field and factory workers. In the larger cities everywhere we shall see the development of flat colonies, great blocks housing thousands of people in up-to-date sound-proof homes under one roof, with all facilities in the block for shopping, eating, recreation, exercise, and all services, including resident doctors, dentists, lawyers, banks, libraries, bar, post-office, and the rest. Radio City, the Rockefeller centre in New York, has blazed that trail. It has its imperfections; but, after all, it is the first of a line.

END

These Men Control Oil

(*Continued from page 23*)

competitors by price-cutting, control of railways and pipe-lines, and political influence, had no serious trouble in monopolising the world petroleum market. If a few dozen colourful Oriental merchants resident at Baku, in the Caucasus, did contrive to amass large fortunes by selling fairly large quantities of their oil in the Near East and the Mediterranean basin, it was simply because Rockefeller was becoming so fantastically rich that he could afford to allow these primitively organised and—in their private lives—grotesquely extravagant "amateurs" to throw together a few hundred thousand dollars. Virtually he had that dangerous thing, a monopoly—until 1900.

To-day it is very different. It is a long story—a rich, dramatic story, studded with alarming incidents and peopled with exotic and arresting characters. It has been told more than once, but it has never yet been told fully, nor can it be here.

By 1920 Rockefeller's Standard Oil Companies, still more or less a synonym for the American petroleum industry—though Edward Doheny, Andrew Mellon and Harry Sinclair were wealthy and resourceful "free-lances" whom only Rockefeller's universality seemed to belittle—were faced with two powerful and growing, dangerously growing rivals. One of them was the astonishing "oil-Empire" quietly marked out on the map of the globe by the supposedly "decadent" Imperialists of Great Britain. Magnificent diplomacy, centuries of experience in handling Orientals, flexibility in negotiation, a little luck perhaps—the luck which, we are told, goes to those who dare greatly—masterly exploitation of the connections of sympathetic aliens—these were the chief factors which saw to it that when the sorting-out at Versailles, the Hague, San Remo, Genoa and elsewhere was approximately finished, it looked to the journalists, diplomats and industrialists of every other Great Power as if Great Britain now had direct or indirect control over far more than half of the known sources of petroleum in the world. And, in fact, that was—so far as such things can be determined accurately—very nearly the case, as some boastful Britishers (notably Mr. E. G. Pretyman and Sir Edward Mackay Edgar) saw fit to announce publicly. In one very important respect, at least, the British Empire seemed to have gained very considerably by the Great War. In several obscure republics of Central America, in the Far East, in many turbulent Near Eastern deserts, in North Africa, in Roumania, in the United States itself, companies registered in England or closely connected with British capital and British views, were solidly, miraculously entrenched.

How had it been done? A dozen shadowy figures had their part in it. Lawrence of Arabia, the brilliant linguist Gertrude Bell, the star spy Sidney Reilly, the Anglo-German banker Sir Ernest Cassel, General Allenby, Sir Percy Sykes—these

(*Continued on page 156*)

HUNTLEY
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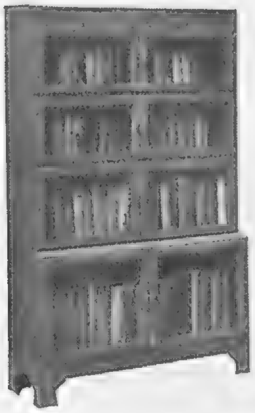

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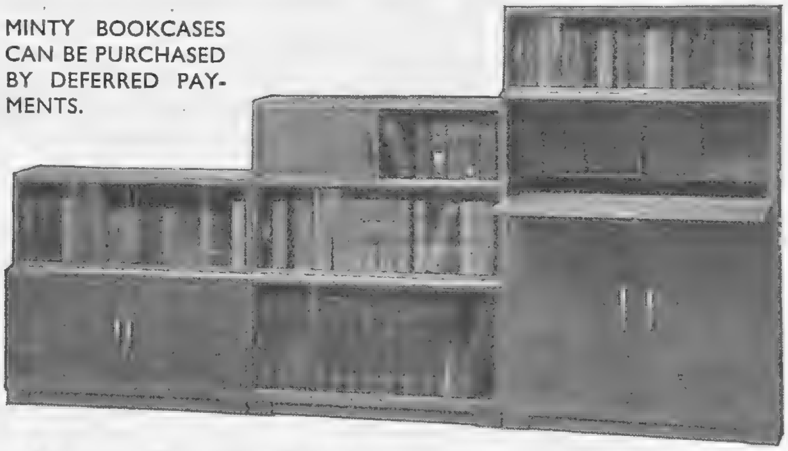

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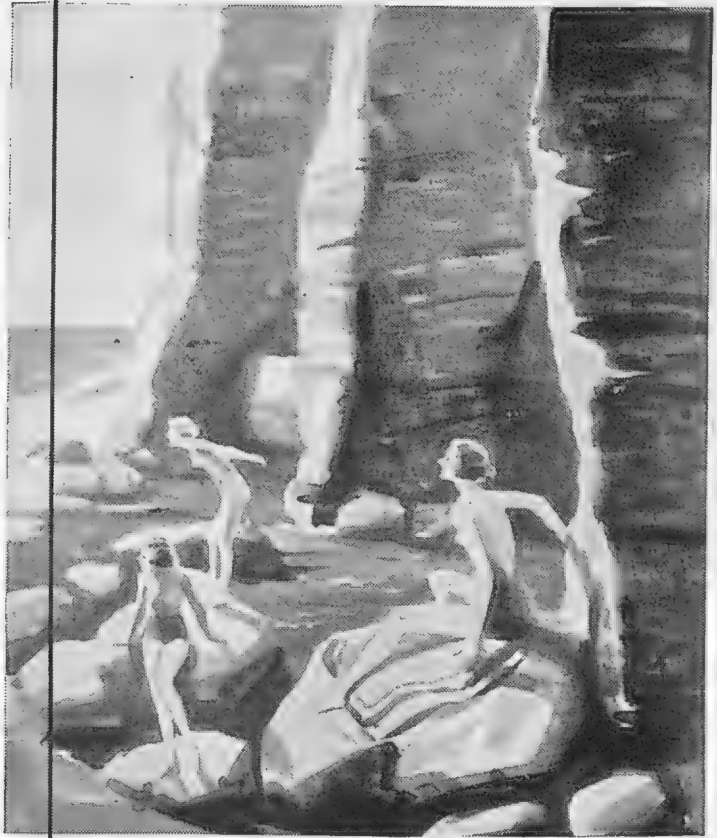

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GWR

W

were a few of the patriotic servants of the Empire whose little-known exploits and perhaps—to the uninformed observer—not adequately motivated actions were, in fact, decisive factors in creating the "new British Empire." But these were small fry, merely the hands, the instruments. Who were the brains? Who guided the soldiers, the "agents," the diplomats in their quietly purposeful movements?

They are a surprisingly cosmopolitan band. Among the commercial geniuses who built up Britain's powerful network of oil companies there is only one living Englishman of first-rate importance. The rest are Jews, a Scot, a Dutchman, a Greek and an Armenian.

Greatest of all is the Dutchman, Henri Deterding, now Sir Henri Deterding, Knight of the British Empire, multi-millionaire, owner of several luxurious English homes, and one of the most powerful men in the world. By general consent he is to-day the reigning genius of the oil industry, the man who achieved the impossible in wresting leadership in this fierce "non-stop war" from John D. Rockefeller. It would be instructive to try to write the history of the last thirty years in the form of a life of Deterding. Born poor in Amsterdam in 1866, he emigrated to the Dutch East Indies and, after a few years of banking, emerged while still young as the life-force in a small Dutch oil concern there. He already had Napoleonic conceptions, and by masterly diplomacy thwarted all Rockefeller's attempts to crush him. By the time the Great War broke out, Deterding was closely allied with the Paris Rothschilds and the Samuel family of London, and was recognised in the financial centres of the world as one of the men of the future. During the war he absorbed the Mexican Eagle concern, the creation of Lord Cowdray, a forceful engineer who had fought the Americans in Mexico and at least held his own with them. To-day he is the head of what is probably the most complicated and withal one of the most efficient industrial pyramids in the world. With well over a hundred subsidiaries and assets running into hundreds of millions of pounds, the Royal Dutch-Shell concern is one of the greatest factors in the political as well as the commercial activities of the post-war world. And one man, above all, has made it what it is—Deterding. Marcus Samuel, the quiet London Jew who became Lord Bearstead, helped him at strategic moments in the early uphill days. Rockefeller, by his over-confidence and dangerous over-production, helped him even more. Able fellow Dutchmen, notably MM. Kessler and de Kok, have been valuable lieutenants. Thousands of confident investors, principally in Holland and Great Britain, have backed him whenever he has wanted capital for further expansion. Sir Robert Waley Cohen is an executive of mature experience and ripe judgment.

Thanks to the work of these men, the "Royal Dutch" to-day sells huge quantities of its products to the disgruntled "have-nots" of the oil world, the nations which were outmanœuvred in the post-war negotiations. France, Germany, Japan, Italy—all must buy their oil, and most of them have bought enormously from the new selling colossus. Brilliant linguists, scientists and salesmen scour the world for new sources of supply and new buyers. Able young men are spotted young and invited to join the firm—and most of them do not have to be invited twice.

Deterding is a tremendous worker, a hard driver with a mind which handles figures with a skill and speed which amazes even expert accountants. He is handsome, with a white moustache and a high, baldish skull. His wife—his second—is the daughter of a former Russian Czarist general.

ALLIED with the Royal Dutch is the other great English trust, the Anglo-Iranian (formerly Anglo-Persian), which produces separately but co-operates with the larger concern in selling its products in many countries.

Three "oil-diplomats" have played a particularly brilliant (*Continued on page* 158)

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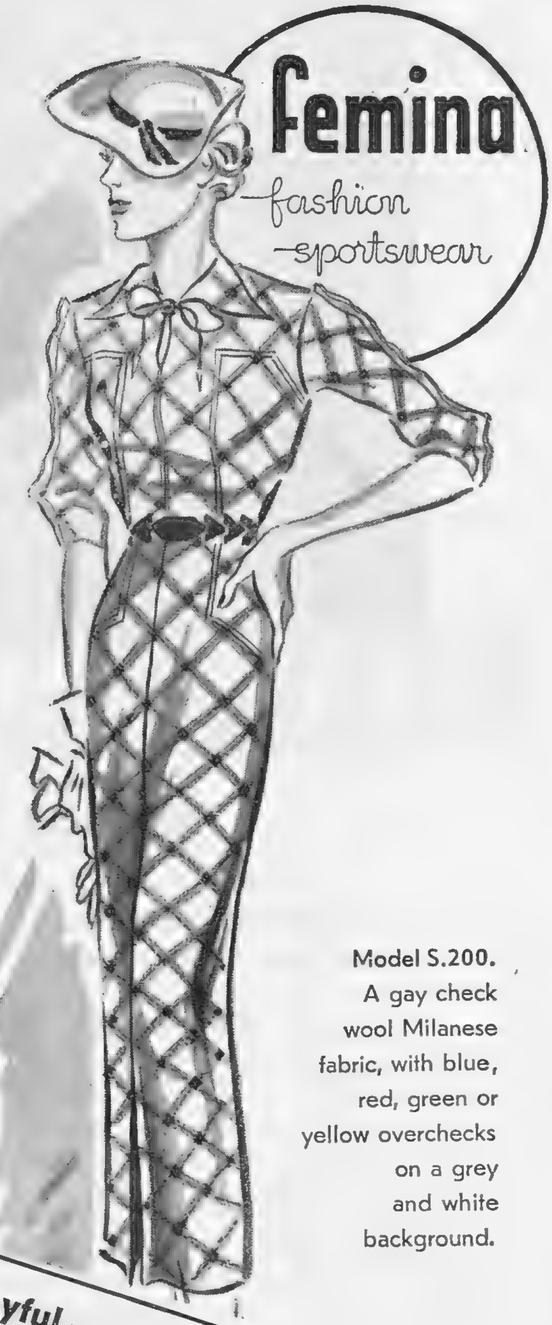

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part in the creation of this vigorous concern, whose history dates from the day William Knox D'Arcy, a Devonshire man (alleged, for some reason, to be a Canadian or an Australian by many sensational Continental writers), bought a sixty-year oil concession from the Shah of Persia for £5,000 in the early years of the century. Since then the Persian fields have proved dazzlingly profitable, and the company's actions and prosperity are now—thanks to rapid action by Mr. Winston Churchill in 1914—the direct concern of the British Imperial Government. At the head of it to-day stands a quiet, smiling Englishman who was once an obscure professor. He is Sir John Cadman, whose brilliant handling of many difficult jobs since the war has earned him the label "The Petrol Diplomat." Sir John Cargill, a dour and efficient Scot, is intimately associated with him; Sir John Cadman is now at the head, not only of the purely British Anglo-Iranian Company, but also the internationally controlled Iraq Petroleum Company, which owns the Kirkouk fields, fabulously rich in their potential wealth.

We are now in a sphere which is incredibly complicated. Long before the Great War agents from most of the great Powers were frequenting the Court of Sultan Abdul Hamid the Damned of Turkey, whose domains at that time included Mosul and Kirkouk. It was his oil they wanted. Among the busy men was a certain Armenian who knew oil, knew money and knew human nature. His name was Calouste Sarkis Gulbenkian, and he was already a multi-millionaire. The U.S.A., Russia, Germany and France were all interested in getting control of Kirkouk's untapped petroleum, and extremely resourceful banks and skilful agents were at work. Yet in 1919 it transpired that Britain was on top. Britain's thanks were due to M. Gulbenkian, above all. To-day M. Gulbenkian, elderly but vastly rich, and astute and worldly as are few of his contemporaries, lives in a mansion in Paris, surrounded by what some experts believe to be the finest modern private collection of old masters. Many of them he has bought from his former competitors and even employers in the oil trade, men now passing through bad times.

The mysterious Armenian's work has been masterfully supplemented by the actions and influence of the famous Greek Sir Basil Zaharoff. In the dangerous years of 1919-1923, his power was used to ensure that Britain's newly won possessions were not lost, and since then his extensive and involved knowledge of and control over French finance have swept newly discovered oilfields in Algeria into the sphere of English trusts, to the highly articulated indignation of many impotent French politicians and financiers. Zaharoff is 86 to-day, but he is by no means a back number, and it is an error to suppose that he has interested himself only in the sale of cannon and munitions.

These are the men who have created Britain's new but very necessary oil fabric. In the fight against the American power, Britain has been confident, and even a little smug, for it is no secret that the resources of the United States are very much nearer exhaustion than are those managed, with considerable skill, prevision and economy, from London.

But a third factor has disturbed both groups seriously, and with good reason. The fight is not a straight duel, but a three-cornered fight in which one of the combatants, moreover, has advantages over his opponents which seem to them unfair and immoral. Soviet Russia, the first nation in history to put into active operation doctrines by which national wealth is communally owned and operated, has huge petroleum resources. These resources consist principally at present of the famous Baku fields, busy and famous even in Czarist days. Since the Revolution, the able men who rule the U.S.S.R. from Moscow have centralised the control of these fields — formerly held by hundreds of owners, of every nationality and colour—into several powerful (*Continued on page 160*)

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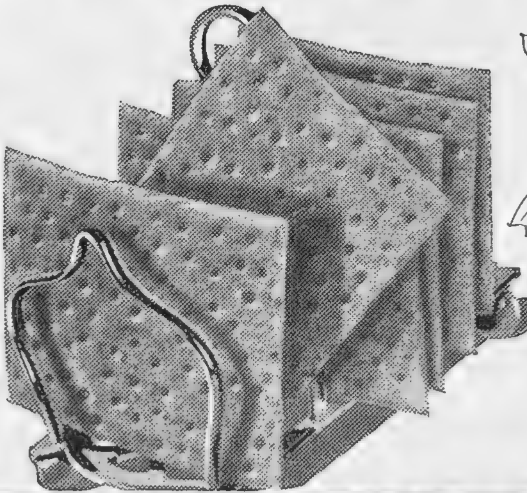

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keeps you in condition

You will do well to heed the advice to eat more bread, because wheaten bread is a first-rate source of energy. You will also do well to make Vita-Weat your bread, because you can eat as much of it as you like without the risk of putting on unwanted fat.

THIS WHOLE-WHEAT CRISPBREAD, indeed, is bread at its very best. All the energizing goodness of the golden grain is there, with all its precious vitamins. Being free from unconverted starch, Vita-Weat does not tax the digestion, makes for internal regularity, and encourages that slimness of figure that health no less than fashion demands.

SO MAKE VITA-WEAT your daily bread, and revel in the new sense of buoyancy and fitness that it brings.

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THE BRITISH WHOLE-WHEAT CRISPBREAD
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national trusts under whose management Russian oil has flooded the world market at prices extremely disturbing to its capitalist competitors, particularly as it happens—by pure luck—to be of excellent quality. Since the Revolution very modern refineries and other plant have been set up at Baku and its Black Sea port Batum, and in both the oil industry has led to striking increase in population. Baku has now overtaken Odessa, Kharkov and Kiev to become the third city in the Union, with a population fast approaching a million.

The intense awareness which exists in Russia of the value to the new State of its petroleum resources is very largely due to the head of the Government, Stalin, himself a native of Georgia, which adjoins Azerbaijan, the oil province. In Czarist days Stalin, whose real name is Djhugashvili, was the most prominent Communist agitator among the oil-workers, and he saw then that oil would play a very great part indeed in determining the future of the world. To-day Stalin frankly admits his conviction that but for the U.S.S.R.'s wealth in oil, the régime would long ago have come to an end. In Russia it is believed and taught that capitalist greed for the oilfields of the Caucasus is the greatest factor in driving Western Europe against Russia. The Communists in the past attributed the vigour of the Georgian Nationalist movement under the Menshevik (Moderate Socialist) leader Jordania, who was an *émigré* in Paris, to intrigue by the oil trusts, and there were some grounds for their suspicions. To-day the Moscow Government, believing that offence is the best form of defence, carries out extensive propaganda in the Islamic countries of the Near and Middle East and is closely associated with the Pan-Islamic (anti-Imperialist) movement in which Tewfik Rushti Aras, Foreign Minister of Turkey, Riza Shah Pahlevi of Persia, and Amanullah of Afghanistan have at different times shown intense interest.

It is not hard to show the influence of oil, the determination on the part of the "haves" to conserve, and the equal determination of the "have-nots" to *get*, in every potential conflict in the world to-day. Mussolini's drive eastward, while not actuated entirely by the desire for oil, is not uninterested in oil. Japan's hostility to Russia is at least partially explained by her desire to control the oilfields of Sakhalin and those believed to exist near Lake Baikal in Siberia. In Germany, the lesson of the last war, in which the "push to the East" (for oil) failed, and even the rich Roumanian fields were not held, have not been wasted. Ludendorff, the master tactician, has attributed his country's defeat to oil-shortage. To-day Germany is at once a great buyer of the oil she would much prefer to possess herself and the leader in the movement to produce artificial petroleum from coal. Ownership of the patent of the German chemist, Dr Bergius, for hydrogenating coal into oil is at present shared by the two great capitalist oil-trusts, Standard Oil and Royal Dutch, and the two greatest European chemical cartels, the German I.G. Farbenindustrie and the British Imperial Chemical Industries. As yet artificial oil has not been produced in sufficiently large quantities or at such a price as to threaten the natural product—although the "Leunawerke" at Merseburg, in Germany is increasing its production very rapidly—but there is no doubt at all that a war would alter matters drastically. A great hydrogenating plant has been set up at great cost on Tees-side, and it is clear that the authorities are not and could not be entirely satisfied with Britain's remaining dependent on Venezuela and the Near East for supplies of oil in wartime. Tankers and pipe-lines are far too open to every form of attack. Serious prospecting for oil is being undertaken, too, in many English counties—a significant fact. A strong feeling exists that great underground tanks, invulnerable from the air and capable of holding huge reserves of oil, ought to be constructed.

Public opinion is becoming intensely aware of the vital importance of oil to the very existence of a nation. Sir Henri Deterding travels ceaselessly in his efforts to control production and steady prices, and is on the best possible personal terms with Walter C. Teagle and John D. Rockefeller, Junior, at present the outstanding heads of the Standard group.

In the last few years Deterding has met many of the most important rulers of the world, including Roosevelt, Mussolini, and the Pope, and is a firm advocate of the abolition of the gold standard all over the world. "If any message from me to the world is worth printing," he says, "I will give it in three words: '*Gold be damned.*' There you have my prescription for curing the world's ills."

Yet there is danger in oil. So desperately valuable, so fiercely pursued, so powerfully centralised, it is to-day the most dynamic industry in the world, and the most explosive in its potentialities. Mankind must control oil, not oil mankind.

We Confidently Recommend

(*Continued from page 72*)

Good News for Diabetics

One of the luxuries hitherto forbidden to diabetics has been chocolates, but now, thanks to the advent of "sionon," a new sweet carbohydrate, delicious chocolate can be safely enjoyed by sufferers from this complaint.

"Sionon" has been favourably reported on in *The Lancet* by three eminent diabetic specialists on the strength of whose testimony the manufacturers of Meltis chocolate have produced Meltis "Sionon" chocolate.

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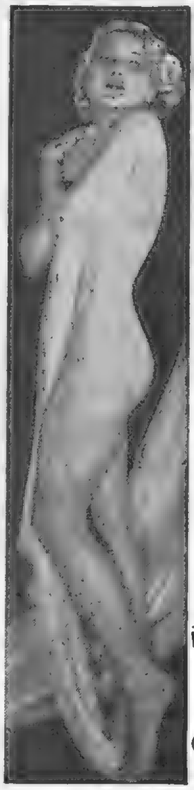
The carbohydrate, protein and fat content of each piece is clearly stated on the box, but, since the diet of each individual diabetic patient must be supervised by a doctor, the manufacturers, although feeling confident that it can be eaten with absolute safety, recommend that all patients consult their medical attendants before eating this chocolate.



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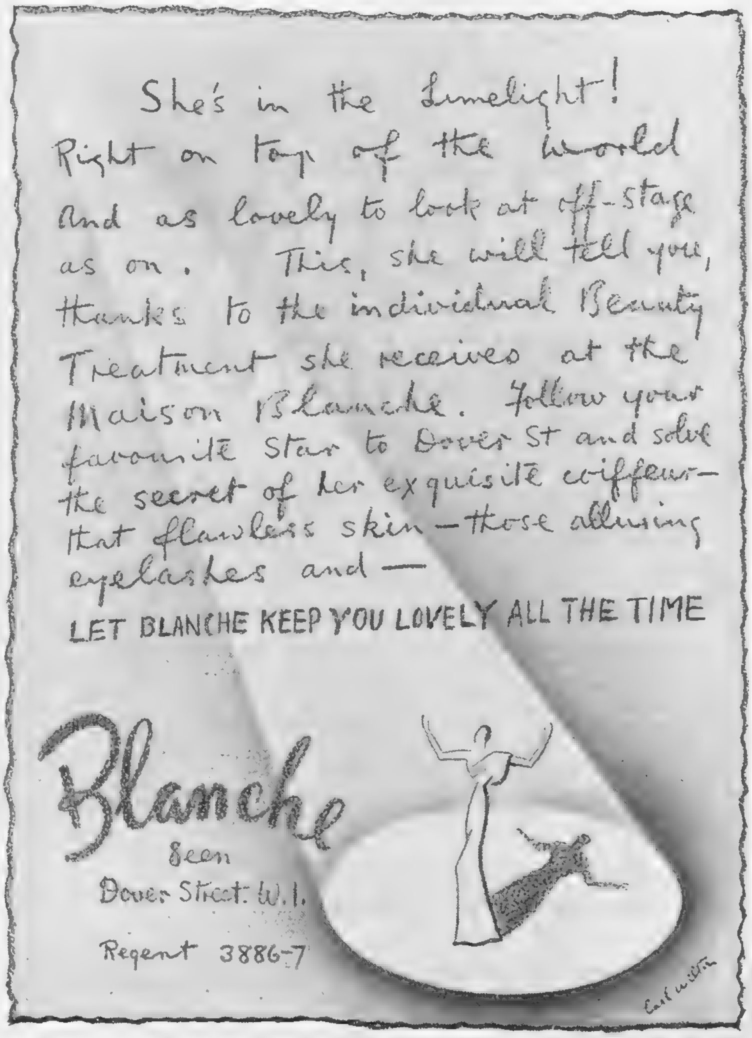

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and as lovely to look at off-stage
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favourite Star to Dover St and solve
the secret of her exquisite coiffeur—
that flawless skin—those alluring
eyelashes and—

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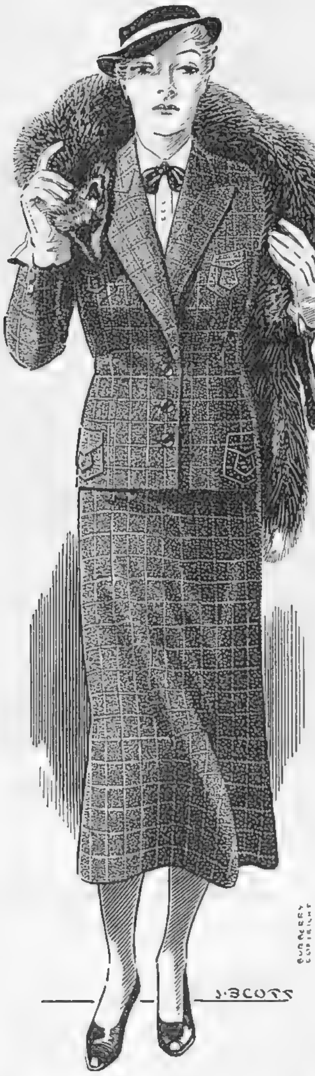
Spring Creations . . .



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The most modern technique in tailoring is illustrated in the Burberry Costume models for Spring now on view at Haymarket. The finest quality materials—many of which are woven exclusively for Burberrys—are incorporated in the designs which are attractive not only by their superb cut but also by the "personality" atmosphere of the styles.

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FOR 1936

By

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OF

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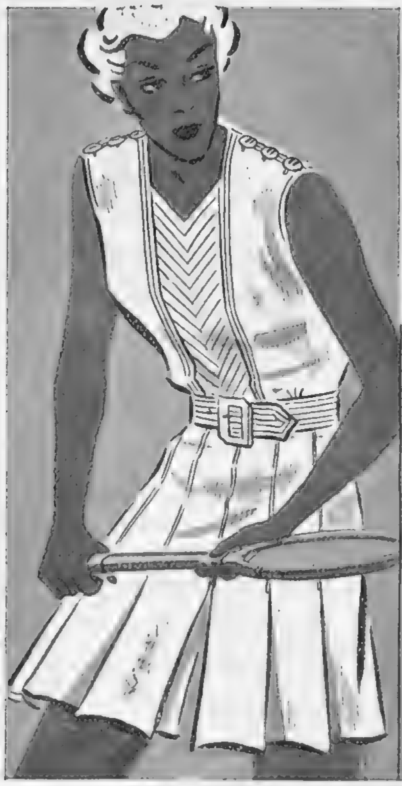
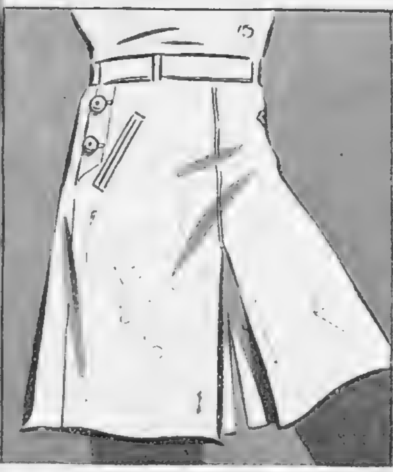
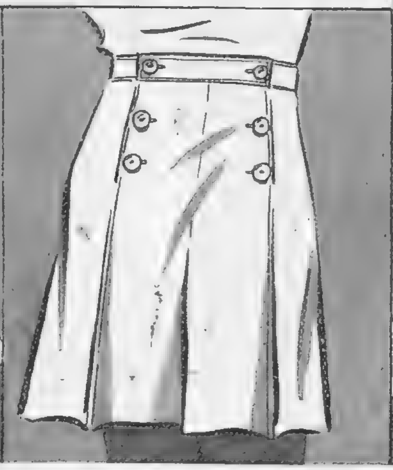


A. SHORTS DRESS of fine white pique . . . tucked panel in front and square neck at the back 29/6
SSW. SW. W.



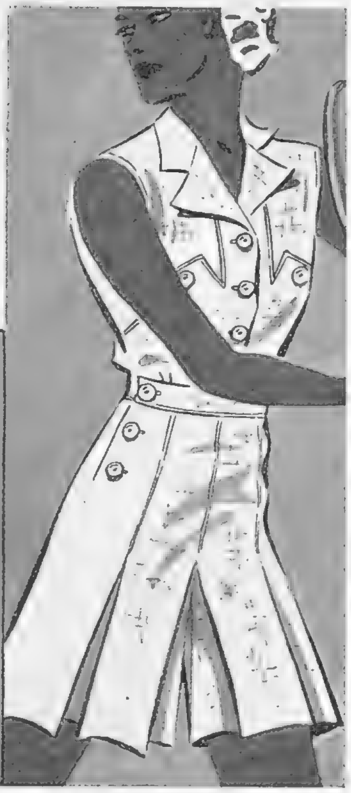
B. *Navy, Grey, or White* worsted flannel SHORTS, straight sides and inverted pleat back and front 27/6

Navy or White linen 21/-
Waist sizes: 26 · 28 · 30 · 32



C. Tailored SHORTS with a new front fastening. In *White* or *Navy* linen, and *Grey, Navy or White worsted flannel* 30/-

Waist Sizes: 24 · 26 · 28 · 30



D. SHORTS and Tuck-in SHIRT of crease-resisting linen . . *White, Navy and several pastel shades.*

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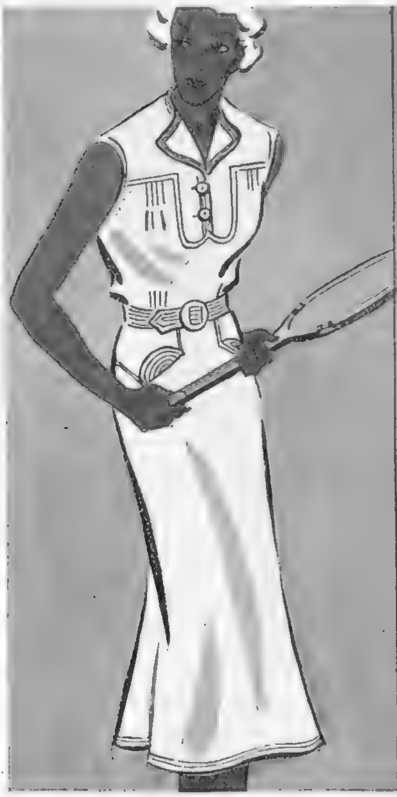
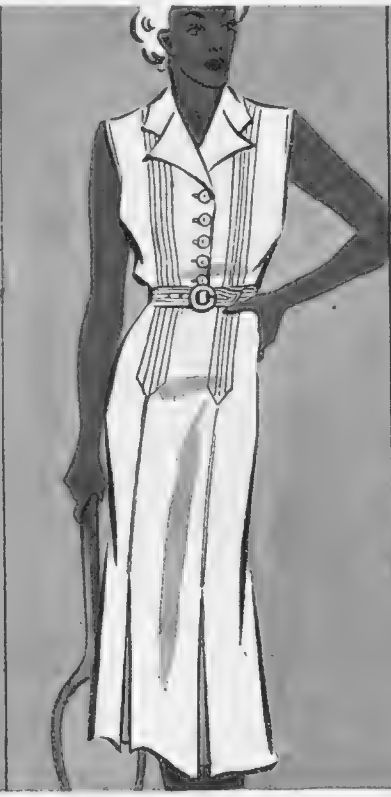


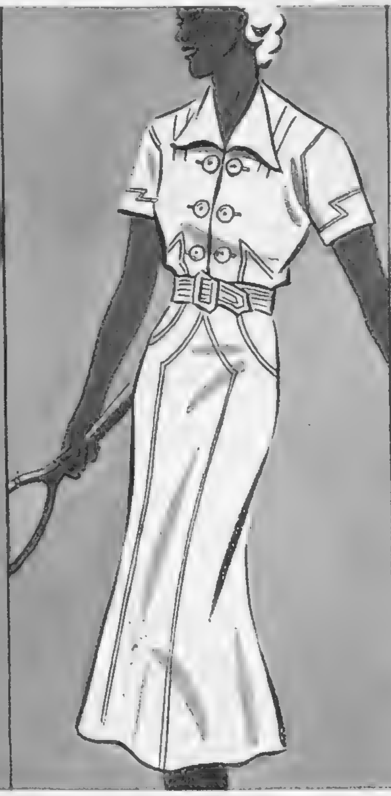
E. White tricoline DRESS with adaptable neckline finished with rows of stitching . . . .

Lengths: 44 · 45 · 46 30/-



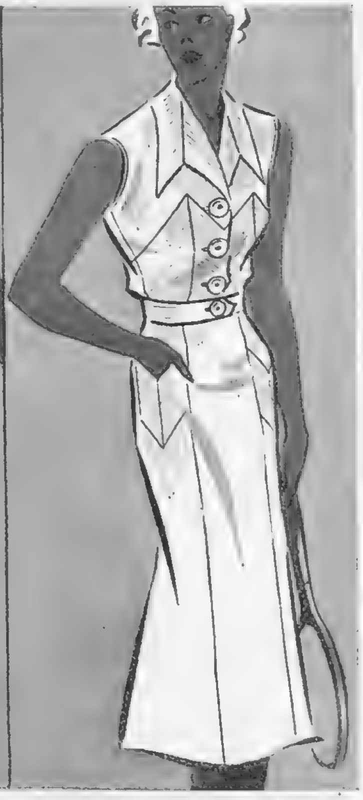
F. Tennis DRESS specially designed for fuller figures, one inverted pleat at back. White tricoline

Three sizes 35/-



G. Super quality tailored washing silk DRESS. *In Ivory, Sky, Pink or Green. Hip sizes* 38 · 40 · 42 · 44

4 Gns.



H. Fine white pique DRESS with cleverly pieced bodice and gored skirt.

Stock sizes only SW. W. and LW. 15/-

- SMART, SOPHISTICATED, GAY
- NEW AND DESIRABLE
- LOVELY TO LOOK AT. FASCINATING TO READ

1/-

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Magazine for Women

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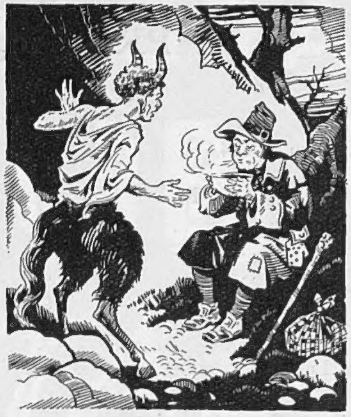
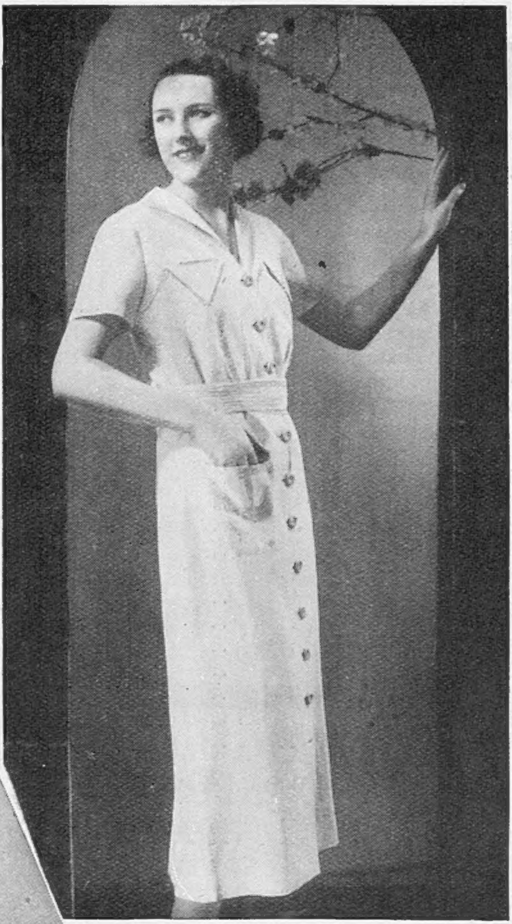
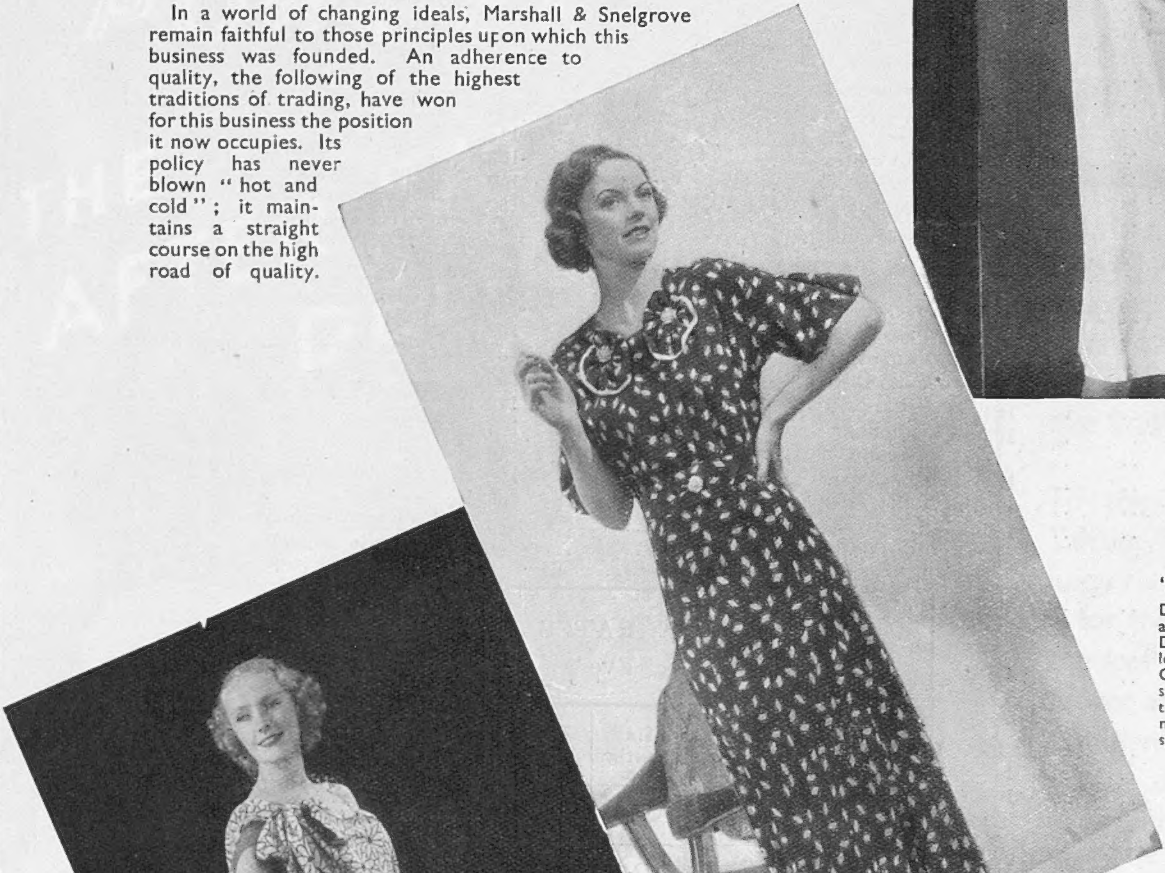


MAN AND SATYR

A MAN and a Satyr having struck up an acquaintance, sat down together to eat. The day being wintry and cold, the Man put his fingers to his mouth and blew upon them. "What's that for, my friend ?" asked the Satyr. "My hands are so cold," said the Man : "I do it to warm them." In a little while some hot food was placed before them, and the Man, raising the dish to his mouth, again blew upon it. "And what's the meaning of that now ?" said the Satyr. "Oh," replied the Man, "my Porridge is so hot, I do it to cool it." "Nay, then," said the Satyr, "from this moment I renounce your Friendship, for I will have nothing to do with one who blows hot and cold with the same mouth."

In a world of changing ideals, Marshall & Snelgrove remain faithful to those principles upon which this business was founded. An adherence to quality, the following of the highest traditions of trading, have won for this business the position it now occupies. Its policy has never blown "hot and cold"; it maintains a straight course on the high road of quality.





"BRINDLINGTON"

Debutante's Dress in Tootal's anti-crease fast dye linen. Dress has well-cut pockets. Ideal for tropical wear. Colours : Pink/self, natural/self, yellow/self, green/self, turquoise/self, sky/self, navy/natural and rose/self. Hip sizes : 37, 38, 40 and 42.

42/-

"MIGNONETTE"

Smart cloqué crêpe Dress, designed for Spring wear. Colours : Lido/white, black/white, navy/white and brown/beige. Hip sizes : 37, 38, 40 and 42.

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"LANTA"

Debutante's Dress for cruising and the tropics in Tootal's anti-crease washable fabric. Plain belt to tone. Colours : Black/white, navy/white, red/white, lido/white and brown/white. Hip sizes : 38, 40 and 42.

37/6

Marshall & Snelgrove

Tel: Mayfair 6600

Debenhams Ltd

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APRIL, 1936

All correspondence relating to the Advertisements in "Britannia & Eve" should be addressed to: The Advertisement Manager, "Britannia & Eve," 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES
"Britannia & Eve"

Published Monthly at 1/-	Three Months	Six Months	Twelve Months
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Canada	3/6	7/-	14/-

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Please send me BRITANNIA & EVE

Monthly for .... months commencing with the .... issue

for which I enclose ....

Name ....

Address ....

Date.............................1936

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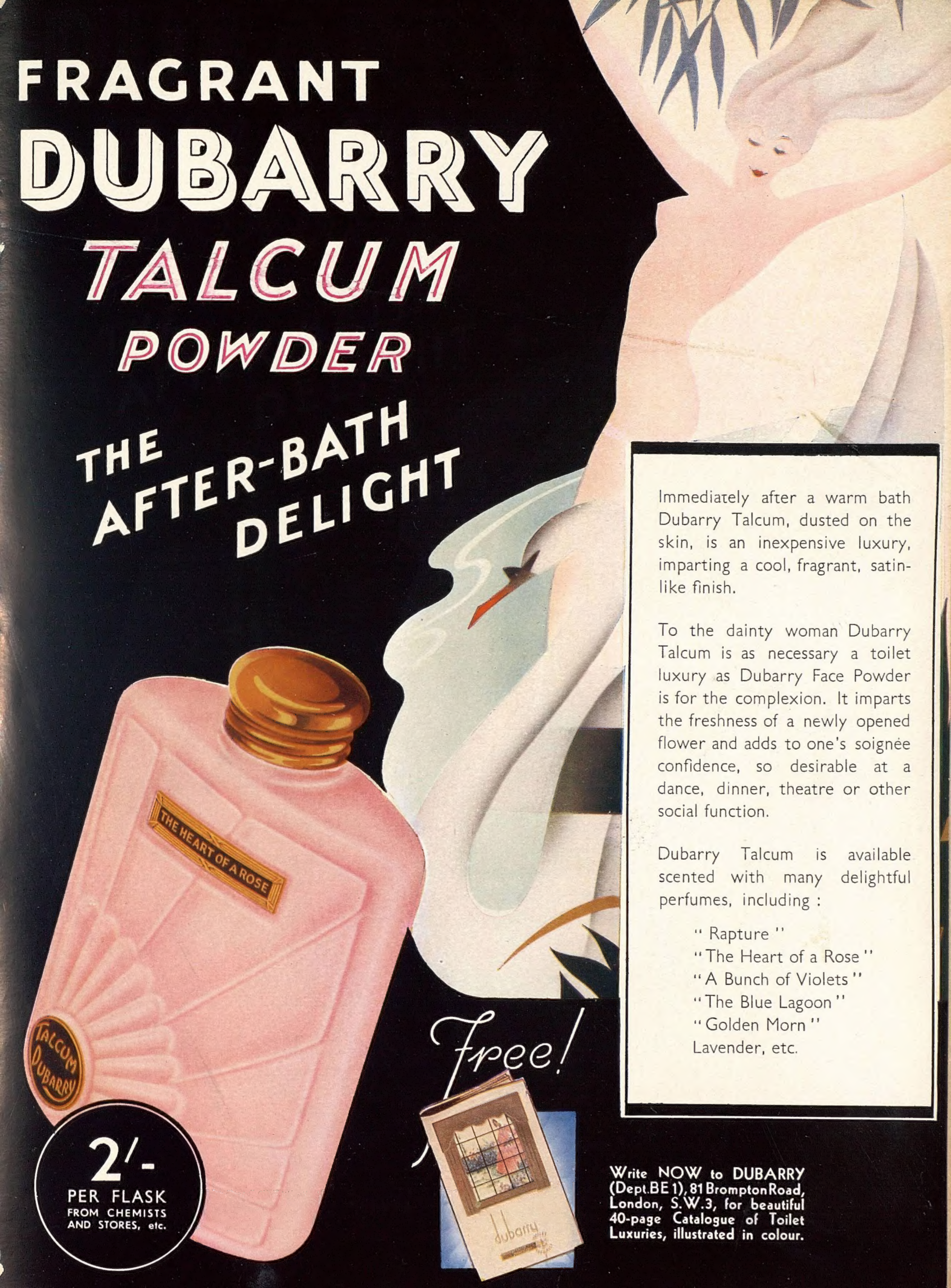

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FROM CHEMISTS AND STORES, etc.

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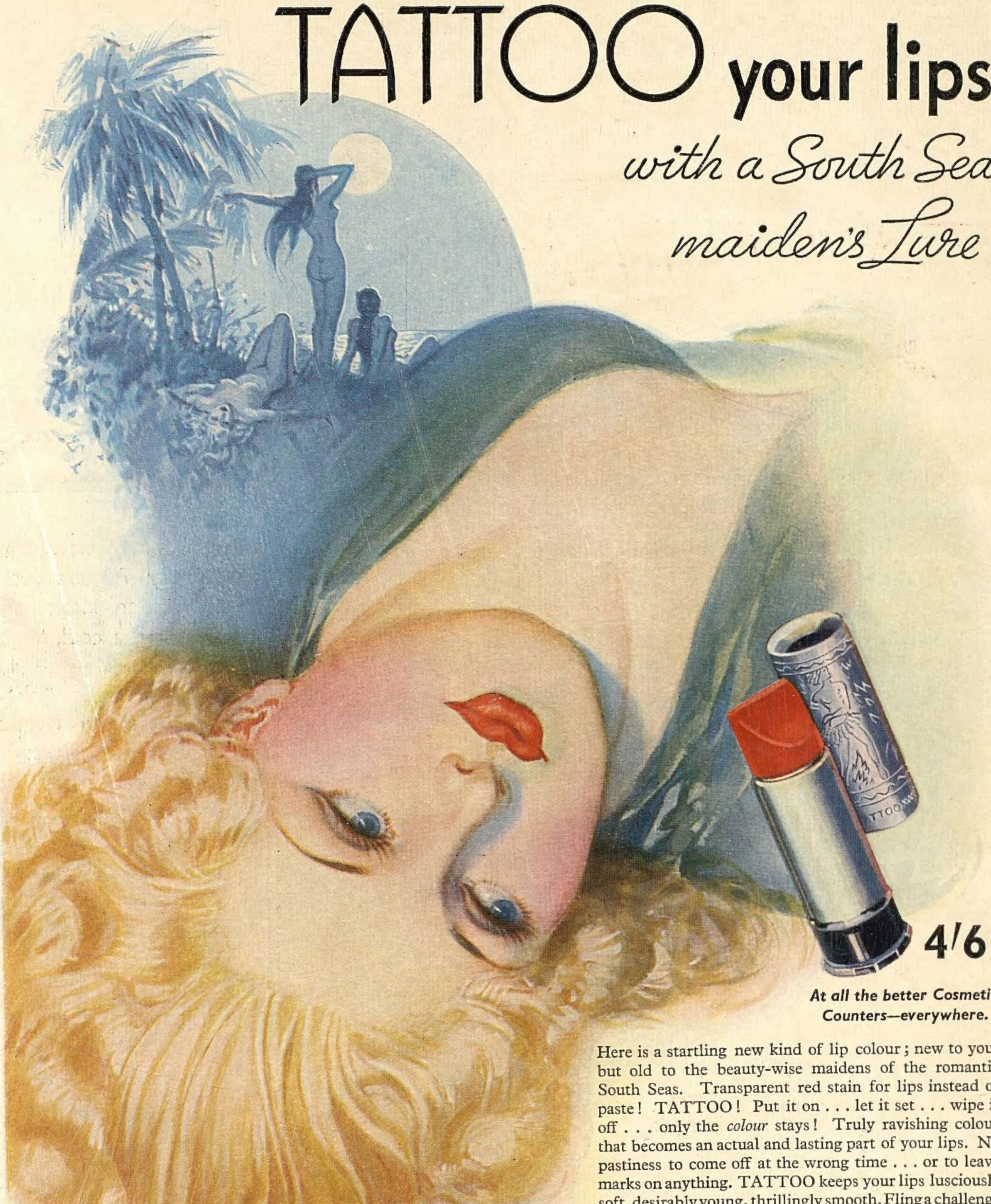
with a South Sea maiden's Lure



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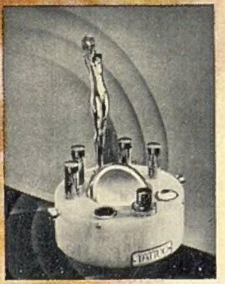

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